

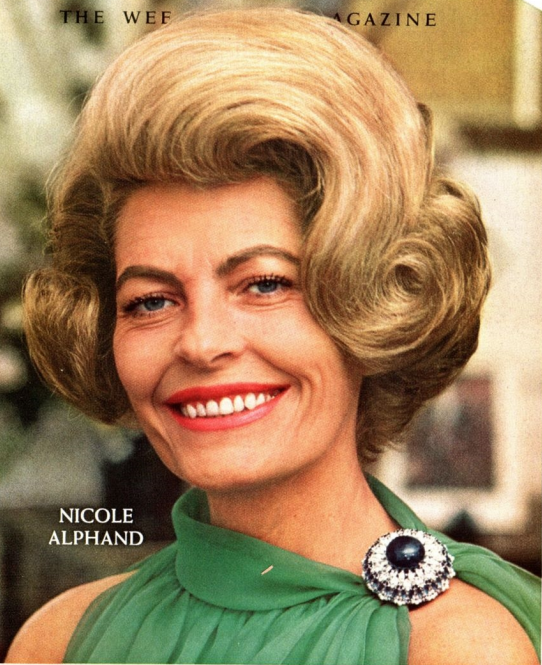
THIRTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 22, 1963

Washington Hostesses

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE



NICOLE
ALPHAND

WALTER DUNN

VOL. 82 NO. 21

1963 U.S. PAT. OFF.



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Your pulse rate goes up whenever you see one of these? Relax—you're perfectly normal.

There's nothing we enjoy more than watching someone take a close look at one of our GPs for the first time. The small, admiring shake of the head. The pursed lips of judicious approval. The sudden turn to a companion to share one's appreciation. All these we see, time and again. And, like a doting parent, we flush a little with pleased pride. We made that! we want to shout. It's a Grand Prix and it comes with a 306-bhp Trophy V-8 and easy chair bucket seats and a console and just take another look at those utterly clean and simple lines, we babble silently. A lot of people must hear us, though. There are GPs all over the place.

PONTIAC GRAND PRIX

GP



OLD AND MEAN...AND AWFULLY GOOD

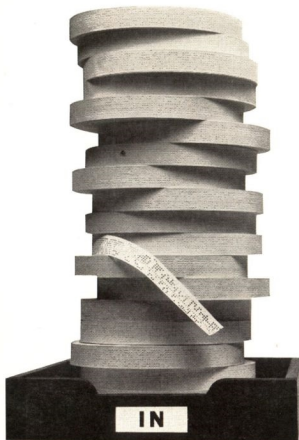
The BFG Traction Express truck tire is the best and highest priced we make . . . and it's been in our line for a good long time. Mostly, it's the same customers who buy the Traction Express again and again, even though they know about lower priced tires. Who are they? Truckers who keep written cost-per-mile records, down to the last tenth of a cent! When they figure it that way, the Traction Express is their best buy.

Notice the broad lug tread. From that tread, right on in through the body, to the bead, the Traction Express is built for drive-wheel service. On the flat straight-away, or in the mountains, wet or dry roads, or any kind of service that grinds down tires in a hurry, you'll find

the B.F. Goodrich Traction Express is a mean son-of-a-gun that just keeps on going. Truckers have had plenty of 100,000-mile Traction Express tires we can tell you about.

If you have any truck tire performance problems, it will pay you to ask your B.F. Goodrich man about the Traction Express. If you run a fleet, it will pay you to test out a few sets, for cost per mile. We put more than 70 years of tire manufacturing know-how into this tire. It's awfully good. The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.





THE FASTEST OUTBOX IN THE WORLD



DATA-PHONE service can tie your organization together with a low-cost communications system that's thousands of times faster than the mail—and 16 times faster than people can talk.

It makes possible business machine "talk" over regular telephone lines—at regular telephone rates. You can transmit anything that can be

punched on cards or tape at speeds up to two million words in 24 hours.

Your people can have all of the information they need—when they need it. No costly delays. No postponed decisions.

Just call your Communications Consultant at your Bell Telephone Business Office.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Mr. and Mrs. Raymond B. Benson and daughter Joan of New Hartford, N. Y., choose from a tempting international buffet on the America. The ship is noted for its fine food and wines. For fine service, too! There's a well-trained staff to pamper you!



Miss Stafford Hutchinson of Cookham Dean, Berks., England, enjoying shuffleboard on the United States. Spacious decks for playing, relaxing, a pool, first-run movies, nightly dancing are some of the reasons for a wonderful time on this, the world's fastest ship.

To Europe on the world's fastest ship is a 5-day social season

Some of the season's most fashionable gatherings take place on the s.s. United States and the s.s. America.



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Smith dancing to Meyer Davis music in the ballroom on the United States. Mr. Smith, President of the Thomas J. Smith Engineering and Construction Co. of Düsseldorf, Germany, has made 25 crossings on United States Lines ships.

What's your pleasure? A gay whirl or total rest? You can have either on the United States and the America where a masterful stress on service and food keynotes every trip. Join the circle of distinguished people who travel to and from Europe regularly on these luxurious superliners. You'll arrive at your destination refreshed and ready for any adventure to come.

The s.s. United States includes a week-end in its 5 days to Europe, conserving time for businessmen. **The s.s. America**, popular, luxurious, offers two extra days of leisure at sea.

Plan your winter vacation now. Fares are lower during Thrift Season, with an additional 10% reduction on round trips. For even greater savings ask about excursion fares and special group rates.

New Winter vacation ideas via the United States and America

Blue-Ribbon vacations to Paris. Your ticket includes tours of the French capital, first-class hotel accommodations, and entertainment at glamorous night clubs and restaurants.

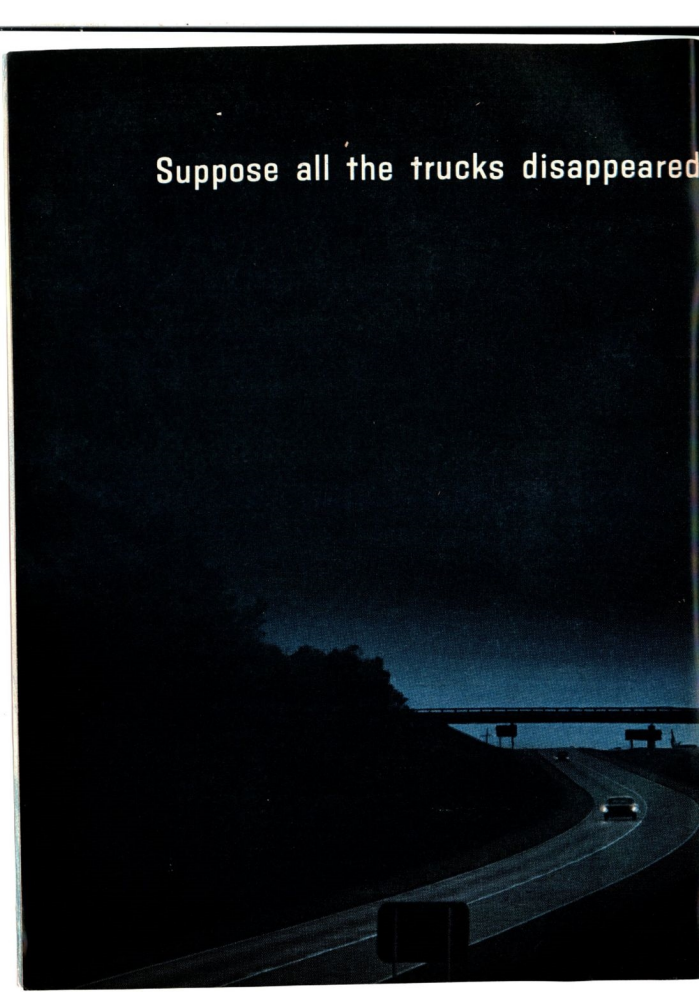
Cruises to Bermuda or the West Indies. Sail in luxury to these exotic ports: St. Thomas, San Juan, Bermuda, Curaçao, Martinique.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

United States Lines

One (Broadway), New York, and in: Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, Norfolk, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D. C., Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver

Suppose all the trucks disappeared



at midnight tonight...

It wouldn't matter much...

Until first thing tomorrow morning...

No morning papers...no milk for breakfast...no bread...no gasoline at the service station...no letter from Aunt Agatha.

And in a few days...

No cigarettes...no parts for industry...no soap for the home laundry...no nothing!

Modern, efficient trucks...built specifically to do their jobs properly...piloted by skilled, experienced, safety-educated drivers...cared for in modern shops by expert mechanics...these are the ingredients for the world's finest, most economical transportation network...more than 12 million trucks that prove, every minute of the day—"If you got it, a truck brought it."



AXLE DIVISION
Cleveland, Ohio 44110

American Trucking Industry





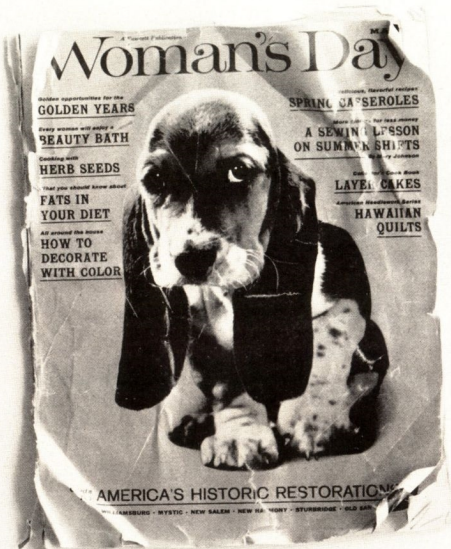
Happy Valentine's day
Happy Easter
Happy Mother's day
Happy first vacation day
Happy Thanksgiving day
Happy...any day!

No matter what you want to say to her, nothing says it so superbly as

MOËT

the first and finest champagne of France

SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.



Pass along? Who'd borrow it?

We've known for a long time that women use and re-use *Woman's Day*. We asked Roper to find out how much. His survey shows that *Woman's Day* is kept longer, clipped more, and gives its readers more ideas than other leading women's service magazines. Is this important? A quick look at Starch shows that *Woman's Day* has dominated the entire women's service field in ad readership scores for the past 10 years. But then we won't jump to conclusions about magazine use and ad readership. We hope you'll do that.

SOURCES: THE VALUE AND USE OF EDITORIAL CONTENT TO PRIMARY AND PASS-ALONG READERS OF FOUR MAJOR WOMEN'S MAGAZINES: GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, FAMILY CIRCLE, McCall's, WOMAN'S DAY—ROPER. STARCH CONSUMER ADORNMENTS REPORTS.



Ask your travel agent why he's switching you to PIA after you get to Europe and he'll never stop talking.

He'll tell you that PIA flies nothing but Boeing fan-jets on its international flights. Between London, Frankfurt, Geneva, Rome, Beirut, Teheran, Karachi and Dacca.

He'll tell you that PIA is a major carrier between these places.

He'll tell you that PIA is *the* airline with two full captains on every flight.

He'll tell you that PIA shows in-flight movies to both classes.

(At no extra charge).

He'll tell you that PIA's hostesses are gracious and helpful.

He'll tell you that PIA serves superb food, smooth wines.

He'll tell you that PIA's jets get a complete checkup every 65 hours.

And he'll tell you that PIA's outstanding efficiency makes them great people to fly with.

So for the best in travel advice, always talk to your travel agent.

Better yet, listen to him.

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES, 608 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N.Y. PHONE: LT 1-0600

**PAKISTAN
INTERNATIONAL
AIRLINES**
**LINKING EUROPE
AND THE EAST**





*Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include Drambuie*

After dinner, have a dram of Drambuie,
the cordial with the Scotch whisky base.



80 PROOF

IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.

NYR1

IF YOU SOMETIMES FLY... ENJOY MUSIC...



1.)

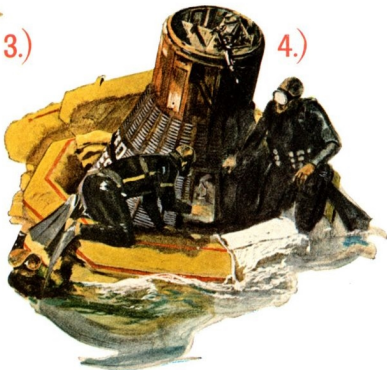


2)

SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK.

NYR2

USE A BANK... OR WATCH ASTRONAUTS...



...RCA IS PART OF YOUR LIFE



1. If you sometimes fly: Radars by RCA, in planes and airports, control traffic flow for greater safety. On the way is a system which uses RCA computers to control air traffic with new exactness.



2. Enjoy music: RCA is music to millions of people with RCA Victor records—both classical and popular—as well as all types of radios, black and white or color TV, and stereo record players.



3. Use a bank: RCA computers are at work in banks, government agencies, the armed forces, and industry. The newest RCA computer can handle 20 million bits of information in a second!



4. Or watch astronauts: More than 3,000 RCA engineers at Cape Canaveral, and the Atlantic Missile Range, collect and process data vital to space exploration and development of U.S. missiles.



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

... and the world's most broadly based electronics company



A MAN WORKS HARD TO GET \$750,000 **He wants the bank that works hardest to invest it well.**

Demanding customer, the owner of a leading transportation company.

But so are all the executives who have chosen Chemical New York to help them manage over one billion dollars of investments.

It's a simple truth. The harder a man has worked to accumulate his money, the more he favors our skill in handling it in an Investment Management Account.

Special care: Your investments are the concern of a senior officer. He meets daily with his associates to review the comprehensive information available to

us as one of America's leading, best-informed banks. His aim: to take every reasonable step to keep your investments secure and growing. His experience in doing so averages over 20 years.

You decide: You are given the most thorough information possible. We will recommend. But you may follow or alter our recommendation as you see fit.

The cost: For what you receive, your bill is modest. The annual fee on an account of \$750,000, for instance, is only \$3,500. And most of it is tax deductible.

Wouldn't you like to discuss soon what our hard work and skill can accomplish for you? Phone 770-1234, Trust Investment Department, Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, New York 15.

Chemical New York

Curtis reports advertising gains for all 5 magazines in second half of 1963

Advertisers respond to the new editorial vigor of Curtis magazines. Advertising pages placed or on order for July-December 1963 are up over the same 1962 period by:*

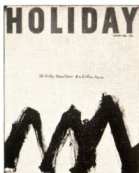
- +41 pages for The Saturday Evening Post...
 - +99 pages for Ladies' Home Journal...
 - +19 pages for Holiday...
 - +52 pages for The American Home.
- Jack and Jill, which recently

* Page gains as of October 15, 1963

started to sell advertising space, already has received schedules from six leading advertisers.

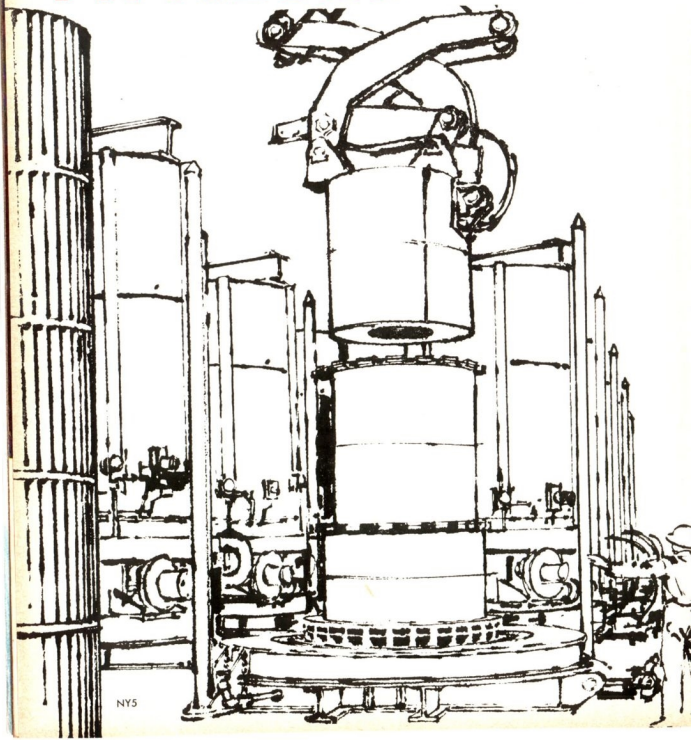
What's more, the Post's business on the books for first-half 1964 is up 21% over orders received at this time last year.

We believe that our readers and our advertising friends will welcome this latest report on the present progress of Curtis magazines.



CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

WHAT'S NEW AT PITTSBURGH STEEL





Annealing Expansion Step #1 In Pittsburgh's Drive to Outdistance Competition

Pittsburgh Steel is fired up like never before—about steel quality, new products and better service than ever for customers more selective than ever. Some say we're "meeting the competitive challenge." Right!—but with lots of old-fashioned hustle, enterprise and savvy to get the edge, too.

We're spending \$44-million to do the job—on top of \$120-million in the past decade. Here's what we're doing.

Completed (1) Annealing Expansion—an addition that ups by 40% our ability to supply cold-rolled sheet, metalworking's most versatile product and our biggest; (2) Iron ore and coal partnerships—guaranteeing us full bins of high quality, low cost ore and coal for decades to come.

Underway (3) For steelmaking, two of the most modern basic oxygen furnaces; (4) two more hot mill rolling stands, plus automatic gauge control, for wide, dead-true sheet steel in larger coils; (5) ore preparation, to get lower raw material costs.

We prize our customers, and set store by their success. Let's face it; what helps them helps us. But it takes hustle—like never before.



PITTSBURGH STEEL COMPANY

GRANT BUILDING • PITTSBURGH 30, PA.



NEW PRODUCTS, TOO

It takes more than just plant improvements for a producer of Pittsburgh Steel's size to get the competitive jump on its rivals. It takes new products such as these.

FOR METALWORKING:

Brushed Finish Sheet—pattern-rolled in coils or cut lengths, here's steel sheet with a pre-finished brushed surface that when plated adds sparkle to any product where sales appeal is important. Other patterns available, too.

Pattern Design Wire—round wire with attractive designs applied to its surface to zip up appearance of formed wire products. A "first" in the industry.

Pitt-Ten—high strength, low alloy structural sheet for more strength, less weight, better corrosion resistance in applications where performance is critical.

FOR CONSTRUCTION:

Fabri-Bond—revolutionary new reinforcing mesh made from deformed, high strength wires to build lighter, stronger, concrete structures and pre-cast members.

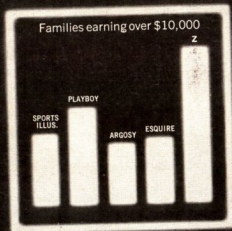
Hinged Fabric—highway and structural mesh hinged lengthwise for faster, easier, less costly handling of large sheets, and more economical shipping.

Fab-Form—longer and wider corrugated steel form, available for concrete floors and roofs. Produced plain or with tough, baked-on red oxide protective paint coating.

FOR OIL PRODUCTION:

8-Acme Tubing—seamless steel tubing with a special joint that features rugged threads, high strength, and leak resistance vital in today's deep, high pressure oil and gas wells.

Dual Weight Drill Pipe—combines heavy-wall top end for strength where pipe gets worst abuse, with lighter-wall body to reduce pipe weight, give greater strength, extra safety on toughest, deepest drilling.



Advertisers are seeing the light.

Magazine "Z" delivers more families who earn \$10,000 and over and does it more efficiently.

Result:

Ad revenue at Magazine "Z" is up, up, up, up,
up, up, up, up, up 9 months in a row, with November an all-time high.
To get more light on the subject, see one of our reps.

TRUE

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION
2,425,075 Circulation 12/31/62



"I promise to love,
honor and cherish
your appearance".

"Cross
my heart"

That's our Plateau Suit
by "Timely Clothes"
talking. And those are
no idle words, thanks to
KODEL.

This stay-fresh polyester
fiber builds a press
right into suits, keeps
them looking well after
miles of travel and days
of arduous wear.
Kodel also sees that
other John David fashions
can't be beat for
wrinkle-resistance,
low upkeep costs and
easy care. Here's the
complete line-up at John David:
"Plateau" Suits, 85.00
"J & F" Suits, 69.75
"Major" Slacks, 25.50
"Alligator" Coats, from 24.95
"Robert Lewis" Coats, 39.95
"Manhattan" Shirts, 5.95
"Manhattan" Underwear,
from 1.50 . . . Pajamas, 8.95
"Brentwood" washable
sweaters, from 10.95

JOHN
DAVID

New York — White Plains — Washington

Kodel is a trademark for Eastman polyester fiber

Expressly
for travelers to
**COPENHAGEN
OSLO STOCKHOLM**
most frequent service
transatlantic or transpolar

SAS serves more cities in Europe
than any other transatlantic airline

SAS
Scandinavian Airlines System
638 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.
or see your SAS travel agent

European Style Hotel
INNKEEPING
in Los Angeles

California traditions.
Cuisine par excellence.
Impeccable service.
Decorators guest rooms.

The only hotel
within strolling convenience
of fashionable stores.

Humboldt Counting

**Beverly
Wilshire
Hotel**

Beverly Hills, California
CRestview 5-4282



FOR IMMEDIATE RESERVATIONS
CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENCY

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 20
CHRONICLE (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.)^{*} A dramatic study of the year 1863, concentrating on the words of Abraham Lincoln, Walt Whitman, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee and Abolitionist Frederick Douglass, with Ossie Davis playing Douglass.

THAT WAR IN KOREA (NBC, 7:30-9 p.m.) A Project 20 special, narrated by Richard Boone.

THE FESTIVAL FRENZY (ABC, 10-11 p.m.) A look at European festivals—eating festivals, music festivals, film festivals, boating excursions, religious celebrations, and the running of the bulls at Pamplona.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR (CBS, 10-11 p.m.) Guest stars are British Actress Rachel Roberts and Richard Kiley.

Thursday, November 21
DR. KILDARE (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.) Dick Chamberlain finds he can patch up the body but not the mind of the teen-age victim of an abortion, so he ships her off to another program—*The Eleventh Hour*, where in the Nov. 27 episode Dr. Ralph Bellamy, as psychiatrist, will try his hand where Kildare's failed.

Friday, November 22
TWILIGHT ZONE (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.) Gladys Cooper plays an invalid terrified by a series of telephone calls.

Saturday, November 23
EXPLORING (NBC, 1-2 p.m.) A children's program devoted to Mark Twain.

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 9:30-9:50 p.m.) A comedy (for a change) about a play trying out in Boston with the cast getting thrown in jail. Barbara Baxley, Barbara Harris and Elliott Reid guest-star.

Sunday, November 24
DISCOVERY (ABC, 12:30-1 p.m.) First of a two-part series examining what's left of London after Liz Taylor got done with it on NBC, with ABC London Correspondent Bill Sheehan and his family conducting the tour.

NBC OPERA COMPANY (NBC, 2-3 p.m.) The opening of the company's 15th season with a repeat of last year's world premiere of Gian Carlo Menotti's *Labyrinth*.

NBC NEWS ENCORE (NBC, 3-4 p.m.) A repeat of "The Land," a look at the plight of the farmer.

THE CBS SPORTS SPECTACULAR (CBS, 5:50-6:30 p.m.) "Seven Days to Kickoff," one week in the life of Air Force Academy Quarterback Terry Isaacson.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.) Part 1 of "The Plots Against Hitler," as told by the few who survived the attempt to assassinate him in 1944.

THE BEST ON RECORD (NBC, 10-11 p.m.) An entertainment special presented under the auspices of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, featuring winners of the academy's "Grammy" award. Among them: Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Dean Martin and Mahalia Jackson.

Monday, November 25
MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.) *Singing in the Rain*, one of the best musicals Hollywood ever

^{*} All times E.S.T.

produced, starring Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor and Debbie Reynolds. Color.

HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.) A documentary on Hollywood's "Great Lovers," with film clips of memorable scenes played by Valentino, John Barrymore, John Gilbert, Gable, Brando and—Elvis Presley.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ, adapted faithfully but rather ponderously from the short story by Carson McCullers, finds Playwright Edward Albee in middling-to-poor form. However, Colleen Dewhurst, Lou Antonio and a remarkable actor-dwarf, Michael Dunn, give the evening moments of phantasmagorical vitality.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. In a bizarre newsworld's nook, Elizabeth Ashley and Robert Redford have only love to keep them warm—but Playwright Neil Simon Stokes the evening with a fire of laughs.

JENNIE is a grandiose musical dud, dropped on Laurette Taylor's early life and hard times. Amid the gloom, Mary Martin shines like the inextinguishable star that she is.

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE, two one-acters by Peter Shaffer, play *Getting to Know You*, first to the sketchy theme of boyish bunglings in a scrubby flat, second to the more artful airs of a detective shadowing a seemingly errant wife.

THE REHEARSAL. Neither the 18th century costumes they wear for a play within this Anouilh play nor their witty words can hide the motives of aristocrats intent on destroying a pure—and classless—love.

LUTHER, by John Osborne, unleashes thundering theater and shaky theology around the man who brought about the Reformation. In the title role, Albert Finney is a sight to behold.

Off Broadway

CORRUPTION IN THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, by Ugo Betti, descends into the degraded minds and souls of men, and in that hell finds a startling hope of heaven.

THE ESTABLISHMENT. A fresh band of tart and antic young Britons are sinking satirical switchblades into Richard Nixon, Conrad Hilton, the former Lord Home and other bigish names and isms.

CINEMA

KNIFE IN THE WATER. In this sophisticated thriller from Poland, Director Roman Polanski puts two men and one woman aboard a small sloop, where he can explore human relations at his leisure—and with a surgeon's skill.

TOM JONES. Merely the best comedy in years. A lusty lad's progress through 18th century England is sometimes Hogarthian, always hilarious, and acted to the hilt by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith and supporting company under the masterful direction of Tony Richardson.

MURIEL. France's Alain Resnais (*Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, *Last Year at Marienbad*) embarks on an original, ambitious but ultimately tiresome trip down memory lane, with *Marienbad*'s luminous Delphine Seyrig in brilliant form as an aging widow who yearns to recapture a long-lost love.

MARY, MARY. Jean Kerr's crackling comedy about an all but divorced couple (Debbie Reynolds and Barry Nelson)

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX TELEVISION PRESENTS...



CENTURY II

For viewers and advertisers, here are 46 of the very finest feature films ever released for local TV. Soon they will be seen through the facilities of America's most quality conscious television stations. We present them for your pleasure if you are a viewer...and for your profit if you are an advertiser.

Time buyers please note: below is the list of stations who have bought these "Century II" features in their first few weeks of release. More are coming in every day. For additional station listings please contact:

Twentieth Century-Fox Television, Inc.

444 West 56th Street, N. Y. C., COLUMBUS 5-3320

Albany, N. Y., W.TEN/Asheville—Greenville—Spartanburg, WLOS-TV/Birmingham, WBRC-TV/Boise, KTVB/Bufalo, WKBW-TV/Charlotte, WBTV/Chicago, WGN-TV/Dayton, WLW-D/Hartford, WTIC-TV/Hershey, KONA-TV/Indianapolis, WISH-TV/Jacksonville, WFGA-TV/Kalamazoo—Grand Rapids, WKZO-TV/Kansas City, Mo., KCMO-TV/Los Angeles, KTLA & KKK-TV/Lubbock, Texas, KCBD-TV/Miami, WTVJ/Minneapolis, KMSP-TV/Nashville, WSM-TV/New Orleans, WWL-TV/N. Y. C., WABC-TV/Phoenix, KOOL-TV/Portland—Poland Springs, WMTW-TV/Providence, WPRO-TV/Sacramento, KCRA-TV/Scranton, WDAU-TV/Tellico, WTOL-TV,



Sabatini/Firenze/8:30 p.m./Vincenzo Sabatini recommends: Petti di Pollo en Chaud-Froid, Tortellini Fatti in Casa alla Romagnola, Bistecca di Manzo Toscano, Pisellini Freschi alla Fiorentina, Vino Rosso Sabatini, Torta St. Honoré, Caffè Espresso, followed by

LIQUORE STREGA
THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN LIQUEUR. 80 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORP., N.Y., N.Y.



Now/direct from Italy's
greatest restaurants...
A recipe collection of all
the magnificent dishes
in Ligure Strega's ads



The flavorful cuisine of Italy's foremost chefs and restaurateurs—as seen in Ligure Strega ads—is here now in a tempting recipe kit for connoisseurs of foreign cookery. It's a lovely, durable container to add to your permanent kitchen library, full of dozens of Italian specialties on 3" x 5" cards, with lots of room for additions.

From Antipasto to Beefsteak Florentine style, the special savor of the experts distinguishes these recipes. They're well organized and as easy to follow for the beginner as for the experienced gourmet cook.

Also included are many Italian dishes from "GOURMET" which has long set the standards of haute cuisine in the best kitchens of the world.

Order your Strega Recipe Kit for \$1.00 with the coupon below. Supply is limited, so hurry. It's a fine gift idea too. Buon Appetito!

Ligure Strega

Canada Dry Corporation
Department #T-1, P.O. Box 3875
Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: I would like the Strega Recipe Kit of famous Italian specialties. My check (or money order) for \$1.00 is enclosed.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZONE _____

proves, if it proves anything, that incompatibility can be funny.

THE HOUSEHOLDER. Sweetly humorous are the clashes between Prem and Indu, a pair of restive young marrieds getting used to each other in spite of themselves in modern Delhi.

BOOKS Best Reading

DOROTHY AND RED, by Vincent Sheean. Novelist Sinclair Lewis and globe-trotting Dorothy Thompson made a glamorous couple, but their marriage was stormy and it ended in a bitter divorce. Miss Thompson recorded every detail, from the giddy courtship to the last wrathful grape, and Sheean squares the famous family circle with some superfluous amateur analysis of his own.

A SENATE JOURNAL, by Allen Drury. As a U.P. reporter, Senate-Watcher Drury (*Advise and Consent*) kept a journal of the Senate during the crucial war years 1943-1945. The result is a very human account of legislators fighting each other, the war, and the President.

THE BENDER, by Paul Scott. A compassionate novel about an intelligent but ineffectual man watching himself go down for what may be the last time.

JOHN KEATS, by Walter Jackson Bate, and **JOHN KEATS**, by Aileen Ward. While Bate pays extensive attention to the great poetry, Miss Ward is more absorbed with the poet's life, but both biographies are first-rate.

THE HACK, by Wilfrid Sheed. A kind of *Miss Lonelyhearts* in reverse, the hero is a successful writer of sentimental pap for Catholic publications who realizes, with horror, that he is losing his sincerity and developing writer's cramp in the smug swamps of suburbia.

THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, edited by Andrew Turnbull. Most of these letters were written in the late '30s, when socially militant literati considered Fitzgerald an anachronism left over from a bankrupt era. Though poor and puzzled, the author did some of his best writing then—some of it in this volume.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Group, McCarthy (1 last week)
2. The Shoes of the Fisherman, West (2)
3. On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Fleming (3)
4. Caravans, Michener (4)
5. The Battle of the Villa Fiorita, Godden (7)
6. City of Night, Rechy
7. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (8)
8. The Three Sirens, Wallace (5)
9. The Living Reed, Buck (6)
10. Elizabeth Appleton, O'Hara (10)

NONFICTION

1. J.F.K.: The Man and the Myth, Lasky (1)
2. The American Way of Death, Mitford (2)
3. Rascal, North (4)
4. Confessions of an Advertising Man, Ogilvy
5. My Darling Clementine, Fishman (5)
6. The Fire Next Time, Baldwin (3)
7. My Life and Loves, Harris
8. The Education of American Teachers, Conant (7)
9. I Owe Russia \$1,200, Hope (6)
10. A Kind of Magic, Ferber (8)

George



generates...

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A Yale graduate with a major in Economics, George's know-how as an A. G. Becker & Co. Registered Representative comes by way of five years' prior experience in commercial and investment banking. Whether pursuing investment goals for clients or hockey goals (which he often does on winter weekends in his neighborhood's Commuter's Hockey League), George Rider puts sizeable skill and talent into the job.

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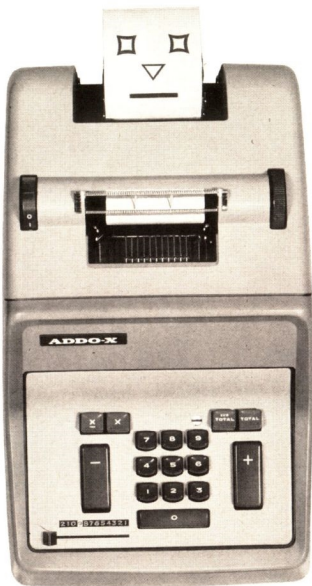
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SOME FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT OUR MAGAZINE: TV GUIDE magazine delivers a guaranteed circulation of 8½ million households, 19½ million primary readers. TV GUIDE reaches well over five million young married readers—more than any other magazine published. Compared with Look, Life, and Post, TV GUIDE reaches the most families who own their own homes, families who own their own automobiles, and families with children. The median income of TV GUIDE households is \$7503, TV GUIDE offers two to three times more primary readers per advertising dollar than any other mass weekly or biweekly.

Source: Starch Consumer Magazine Report, 1963



America's Biggest Selling Weekly Magazine



ART IN NEW YORK

UPTOWN

TOMI UNGERER—D'Arcy, 1091 Madison Ave. at 82nd St. Author-Illustrator Ungerer (*Crioter*) turns to gallery droolery. The paintings poke fun at Madison Avenue's other life, the world of the ad agencies; the constructions are funny animals and people built out of everyday objects and lots of whimsy. Through Dec. 7.

BALCOMB GREENE—Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave. at 79th St. Greene's engaging double exposures in muted blues and browns have a deceptively unfinished look. But the white space in his seascapes and street scenes is left there on purpose: to flood the canvases with light. Through Nov. 30.

ART OF TUSCANY—Duveen, 18 East 79th St. A sumptuous show including a Fra Angelico *Madonna and Child* and a Masolino *Annunciation* that have never been shown in the U.S. Also works by Giotto, Botticelli, Della Robbia, Francesco di Giorgio. All but the Giotto are for sale. Through Dec. 31.

NICOLAS DE STAËL—Rosenberg, 20 East 79th St. Twenty-six paintings, some never shown before, by the French colorist who troweled slabs of paint onto canvases to create a glowing masonry. Through Nov. 30.

AMEDEO MODIGLIANI—Perls, 1016 Madison Ave. at 78th St. Twenty-two paintings and two pieces of sculpture. Among the oval-faced, almond-eyed portraits are two of British Poetess Beatrice Hastings. One painting, *Le Garçon Rouge*, has never been shown in New York before. Through Dec. 7.

GUY PÈNE DU BOIS—Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. at 78th St. (second floor). A 20-year (1913-33) slice of Du Bois' career, ranging from his alabaster red-head in *Nude Seated on Chair* through his flat-chested flappers of the '20s to his plastered blonde in *Carnival Interlude*. Through Dec. 14.

ALFRED JENSEN—Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. at 78th St. (third floor). More check-boards than a shellfish of Purina boxes. Among them: *Men and Horses*, a three-panel impression of the Parthenon frieze that might have been done by a near-sighted mosaicist, and a monster quadruphy called *The Birth of the Triglyph*.

MASAYUKI NAGARE—Staempfli, 47 East 77th St. The first U.S. exhibition of the massive abstract shapes of Japan's foremost sculptor (TIME, Sept. 20). Surfaces are apple-smooth or raw-rock broken; the urge to touch is irresistible and encouraged. Through Nov. 23.

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Lefebvre, 47 East 77th St. Twenty-one turbulent oils and tortured ink-wash paintings by the most sharp-fanged member of the Cobra group. Haunted little faces stare from the inky spume, half-formed bird-creatures hide in the thickets of the oils. Through Dec. 7.

ALBERT BIERSTADT—Florence Lewis, 50 East 76th St. These 24 paintings by a master of mammoth landscapes come as a surprise. Not only are they small (the largest is only 11½ in. by 15½ in.), but their simplicity makes them almost abstract despite being 100 years old. Through Nov. 30.

SONIA DELAUNAY—Granville, 929 Madison Ave. at 74th St. Gouaches and oils done by the widow of Painter Robert De-

launay. Brilliant suns whirl across the canvases, lost in geometrical embraces of color. Through Nov. 30.

JEFF BANC—Reyn, 14 East 74th St. Thirty-three examples of a meticulous new talent. Frenchman Banc is obsessed with biological forms, and some of his paintings resemble opulent microscope slides; others are highly glazed traceries like cathedral windows. Through Nov. 25.

DAVID ARONSON—Nordness, 831 Madison Ave. at 69th St. A congregation of patriarchs, conjurers, scribes and pharisees, in bronze and encaustic. Aronson's Biblical portraits are slyly human, profusely cabalistic. Through Nov. 30.

CHRISTOS CAPRALOS—Martha Jackson, 32 East 69th St. First U.S. exhibition of the sophisticated mockeries in bronze of the human form by an important Greek sculptor. Bits of realistic anatomy peep through the textured surfaces. Through Dec. 14.

JOHN PAUL JONES—Dintenfuss, 18 East 67th St. The faceless faces and ectoplasmic figure studies seem to have been painted during a séance. Jones's oil-on-paper portraits and the bronze heads are exquisitely eerie. Through Nov. 30.

CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE DRAWINGS—Wildestein, 19 East 64th St. This sampling of 165 drawings from one of the great U.S. collections ranges from a 15th century silverpoint portrait to three 20th century Picassos, includes work by Tiepolo, Turner, Van Gogh, Mondrian, Bellows, Homer and Sheeler. Through Nov. 30.

IRANIAN CERAMICS—Asia House, 112 East 64th St. More than 100 pieces of Persian pottery and porcelain, dating from the 4th millennium B.C. to the 19th century. Through Dec. 15.

CONRAD MARCARRELLI—Kootz, 655 Madison Ave. at 60th St. The Boston-born collageist has forsaken canvas scraps for aluminum snippets riveted to wood to achieve the effect of free-form boiler plate. Through Nov. 30.

MIDTOWN

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Betty Parsons, 24 West 57th St. Kelly's familiar hard edges, plus his new painted-aluminum sculpture. Through Nov. 23.

20TH CENTURY MASTERS—Knoedler, 14 East 57th St. The entire collection of Textile Designer Edward A. Bragaline, shown for the first time. Represented are Miró (nostalgic early expressionist works), Braque (the enormous *Bathers*, a favorite of the artist's), Picasso (seven oils including a cubist portrait of Braque), De Staël, Modigliani, Degas, Soutine, Rouault and others; sculpture by Renoir, Moore, Baskin. Through Nov. 23.

PIET MONDRIAN—Sidney Janis, 15 East 57th St. The golden-section geometry is on display as usual, but the eye opener is a series of 1907-08 watercolors and pencil drawings of flowers, done with Oriental delicacy. Through Nov. 30.

LEON GOLUB—Frumkin, 32 East 57th St. Golub recasts the human form in mythological mold, crowds his canvases with sweating Titans (largest: 9 ft. by 6 ft.) engaged in violent combat. Fifteen frescolike oils. Through Dec. 7.

CURT VALENTIN MEMORIAL—Marlborough-Gerson, 41 East 57th St. (sixth floor). To celebrate the opening of what

may well be the world's largest commercial art gallery, the proprietors have rounded up what may well be the largest show ever assembled by one: more than 500 paintings and sculptures by artists once associated with the late New York Art Dealer Curt Valentín. Among them are Henry Moore, Jean Arp, Jacques Lipchitz, Marino Marini, Alexander Calder, Graham Sutherland, Paul Klee, a covey of other imports ranging from Rodin to Picasso. Through Dec. 21.

THE SCULPTORS' GUILD—Lever House, Park Ave. at 53rd St. Sixty-six samples of U.S. sculpture in a variety of materials; charred fir, laminated marble, aluminum epoxy, sassafras root, sheet copper, pear wood, concrete and stained glass are a few. De Creft, Epping, Gross, Nevelson, Zorach are among the sculptors. Through Nov. 24.

SOVIET GRAPHIC ARTS—TIME & LIFE Building, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Four hundred lithographs, woodcuts, linocuts, etchings and drawings in an exhibition sponsored by the U.S.-U.S.S.R. Cultural Exchange Program. Show guides are English-speaking Russians. Through Nov. 24.

MUSEUMS

GUGGENHEIM—Fifth Ave. at 89th St. More than 60 oils by Francis Bacon, the myopic English master of howling human agony. Yammering popes, chattering baboons, grotesque sides of beef hang alongside the visceral *Three Studies for a Crucifixion*. Through Jan. 12. Also on view: 20th century drawings by such masters as Munch, Picasso, Matisse, Pollock, De Kooning, Motherwell, Tobey and others. Through Jan. 5.

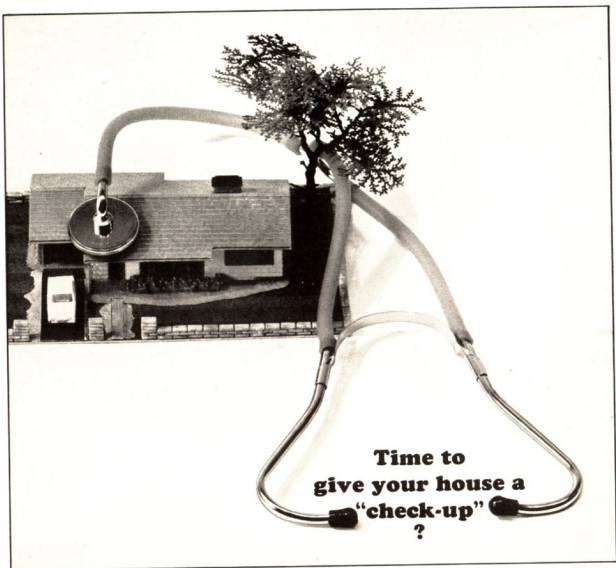
METROPOLITAN—Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Air-conditioning installation has put most of the Met's special events on ice, but the *Cubiculum*, a splendidly decorated little bedroom first dug up near Pompeii in 1900, has been unearthed again after a year in restoration. A new ceiling and a new molding copied from the original have been added.

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART—62 East 78th St. Forty Venetian paintings of the 16th century, including works by Titian, Tintoretto, Bassano and Veronese. Among the Titians a frieze painted between 1560 and 1569 to decorate his own home. Through Dec. 15.

WHITNEY—22 West 54th St. The first retrospective show since Futurist Joseph Stella's death in 1946 fills two floors with his paintings, collages and drawings. Among 100 works is his most ambitious, *New York Interpreted*, a five-canvas panorama that glows with dark lapidary lights. Through Dec. 4. More Stella at Salpeter Gallery, 42 East 57th St. Twenty-two pastels, drawings and silverprints. Through Dec. 7.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—11 West 53rd St. Forty canvases, dating from 1940 to 1963, by Hans Hofmann, the panjandrum of abstract expressionists. Through Dec. 1. Also at the Modern Museum: Soft-focus sculpture of the rebel Italian, Medardo Rosso, who worked in wax and accused Rodin of snitching his ideas. Through Nov. 23.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM—Eastern Parkway. Asian art on loan from Collector Ernest Erickson, including Islamic ceramics, Indian miniatures, Nepalese, Thai and Cambodian sculpture. Through Jan. 12.



**Time to
give your house a
“check-up”
?**

■ Most folks today realize that a periodic physical check-up can help keep them in shape, and hopefully ward off illness and big medical bills. “It’s the same with houses,” says home-planning authority, A. M. Watkins, author of “The Complete Book of Home Remodeling, Repair and Improvement,” and other books and articles in his field. Mr. Watkins has now prepared a booklet especially for the New York Life Insurance Company entitled “How to Hold Down Home Maintenance Costs.”

Avoid Unnecessary Repair Bills. “Certain stitch-in-time maintenance checks can pay off in handsome dividends,” he points out. “They can sharply cut your annual house operating bills, as well as forestall a major repair bill.” By keeping a home in tip-top shape, you preserve its resale value, and also reap the most living enjoyment.

In a detailed, easy-to-follow analysis, Mr. Watkins lists the key problem areas


to look out for in plumbing, electricity, heating and such—and what to do about them.

When to “Do-it-yourself.” Many major repairs and emergency service calls stem from a few basic causes, the booklet explains, and so a check-up plus preventive maintenance can often help you stave them off. The average person can take care of numerous small difficulties himself. Mr. Watkins tells you the type of repairs you generally should *not* attempt to handle yourself, and how to hold down costs when you do hire specialists for repairs and improvements.

A Booklet You’ll Want to Keep. Anyone who owns a home, new or old, will find dozens of worthwhile tips in this booklet, including many ideas that can save the home owner money. For your free copy of this new booklet, use the coupon, or ask your New York Life Agent. *The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.*

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NY16



PICTURE OF A SATISFIED MAN

Altimeter reads 6500 feet...speed 200 miles an hour...below, lights twinkle on as the sun disappears over the horizon. Home is 200 miles away, but you'll be there in time for dinner.

It's been a satisfying sort of day. You spent a couple of hours at the office, took off for a luncheon meeting 200 miles away, then flew over here for the on-the-spot closing of that important deal. Next stop...home. You will have covered 600 miles this day, cleared up the office routine and attended personally to two major deals.

Yes, it's been a satisfying day—and remarkably pleasant, too. You get such a "lift" every time you slide in behind the wheel of your Piper Aztec. It's hard to believe you'd never even thought of flying two years ago. Now you know what everyone who takes up flying has found. Flying is so much more than easy travel—it's an absorbing recrea-

tion, a relaxing break from the humdrum of the day's business.

You've found, too, that flying has both improved your business and broadened your own enjoyment. It's so simple, now, to slip off to camp for some good hunting. The trip you and the family took to the West Indies in your Aztec last winter was a whole new concept of travel convenience. Next year...Alaska, maybe, or down through Latin America?

These are the wonderful new thoughts and memories that pass through your mind as you loaf along at over three miles a minute. Outside, you barely hear the hum of your two Lycoming engines—as dependable as power plants can be made. One radio plays music over the cabin speaker. Other radio navigation instruments tell you precisely where you are. One even tells you how many miles you are from the next radio beacon up ahead! Your Piper AltiMatic

autopilot holds course unerringly and altitude precisely, leaves you completely relaxed—a guest in your own airplane. What a difference from those tiring hours you used to spend making 70 mph on the turnpike.

The miles slide by, and you're conscious of a warm affection for this marvelous machine around you. In the year you've had your Piper, she's become a real friend and a Number One business asset. You never did understand why some of your friends went ga-ga over boats or sport cars, but brother, you've got a love affair going now—with a twin-engine thing of beauty that is almost human and as faithful as your best hunting dog.

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LETTERS

A Gross of Cheers

Sir: I read your cover story of Dr. Calvin Gross [Nov. 15] with great interest and a deep feeling of pride. My friend and classmate through elementary and high schools has been living up to everyone's expectations. You depict a person of near-infallibility. I must agree with you. When TIME asked me if I could think of one thing that Calvin failed to do well, I honestly could not do so. He epitomizes brilliance.

I am certain that this will not be the last time we shall be reading about Superintendent Gross. He is headed upward. He has successfully reinvigorated the Pittsburgh school system and is on his way toward renovating the New York school system—a most difficult task. But he will overcome . . . A real possibility for the future: Calvin Gross, U.S. Commissioner of Education.

MASAKAZU IWATA, PH.D.

Assistant Professor of History

Biola College
La Mirada, Calif.

Sir: It does my heart good to think that my children (ages four and two) may be able to reap the fruits of Dr. Gross's diligence.

MRS. GEORGE S. MEYERS

Brooklyn

Intellectual Productivity

Sir: Your article [Nov. 8] describing the work of Trident Scholars at the U.S. Naval Academy was read with considerable interest and approval by members of the Coast Guard Academy faculty.

Here at the academy of the senior seagoing service, the top 20% of each senior class for the past five years has been participating in a similar undergraduate program of independent investigations. Interdisciplinary in nature and uninhibited in choice, the projects have ranged from analysis and measurements of stresses in hydrofoil struts to operations research in man-machine relationships, from the design of an analog-to-digital converter to the development of statistical predictors of academic success; from feasibility studies of nuclear power plants for isolated larson stations to the synthesis of a steady-state parametric amplifier.

The faculty of the Coast Guard Academy is astounded anew each year at the creative and intellectual productivity of the cadets who rise to the challenge of this program for honor students.

R. W. GOODE

Commander, U.S. Coast Guard
New London, Conn.

Mileage for Miles

Sir: The article entitled "Miles's Mileage" [Nov. 8] is the most significant contribution we have had in my tenure here as president of the college. We have already received scores of letters, many containing financial contributions for the development of the college.

L. H. PITTS
President

Miles College
Birmingham

Up the Goldwater Tree

Sir: Senator Goldwater's reactionary plans [Nov. 8], if carried out, would interrupt the natural growth of the American Tree of State. Instead of merely trimming the tree at its edges as the true conservative would do, or grafting on new branches as the liberal would do, Senator Goldwater would tear the tree out by its roots, leaving not the idyllic green pasture of Jeffersonian democracy but the torn black earth of destruction.

ALAN K. HENRIKSON

Balliol College
Oxford, England

Sir: Bravo to Goldwater for speaking the truth! The TVA should be placed in citizen ownership immediately.

To ensure wide ownership, individual and corporate purchases would be permanently limited. Total corporate ownership, depending upon how well individual sales go, could be held to 30% or less. The lower the better! This would create an economic monument to American taxpayers, additional dignity for competent TVA employees, and several measures of insecurity for the politically oriented, smug, libertine bureaucrats.

EDWIN T. BOHR

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sir: A very intelligent idea of Senator Margaret Chase Smith's to seek the presidential nomination. After all, she is more intelligent than Barry, more capable than Rocky, and more dependable than Richard. She is also much easier to look at than all three. It's been said that women control the country—control the spending and buying. Now let's let one try her hand at running this country.

MRS. SHELBY DEATON

Sweeny, Texas

Home-Made Bull Session

Sir: Your article on Britain's ex-Lord Home [Oct. 25] was so interesting and entertaining that it is hard to realize that

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it was also true. My teen-agers started reading it for laughs, became interested in its factual content, ended up having a "bull-session" with seven of their friends about it. The oldest one decided it could have been titled, "Look Homeward, Anglo."

JUNE TAFT CONWAY

New York City

There's a Limit

Sir: I would fight to the death against Communism for the values upon which the principles of democracy are based, but I swear, if we go to war over how many men can possibly be in a convoy truck [Nov. 15], I will not even go to a bomb shelter.

RICHARD LAYNE

Rome

To the Dogs

Sir: Your bloodcurdling article on hunting [Nov. 1] is a horrifying exposé of the so-called "sport," particularly when it describes the extracurricular torture that goes into the training of the dogs who accompany the stonehearted hunters. Not content with killing for the pleasure of useless killing, often leaving wounded birds and animals to die a lingering death, these "sportsmen" must inflict carefully planned refinements of agony on the luckless pooches who are to be their helpers.

KAY CARDIN

Winchester, Mass.

Sir: Having seen the picture of the champion pointer and read the account of how these dogs are trained, I would now like to see a picture of this dog's owner, complete with all his ribs showing, wearing a spiked collar, having a chaw of tobacco thrust down his throat, with his hind end full of buckshot, and eating partridge liberally laced with long sharp needles.

MRS. KENNETH MILLAR

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Curse in Verse

Sir: Whoever wrote that story on the goings on at Puerto Vallarta [Nov. 8] — I love him! That's the funniest story I've ever read.

MEG WHITCOMB

New York City

Sir:

I send you, *amigo*, this very sad *carta* Describing the capers in Puerto Vallarta, A pueblo of leisure and tropical vistas Well known to the natives but not to tourists.

Where *tiempo* flowed slowly y *placida* And nothing disturbed the *placer* of the gente.

That's how it was in this land of *mahiana* Until we were cursed with this *Noche d'Iguana*.

JAMES M. SOMMERVILLE

Dana Point, Calif.

The Word & the Jargon

Sir: Every theologian and scientist should read your report on "The Jargon that Jars" [Nov. 8]. In Bishop Blougram's *Apology*, Browning's bishop says of the "ologies" that they are "the Greek endings, the little passing bell that signifies some faith's about to die." (I have wondered

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whether church unity can survive the frightful word "ecumenicity.") The philosophy of William James was ridiculed largely because he insisted upon short words. What better account of absolute monism could there be than this: "They want the bellyband of the universe to fit tight all the way round?"

But you do well to include the other side. Because of what Christians have done to "charity" and what Hollywood has done to "love," we may need the word *agape* to describe Christian love, which is not primarily an emotion and enables us to love those we do not like.

(THE REV.) WILBUR L. CASWELL
Patterson, Calif.

Sir: "Ground of Being" knows how I've tried to understand Tillich, but a guy's got only so much *Wissenschaft*. And *Kirchliche Dogmatik*? Angst! Angst!

Tillich may speak to our day, but I'll join the crowds who are listening to Billy Graham.

ANDRE BUSTANOBY
Pastor

Arlington Memorial Church
Arlington, Va.

Sir: Protestant theologians may be finally discovering for themselves the insufficiency of the English language regarding theology. Maybe now they can more easily respect Rome's past insistence on the Latin tongue.

EMIL R. PERNSTEINER
San Diego, Calif.

I Whiff Your Hand, Madame

Sir: About your story on the resurgence of hand-kissing [Nov. 8]: In Madrid we do not "smack." We simply "smell" the hand of a married woman.

JUAN-LUIS GALATAS
Madrid

Googeous George

Sir: Hooray for men who "want to smell good" [Nov. 15]! But who, in Heaven's name, would want a husband, father or business associate to be running around with tinted eyebrows, dyed hair and powdered face? Pretty soon they'll be curling their eyelashes and dabbing a touch of rouge on their cheeks. At this rate, some day it may be said of an American male: "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?"

(MRS.) HELEN G. MALLOY
Providence

Sir: A hot shower and shave are all I want my husband to have. No lotion, deodorant, cologne or other goo. I want my man to look and smell like a man.

JENNIE CAMMARATA
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

THE 21 top American businessmen, journeying on a trip arranged by Time Inc., had spent long days and longer evenings being briefed, being lectured to, having their questions answered, and being feted in Washington, London and Moscow. Now they were in Berlin, and would have their first two-hour free period next morning, to sight-see, to rest, to do as they like. But one of them had a proposal to make: Why not spend the time talking out their impressions of all the people they had met, from Kennedy to Khrushchev, and the arguments they had heard? The matter was put to a vote. Unanimously, they agreed to use their free time to compare notes.

It was that kind of group, and one that realized that they had shared an unparalleled experience together. Last week they had more of it—in Germany, dinner with Chancellor Erhard, lunch with ex-Chancellor Adenauer. In Paris, lunch with French Premier Pompidou, a dinner with "Mr. Europe," Jean Monnet. In Brussels, a dinner with a picked group of Common Market Eurocrats. By now the businessmen, whose questioning of experts had been diffident at first, had become forthright. When the Common Market's Vice Chairman Robert Marjolin, a Yale-educated French Socialist, called for questions, he was asked: "Why should a bunch of American capitalists put their trust in a bunch of Socialist Eurocrats?"

Marjolin answered: "I wasn't aware that you had put your trust in us."

There was laughter and applause. Actually, that exchange did not truly reflect the feelings of the occasion, for when called upon to ask the evening's final question, Walter H. Wheeler Jr., chairman of Pitney-Bowes, made a statement instead:

Marjolin & Co. were receiving a lot of criticism these days, but what Wheeler had seen in Brussels was the most hopeful and inspiring experience of the whole trip, and he thought that the Common Market was doing the right thing both for Europe and the world.

This remark brought standing applause and cries of "hear, hear" from the U.S. corporation heads.

As the 10,600-mile trip came to an end, one of the executives picked up the day's copy of the New York Times and was pleased to note that in the previous three days, he had talked to five of the world leaders who were making Page One news.

LAST May 31, when our cover carried the pictures of twelve leading U.S. executives, we predicted that this would cause great difficulty for the growing number of readers who collect the autographs of cover subjects. To get all twelve signatures onto one cover, we thought, through a series of mailings, might even take years. Reader Howard Lawrence of Inglewood, Calif., who with his wife has been collecting TIME autographs since the Jimmy Byrnes man-of-the-year cover in 1947, writes us triumphantly that he now—after many delays—has rounded up all twelve. One of the difficult ones to get, he reports, was

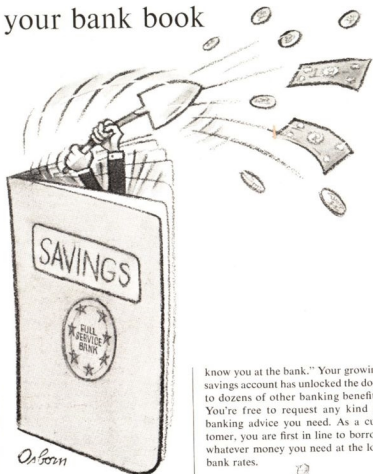
Richard A. Peterson

who was then vice chairman and is now president of the Bank of America. Peterson was one of the 21 "American capitalists" who made the Moscow trip, and Khrushchev, too, found him an amiably deliberate fellow.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

November 22, 1963 Vol. 82 No. 21

THE NATION

REPUBLICANS

Something on the Move?

He filed a petition for admission to the New York State bar only last Friday. His name is not yet on the office door, because not until next Jan. 1 will he become a full partner in the Manhattan firm of Mudge, Stern, Baldwin & Todd. His secretarial staff numbers just two, and spends much of its time turning down invitations for the boss to make public appearances. Yet for all his insistence that he has no immediate plans for a return to national office, Richard Nixon suddenly seems to be the Republican whom everybody is talking about for his party's 1964 presidential nomination.

Journalists have always taken particular satisfaction in speculating about Nixon—and most of the current Nixon talk is journalistic speculation. But it got some extra impetus through an off-hand remark by the senior Republican who, according to those same journalists, for so long wanted to "dump Nixon." Dwight Eisenhower, in a televised interview, spoke of Nixon's chances in the event of a G.O.P. convention stalemate: "Now, if there should be one of those deadlocks, I would think he would be one of the likely persons to be examined and approached, because he is, after all, a very knowledgeable and a very courageous type of fellow."

"**Thing of the Past.**" Many press accounts managed to read into Ike's observation an endorsement of Nixon for next year's nomination. It was, of course, a mere political truism—and no one knew it better than Nixon himself. To be sure, he said, if there was a Republican deadlock, his name would come up. But, he insisted, in practical political terms, "deadlocks are a thing of the past."

Nixon had some very specific ideas about the part he should play in party affairs. Said he: "My role as I see it is to be a spokesman on great issues where I have something important to say and experience—and also to stay out of the fight within the Republican Party, which must go on until the nomination, so I can use my influence behind the candidate nominated at San Francisco."

Referring to the rivalry between Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller, Nixon continued: "It's a rugged fight,

This is not unusual. We already have seen bloodletting. There'll be some more blood spilled before it's over. In 1960 President Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson said things far worse about each other than what has been said to this point, and they got together.

"I want to see the Republicans have their arguments, but settle them without burning their bridges behind them."

"**Who's Letting Blood?**" One Republican who seemed to see a declaration of war in Nixon's "bloodletting" remark

BEN MARTIN



RICHARD NIXON

So everybody is talking.

was Goldwater. He called it "one of the most unfortunate statements that has been made lately." Cried he: "It's this type of thing that tends to tear the party apart. Who's letting blood? It certainly isn't me. And I'm not going to be the one who lets blood. One of my chief purposes in life has been to keep this party together. I have been convinced that Nixon meant it when he said repeatedly he had no designs on the nomination, but I have to discount that now. It's obvious as the day is long that something's on the move with Mr. Nixon."

Despite Goldwater's suspicions, Nixon sounds convincing when he insists that he is not seeking the nomination (see box on following page). And his assessment of his political position seems realistic. Nixon still rates high

with rank-and-file Republican voters, retains the respect of most G.O.P. leaders. But while those leaders would certainly be willing to go along with Nixon if political circumstances so dictated, almost none of them now seem very enthusiastic about the possibility of his candidacy.

In the late fall of 1963 the basic Republican Party facts are these: Only a year ago Nelson Rockefeller seemed to have his party nomination wrapped up, and only a month ago that same nomination appeared to be Goldwater's almost for the asking. But, unless it has an incumbent President seeking reelection, no party can afford to concede its highest prize so far in advance. Thus, in the months to come, Goldwater's fortunes will surely ebb and flow, Rocky's prospects will probably improve, favorite-son candidates will emerge, dark-horse possibilities will have their day—and there will be much more speculation about Dick Nixon.

The Sound of Footsteps

Even though he took over the G.O.P.'s front-running position months ago, Barry Goldwater was still nervous about the sound of footsteps behind him. "God knows," he complained, "I haven't sought this position. I'm still wishing something would happen to get me out of all this. It's all a little frightening."

Barry felt beleaguered. "Sometimes," he said, "I wonder why we ought to even bother with an announcement. If we say I'm going to run, everybody will just say that's no news. Rockefeller's announcement sure fell with a thud. And if I say I'm not going to run, I'd better get out of the country first."

Appearing at a Better Business Bureau banquet in Chicago, Goldwater told 1,800 people that "I have my political hat on tonight." Then he laced into the Kennedy Administration, saying that the New Frontier has produced "1,026 days of wasted spending, wishful thinking, unwarranted intervention, wishful theories and waning confidence." The alliteration was admirable, but Barry proved once again that he delivers a formal speech with woe-ful woodenness.

Still, he is wonderful in the give and take of press conferences and other question-and-answer occasions. And in

these, he seems to recover all the confidence he has lost during more stilted sessions. Asked last week about all the criticisms of his conservative views, Barry replied like the old Barry. "If they want Goldwater," he said, "they're going to have to take him the way I am. I'm not going to change my spots."

Rocky's Running Start

As the only avowed Republican alternative to Goldwater, New York's Rockefeller figures that his fortunes can only go up during the next few months, and he certainly means to take advantage of his situation. Last week, just a few days after his formal announcement of candidacy, he was sprinting down that presidential track as though he already had the nomination in hand and the general election would be held tomorrow.

He chartered a couple of airliners to bring 42 Maryland Republicans to Manhattan for lunch, won a barely hedged endorsement from Baltimore's Mayor Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin: "Until I find a better qualified man, I'm for Governor Rockefeller!" After that, Rocky jet-spied to Miami for a six-hour stay,

rocketed back to New York for a speech before the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention, shot out to St. Louis for a speech to the city's press club.

Rocky struck out at Democrat Jack Kennedy and Republican Rival Goldwater with equal vigah. Cried he in St. Louis: "The foundations of our safety are being sapped. Our position is gradually being eroded in squabbles with allies, potentially explosive situations in Latin America and Asia and Africa and, above all, through a lack of understanding of the Communist challenge. Three years after the coming into office with grandiloquent promises about 'getting America moving again,' we find the Administration bewildered, floundering in a sea of expedients. And each expedient magnifies the next crisis . . . Blinded by the illusion that a change of tone indicates a change of policy, the Administration has vacillated in the face of alternating Soviet aggressiveness and Soviet peace offensives. The result is that the West is bewildered and in many allied countries leftist tendencies with neutralist overtones are gaining ground." The Administration, said Candidate Rockefeller, is "always

the prisoner, never the master of events."

And what about the ideas of Conservative Republican Goldwater? Said Nelson Rockefeller in Miami: "Can you imagine the prospect of the policies being presented to the American people next year? There's advocacy of such proposals as having the U.S. withdraw from the United Nations, of field commanders having the right to decide on the use of nuclear weapons, of selling TVA, of ending immediately support prices for farmers, of leaving the protection of human rights up to the states—including Mississippi and Alabama. These ideas are not within the mainstream of American thinking."

Interment in Michigan

Michigan Governor George Romney's hopes for the Republican presidential nomination—if he really entertained any—came tumbling down last week.

Romney had keyed the success or failure of his administration to Michigan's fiscal situation, which was a frightful mess. Working with his Republican legislative leadership, he

WHAT NIXON SAYS ABOUT NIXON

Manhattan Attorney Richard Nixon, 50, relaxed, settled back on his office sofa, and for some 50 minutes talked freely to TIME's New York Correspondent Nick Timmescu about the 1964 Republican presidential nomination.

CONTRARY to what the pundits say and write," he said, "it's what others have done which has caused this Nixon talk. The others [Goldwater and Rockefeller] are active and running, I'm not. And it's because there is disillusionment with Kennedy. The election results in the major cities are a storm signal. So there is the possibility Kennedy could be beaten, and this is an increasing possibility. As this possibility increases, so does the interest in getting a Republican who can win. I find there is a correlation between Kennedy's failures and interest in me. As he goes down, the stock of any potential Republican candidate goes up.

"Then there's the fact that Romney has refused to become a candidate because of heavy pressures on him to concentrate on Michigan's problems. And Scranton, until now, has taken a similar position, but he could still get off the ground and be the logical compromise candidate in the event Goldwater and Rockefeller knock each other out. These dark horses, though, must start now. It's poppycock to say someone can be dragged in at the last moment from the wings. It just isn't done that way. If Romney or Scranton would move, the attention would go to them, and the interest in me would drift away."

"Now as to polls, anyone who was Vice President eight years and ran for President should run well in polls. I should." Nothing unusual about that. This business about me stepping up my schedule is bunk. My schedule was set in June. I'm making one speech a month. I have time for only very few press interviews. But I'm turning down literally hundreds of invitations to speak, and I

hate to turn down the ones from colleges. I've gone to no political meetings in 1963 at all. If I was really interested in running, would I turn down invitations in such states as Oregon, Wisconsin, West Virginia, California and New Hampshire? Well, I've had invitations from all those, and I've turned them down.

"It isn't what I say about running, but what I do that counts. I have no pollster. I have no political adviser, no speechwriter, no press aide. I am going to no political meetings. I say if a man doesn't run now, he won't be running later. One man you should watch is Scranton. He is the most likely dark horse at this time, but he needs national identification, and now.

"Long ago, I said I would speak on issues involving the security of the nation and that I would criticize the Kennedy Administration. I'm not going to change that just because people charge me with trying for the nomination. Some people write in a challenging fashion. What's wrong, they ask, are you afraid of Kennedy? No one knows better than I what a formidable candidate he is. I'm not afraid of him. Running against him next time will be running against all his money, the federal treasury and all kinds of public relations. Kennedy will shoot the works."

As just one example of the type of issue that could render Kennedy vulnerable next year, Nixon cited the recent U.S.-endorsed military coup in South Viet Nam. "If this Viet war goes sour, Viet Nam could be a hot issue next year. If it goes well, it won't be. It's strange to me, when we are fawning over Tito, catering to Kadar, accommodating Khrushchev, we don't even have the decency to express our sympathy to a family which was a real foe of Communism. There is a human factor here in Mme. Nhu's losing her husband and brother-in-law, and we didn't show decency."

How about the theory that Nixon is actually more interested in the 1968 election? "It is wrong to think in terms of 1968, or of letting some patsy run in 1964, or of giving someone an undertaker role next year. I look at every election as it comes along."

* A recent Gallup poll reported Republicans would prefer Nixon to Goldwater 52% to 48% if there should be a showdown between the two.

drafted a fiscal reform program that included a 2% personal income tax, a 3½% corporate profits tax, and a 6% income tax on financial institutions. It seemed a sound program for a state long tormented by a fiscal nightmare. But a special session of the legislature in Lansing last week buried Romney's proposals—and the interment was conducted no less by dissident Republicans than by Democrats. As a result, Michigan will not get fiscal reform this year, and perhaps not for a long time.

"I've Got a Program." The burial began a fortnight ago, when the Senate voted 20-11 to keep the income tax bill off the floor. Romney mustered only eleven G.O.P. votes; nine Republicans and eleven Democrats voted against him.

For days thereafter, Romney held long and fruitless meetings with members of both parties. He had little success with conservative Republicans and even less with Democrats. In one dramatic confrontation with about 40 House and Senate Democrats in his office, Romney declared: "I'm prepared to discuss with you any changes that you think will make the bill acceptable to you." Replied Democratic Lieutenant Governor T. John Lesinski: "We will not write your program. It is the responsibility of the executive to provide leadership. We stand ready to assist." Snapped Romney: "I'm not asking Democrats to write my program. I've got a program. What we're talking about is votes."

Two days later the House brought up a key amendment to the income tax bill, turned it down 47-44; 16 Republicans and 31 Democrats voted to kill. Thereupon, without even deigning to vote on the whole proposition, the legislature adjourned until next year.

"I Wouldn't Know." With his own Republican Party badly split, Romney has vitally needed Democratic votes.

But the Democrats understandably were not eager to help Romney make a record that might boost him toward the White House. And they still had sad memories of how G.O.P. legislators had treated Romney's Democratic predecessors. Said a Democratic representative: "We needed Republican votes to pass Mennen Williams' and John Swainson's fiscal reform programs, but they were never forthcoming. George Romney was on the hook this time. Why should we have gotten him off?"

At a press conference later, a reporter asked the Governor if he thought that his defeat would tarnish his national image. Replied George Romney: "I wouldn't know—and I couldn't care less."

A Luncheon in Philadelphia

If, as Dick Nixon said, Bill Scranton was the man to take a look at, some influential Republicans were following his advice. About 20 of them traveled recently to Philadelphia for an unpublicized luncheon meeting with the Pennsylvania Governor. It was held in the office of Tom McCabe, vice president of Scott Paper Co., longtime Pennsylvania Republican money raiser and an ardent Scranton admirer.

The guest list read like an East Coast Republicans' *Who's Who*. Among those attending: former U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, political strategist for Tom Dewey and Dwight Eisenhower; CBS Board Chairman William Paley; Du Pont's Pierre S. du Pont III; General Electric's Ralph Cordiner; former Defense Secretary Tom Gates, an Ike intimate; New York Herald Tribune President Walter Thayer; Philadelphia Inquirer Publisher Walter Annenberg, and party officials from Delaware and New Jersey. Invited but sending regrets were George M. Humphrey, Eisenhower's Treasury Secretary, and former G.O.P. National Chairman Meade Alcorn.

Scranton was ostensibly on hand to deliver his standard, bring-industry-to-Pennsylvania pitch—and did. But everyone there knew the real reason for the luncheon. "It was an effort," conceded one of the luncheon's planners, "to give Scranton some exposure." That effort paid off handsomely. Said a guest: "I got the impression he was capable of running a good show. To me, Scranton is an impressive guy."

Back in Harrisburg afterward, Scranton seemed somewhat less adamant in his insistence that he is not in the least interested in presidential politics. Asked about attempts by Pennsylvania's Goldwater forces to get an early nod from the state G.O.P. organization, Scranton replied: "Pennsylvania should, at least for the present, remain uncommitted." He noted that a private poll he had ordered showed that he would run better in Pennsylvania than either Rocky or Barry.



JOHN-JOHN AT WORK
So the other photographers could shoot.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Week

President Kennedy was in ill humor at last week's press conference. He was, among other things, angered by the failure of Congress to move on the tax cut and civil rights bills.

"The fact of the matter is," Kennedy snapped, "that both these bills should be passed." But, he conceded, they stand almost no chance of being enacted before Congress goes home for Christmas Dec. 20. The President dolefully predicted that the measures might collide on the Senate floor early next year, and the tax bill—with its \$11 billion relief, which Kennedy, curiously, warns must come quickly to avoid a national recession next year—might be further delayed. If that happens, he reiterated, "I think the economy will suffer."

10,000 Sugar Cookies. But life was not all sour grapes for the President last week. On Veterans Day he took John Jr., dubbed "John-John" by the family, along for ceremonies at Arlington National Cemetery. While the President and U.S. military leaders were marching toward the Tomb of the Unknowns, John-John escaped from Secret Servicemen and busted into the parade. Some folks thought that a good, firm nanny might well be employed to keep a 21-year-old out of solemn ceremonies, but the President thought the whole incident was hilarious. Anyhow, *Look* Magazine was closing an exclusive pictorial essay on the lad, and the White House, which likes to pass publicity around, felt that other photographers should have some pictures of John-John in action.

Next day, Jack, Jackie and the kids played host to 2,000 underprivileged



GEORGE ROMNEY
So there goes the program.

Washington children, who downed 200 gallons of cocoa and 10,000 sugar cookies while a detachment of Scotland's famed Black Watch Regiment of bagpipers skirled and twirled on the White House lawn. It was the beginning of Jackie's official appearances after the death of two-day-old Patrick Bouvier Kennedy last August.

Ten Stop Lights. Near week's end, Kennedy flew into Manhattan, aged his Secret Service detail ten years by forgoing the usual motorcycle escort into the city. At one of ten midtown traffic lights that stopped the presidential limousine, an ambitious female camera bug rushed up and fired a flashbulb at Kennedy's side of the car. Moaned a New York police official: "She might well have been an assassin." As for the purpose of the President's stop-and-go entrance into New York, the official explanation was that he wanted no "fuss and feathers." It could only be presumed that Kennedy was zeroing in on the safe-motorists' vote.

Next morning Kennedy appeared before the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s fifth biennial convention—the last big Big Labor get-together before the '64 campaign. After reviewing New Frontier accomplishments, Kennedy launched into an impassioned plea for the tax bill's immediate enactment—something that he had despaired of the day before. With prompt passage of the tax bill, he said, "we will be sailing by next April on the winds of the longest and strongest peacetime expansion in our nation's economic history."

LABOR

Smash the Machines?

Considering what automation has done for U.S. industry, and the fact that the U.S. currently has 70 million employed, it was strange to hear President George Meany at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention. Said he: "Every big corporation in America is in a mad race to produce more and more with

less and less labor. Their plans for expansion are staggering, and every one of them calls for more and more push-button operations with machines to push buttons, if you please—even eliminating the human element there. Automation is rapidly becoming a curse to our society."

CRIME

The Greatest Jewel Robbery

It was a rainy afternoon in Manhattan. On a West Side street, a small black car sped up to a 1951 Ford station wagon and waved it to the curb. Out stepped a man in the uniform of a New York City special policeman. He stuck a pistol into his victim's face while another man, also armed and wearing a Halloween mask, appeared on the other side of the Ford. The thieves knew what they wanted. Inside the old station wagon, guarded by six unarmed messengers, was a load of jewelry and gold bullion valued at some \$3,000,000. It was a routine transfer of valuables between wholesalers and repair firms and jewelry merchants; by using dowdy and inconspicuous delivery methods—old car, unarmed guards in multi-jewelers feel they have the safest insurance against holdups.

Another bandit pulled up in a panel truck. The messengers were quickly herded into the truck and handcuffed inside. One "cop" drove off in the black car. Two men pulled away with their panel truck of prisoners. The last "cop" got into the station wagon, turned on the key and started the engine.

And right there and then ended the efficiency of the caper that would have gone down in history as the nation's greatest jewel robbery. For the hopeless fact was that the robber who was designated as the "wheel man"—the "cop" assigned to drive off with the booty—the excruciatingly exasperated hood with a huge fortune in his grasp—the sad simpleton upon whom everything depended—couldn't drive a 1951 Ford.

Bewildered by a foot clutch, a manual stick shift and a tricky choke, the robber flooded the engine. The car lurched and died. He started it again, and again the Ford coughed and pooped out. The driver, desperate, looked across the street. There stood a group of demolition workers who had been tearing down an old slaughterhouse. They now became the central figures in a modern morality play.

Help! Some of the workers had witnessed the heist, and had stood by passively. Others, who had not seen the stick-up, heard the "cop" call to them: "Come here and get this thing going for me." With an instinctive contempt for the law, they replied with derisive hoots. At last, the defeated wheel man jumped from the car and took to his heels. A few blocks off, the other crooks had abandoned the panel truck and presumably had gone elsewhere to rendezvous with the station wagon. But the imprisoned guards, meanwhile, were raising a clamor, and a passer-by called the police.

Before the squad cars charged up to the scene, however, one of the demolition workers got behind the wheel of the Ford, started it easily, and hid it in the partially wrecked building. When the police arrived, they found nothing but a bunch of singularly unhelpful workers. The cops sped away in search of the stick-up men.

Something for the Wife. Now some of the workers started to investigate the wagon at their leisure. Finding it stuffed with attractive trinkets, they began to fill their pockets. Some hid the loot in the rubble. Others, who had watched their comrades cache the goodies, stole into the rubble, removed what hidden jewels they could find, and carried them home. One man put \$200,000 worth into a satchel and took it to his wife. Another gathered \$15,000 worth, sped to his farm in Gettysburg, Pa., just a mile or so from Dwight Eisenhower's place, and buried it there.

It was seven hours before the police found the station wagon, and it was many hours after that before they began investigating reports started by drunken demolition workers who had wandered into nearby bars to celebrate. After three days, the demolition site was awasm with FBI agents and police, combing the debris for glitter. They pumped water out of the basement of the abandoned building, screening the water for baubles, while downstream, eager laborers panned for gold. They picked and they plucked and they poked. After persistent questioning, some of the demolition workers began talking, and five men were arrested. Nearly all of the loot was recovered.

West Side cynics scornfully pointed out that any robber who couldn't handle a stick shift deserved his ignominy. Not so the workers who looted the car. Who, it was asked, wouldn't have done the same? But what of the looters who looted the looters? They, alas, are among the dishonored.



SEARCHING THE SITE (RIGHT: RECOVERED GEMS)
It takes an honest man to drive a '51 Ford.



FOREIGN AID

A Cut-Down Bill

Mauled and mutilated, slashed and sneered at, halt and hamstringed, the foreign aid authorization bill finally passed the U.S. Senate by a vote of 63 to 17. Missing was some \$800 million from the Administration's request of \$4.5 billion. Added was a spate of specified restrictions as to how, and for what reasons, the Administration could expend foreign aid funds.

A Bitter Protest. Facing the prospect of that slash, President Kennedy bitterly protested to his press conference: "If there are failures in the Middle East, Africa and Latin America, and South Viet Nam and Laos, it is usually not a Senator who is selected to bear the blame, but it is the Administration—the President of the U.S. . . . I am just trying to make it very clear that I cannot fulfill my responsibility in the field of foreign policy without this program."

In the Senate, Oregon's Wayne Morse, a liberal Democrat and the foreign aid program's most vitriolic critic, retorted: "The President ought to be much less concerned about who is going to be blamed and much more concerned about proceeding to bring about the necessary reforms in the foreign aid program." With that, Morse and his colleagues went back to sawing off more pieces of the bill.

During the final hours of debate, South Dakota's Republican Senator Karl Mundt introduced an amendment that would have prohibited the use of the Export-Import Bank to guarantee Russian payments to commercial traders in the U.S.-Soviet wheat deal. That threatened to throw the aid bill or the wheat deal—or both—back into a welter of confusion and conflict. Only under the urging of both Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Minority Leader Everett Dirksen did Mundt finally agree to withdraw his amendment and to submit it later as separate legislation.

Only Half the Struggle. That withdrawal cleared the way for Senate passage. The Senate version next goes to a conference committee to be squared with a House bill authorizing \$200 million less. Ordinarily, foreign aid conferences pretty much split the House-Senate differences, which would make this year's foreign aid authorization come to about \$3.6 billion.

But the authorization is only half the struggle. After that, the Congress must approve the actual appropriations. For years Louisiana Democrat Otto Passman, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee's foreign operations subcommittee, has been trying to cut foreign aid to the barest bone. But in the climate of the 1963 Congress, Passman seems likelier than ever to have his way. And what does he say? He says: "Anything over \$2.7 billion would be a waste of money."

DIPLOMACY

The Party Line

[See Cover]

Above the clink of crystal goblets and the beat of a twist tune wafted shreds and snippets of conversation. "Looks like Pierre made a party on the way." "No, darling, these models don't have a thing on underneath. They don't have anything to hide." "Look at Ethel go! Where does she get the energy?" "Look, McCone is actually smiling!" "I would love to see Allen Dulles twist." Floating among the crowd of 300 smartly-dressed people was the hostess, a tawny blonde, her hair bouffant, her gown a new Cardin, her perfume by Dior. At

the mansions on Foxhall Road, the shuttered houses of Georgetown and the row of embassies along Massachusetts Avenue.

From September to May, there are roughly 200 official parties a month in Washington, perhaps 20 times as many private ones. "During this season," says one diplomat, "there is hardly time between gulps of champagne and mouthfuls of canapés to think of anything but your feet, your stomach and your head"—and all three ache.

Keeping the merry-go-round whirling are the city's hostesses. There are dozens of them, ranging from the First Lady down to the newest Texas millionairess, who figures all she needs to



NICOLE & GUESTS AT FRENCH EMBASSY'S CARDIN FASHION SHOW*

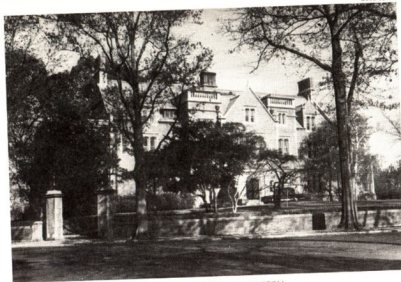
The most important thing in life is giving a superb party.

1:30 a.m. her husband, Hervé Alphonse, 56, the French Ambassador to the U.S., disappeared into an elevator on his way to bed. By 3:30 a.m. the last guests had departed, and Nicole Alphonse, surveying all the bereft buffet trays and empty champagne bottles, smiled. It had been a good party.

The Merry-Go-Round. Giving good, and sometimes superb, parties is the most important thing in Nicole Alphonse's life. It sounds like a frivolous occupation, but her husband often gets more done in ten minutes of quiet conversation at one of Nicole's dinners than in a day of shuffling papers. For in Washington the dinner table is merely an after-hours extension of the office desk, and at 5 p.m., when the lights wink off in thousands of offices all over town, the working day is only half over. Then the Senators and socialites, the diplomats and department heads begin to flow in a river of limousines toward

succeed is a wad of money and a big house, just like Dolly Harrison in *Advise and Consent*. But on the New Frontier, where talent and power are the most negotiable currency, the moneyed matrons are out and the "official" hostesses—the wives of ambassadors and Administration officials—are in. Short of a summons to dinner at the White House, few invitations are treasured as highly as those to 2221 Kalorama Road, N.W., site of the grey stone, Tudor-

* Center front: Hostess Alphonse and Mrs. Joseph Alsop. Around them, from left, Mme. Bruno de Leusse, wife of embassy's Minister Counselor; Mrs. Tomas de Kun, *Diplomat* Magazine photographer; French Embassy Counselor Pierre Pelen; Alphonse's nephew Oliver Martin (leaning on wall); British Foreign Office Frederick Werner; Mrs. John Sherman Cooper; Long Island Socialite Mrs. John Akin. Upper right, USIA Deputy Director Donald M. Wilson; Mrs. Wilson; White House Social Secretary Pamela Turnure; Mrs. Howard Osenberg, formerly Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia.



FRENCH EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON

At the drop of an invitation, the Government's decision-makers appear.

style French embassy and home of Nicole Alaphand.

The Power Play. She is, says one New Frontiersman, "a truly amazing woman, one of the rare hostesses who know how to combine fun with the power play." At 46, her skin has been lightly bronzed by the sun of Bar Harbor summers and Palm Beach winters. She is 5 ft. 8 in., scarcely an inch shorter than her husband. Her hair, rinsed a soft honey blonde, frames an angular face with high cheekbones. Long, curling lashes fringe blue eyes with just a touch of green in them. Her mouth is wide—too wide—but when she smiles or contorts it in the often losing battle with an English phrase, it is her most arresting feature.

Nicole, in a way, is a cliché: she is precisely what everyone except a Frenchman imagines the mature, sophisticated Frenchwoman to be. "American women ask me if I brush my teeth with white wine and eat only the frog and the snail," she complains. "I say, 'Does your husband wear his cowboy hat at home with him, does he chew his gum and shoot, how you say, cows?'"

Three times in the last four years she has been named one of the world's ten best-dressed women, a standing she protects with three trips a year to Paris to refurbish her collection of 60-odd Diors, Chanel's, Cardins, Jacques Heims and St. Laurents. She has a full-length mink coat, and when Hervé gave her another for her birthday last month, she converted it into a button-in lining for six coats—including a raincoat. "It is not chic to display all of what you have," she purrs. "Besides, mink is warmer inside than out."

The Back Room. Paris-born, she has the Parisienne's knack of flirting without quite inspiring wives to reach for steak knives. "Men can't help but look kind of gaga when they are around her," muses ex-Atomic Energy Commissioner Lewis Strauss. At a recent dinner she

turned her charm on an extremely high-ranking Administration official seated next to her, so entranced him that, in the words of another guest, "he almost fell into her soup."

In a city where VIPs sift through a dozen invitations a day and are confirmed members of the better-offers club, Nicole receives few "regrets." Her husband has an \$80,000-a-year entertainment and housekeeping allowance from the French government, and she uses it wisely. She has the best French chef in Washington, Maurice Bell, who has spent two-thirds of his 40 years collecting and perfecting a drawlful of menus. One of them is inscribed simply, "Danke—Adenauer."

When the *Mona Lisa* came to Washington last January, Nicole had 90 people over for drinks and dinner. "Everybody was there," recalls Nicole, and she is one of the few people who can say *everybody* with confidence. Almost the whole Kennedy clan was there—Jack and Jackie, Bobby and Ethel, Sarge and Eunice, Steve and Jean, Pat and Mother Rose. Only Peter and Senator Teddy could not make it.

"This is my job," says Nicole. "I work hard at it." She thrives on large groups. "Nothing is worse than not having enough people," she says. But, like most of the best hostesses in Washington, she finds smaller dinner parties—known in the trade as "working sessions"—most valuable. "Nicole never loses sight of the purpose of each function," says one of her guests. "When it is business, she is all business. The conversation is light and gay, but if you talk too much, that delectable lobster is simply whisked away. The aim of the affair is to get the men into the back room. And she does. You have fun while you're getting there, but she definitely gets you there on time."

Oiling the Hinges. Ever since the first cave man sealed a tribal alliance over a haunch of charred flesh and a gourdful

of fermented juice, such working sessions have been as much a part of diplomacy as the formal conference. Thanks largely to his wit and disarming manner at parties, Benjamin Franklin coaxed 55 million livres out of a nearly bankrupt French government during the American Revolution. Bound for the Congress of Vienna, Talleyrand told King Louis XVIII. "Sire, I have more need of casseroles than of written instructions," and his success in softening the terms imposed on his defeated nation in 1815 was due in no small part to the superb table laid by his chef Carême.

"Entertaining," says one diplomat, "oils the hinges of a man's office door." It is true that the whole party round can be a wearing process, and many a diplomat, trapped in a wall-to-wall crush, has recalled wistfully how Andrew Jackson climbed out of a White House window during his own Inaugural reception in 1829 and footed it across the Potomac to Gadsby's Tavern. "But sometimes," says U.S. Ambassador to Poland John Moors Cabot, "there is a direct payoff, with an immediate discussion behind the potted palms." Some recent payoffs along Washington's champagne circuit:

► At a reception earlier this year, Mexican Ambassador Antonio Carrillo Flores got Vice President Lyndon Johnson and U.S. Ambassador to Mexico Thomas Mann into a drawing room for a two-hour talk, emerged with the promise of a settlement of Mexico's 52-year claim to the 630-acre Chamizal strip on the Texas border (TIME, July 26).

► During last year's Red Chinese border attacks, Indian Ambassador Braj Kumar Nehru entertained high State and Defense officials, ironed out at private parties many of the details involved in the offer of U.S. military aid.



NICOLE & CHEF BELL

At times one almost falls into her soup.

TIME, NOVEMBER 22, 1963



CHILE'S GUTIERREZ-OLIVOS & WIFE
She gets the image across.

► When the State Department was threatening to cut its foreign aid allotment to Spain, Madrid's Ambassador Antonio Garrigues appealed to the Catholic Congressmen he had cultivated at luncheons and dinners, persuaded them to help block the cut.

Befuddled Nikita. In eclipse nowadays are the ladies who held social sway during the Truman and Eisenhower years. "I started out having little attachés," Gwendolyn Detre de Surany Calfritz, Hungarian-born wife of a wealthy Washington builder, once said, "and I worked my way up to the Supreme Court." But while Gwen could once corral several Supreme Court justices for her annual October cocktail party, lately she has been getting none. Her chief rival, Perle Mesta, used to make up guest lists "like Noah, who invited something of everything into his ark." But Perle has sold her ark, a mansion called Les Ormes, to the Lyndon Johnsons, now lives in an apartment less suited to serving regiments.

In Washington the First Lady can always be first on the social scene if she wants to. Not every President's wife has wanted to. Eleanor Roosevelt, for one, was more interested in social workers than social life. Bess Truman set a good table, but threw humdrum affairs. Mamie Eisenhower tried, but lacked the flair. At a 1959 state dinner for Premier Khrushchev, she had Fred Waring in to entertain. While Waring's Pennsylvanians belted out *Dry Bones*, a translator mumbled "de words of de Lawd" into the ear of a befuddled Nikita: "Anklebone connected to de shinbone, shinbone connected to de kneebone . . ."

Jackie Kennedy does want to be first, has worked hard to stay there. Both she and Jack have a rare zest for parties, and she has an even rarer knack for making them click. She is a perfectionist who frets over floral settings and menus for even the smallest dinners, but the big ones bring out the best in her. Her extravaganzas are the talk of the Western world—a sunset cruise down the Potomac for 138, a floodlit lawn party at Mount Vernon, a roomful of Nobel laureates waltzing over the

parquet White House floors to the tempo of the Air Force's Strolling Strings. Since she lost her baby last August, Jackie has done no large-scale entertaining, instead has given small dinners a few times a week. Besides, with an election year coming up, there is a sneaking suspicion in Washington that too much partying might leave some voters with a political hangover.

Other hostesses who cut a broad swath on the New Frontier:

- **MRS. ROBERT F. KENNEDY.** Bobby and Ethel used to keep a barking sea lion in their pool, but after the beast chased Ethel into a parked car, it was sent off to a zoo. Now the Attorney General and his wife go in for more formal entertaining. Ethel has refurbished Hickory Hill, seats her guests on period chairs, provides candlelight. Ethel tends to greet her guests with an over-the-shoulder "Hiya, kid," but there have been no dunkings lately, and her parties, attended by diplomats, Cabinet members, and Bobby's Justice Department boys, are fun.

- **MRS. DOUGLAS DILLON.** Aside from her husband's investment banking fortune, Phyllis Dillon boasts several advantages. She had a four-year taste of official entertaining when Douglas was Ambassador to France. Since her husband is a registered Republican as well as Treasury Secretary for a Democratic President, her range of guests is often broader than is the case with more partisan hostesses. And Dillon, who owns a fine French vineyard, has a wine cellar that ranks with Hervé Alphand's.

- **LADY ORMSBY GORE.** Invitations bearing the lion-and-unicorn crest have long been coveted in official Washington, and Sylvia ("Cissie") Ormsby Gore can have anybody she wants to dinner. In fact, she could probably have everybody, for the massive British embassy is among the world's largest and gets one of the fattest entertainment-and-housekeeping allowances anywhere (\$94,680). Sir David knows the President from the days when Joseph Kennedy was Ambassador to London, sails with him on the *Honey Fitz*, and is friendly with most of the Administration's other key people. Cissie



BRITAIN'S ORMSBY GORE & WIFE
She can have everybody to dinner.

she prefers having twelve for dinner, "conventionally a good number," but fed 600 at a ball last spring. She is not the field general that Nicole Alphand is during a party, and a friend says that "she never seems to be quite sure the wine will appear." But her unaffected ways are part of her charm.

- **SRA. FERNANDO BERCKEMEYER.** American-born Claribel Berckemeyer, the stately, attractive wife of Peru's ambassador, offers French cuisine, fine wines and lively parties at a palatial embassy set on 25 wooded acres in Chevy Chase. She and Fernando, a wealthy aristocrat who went to Notre Dame but speaks with a British accent, often entertain younger members of the New Frontier—the Bobby Kennedys, the Paul Fays—and the guests sometimes form conga lines or twist.

- **SRA. ANTONIO CARRILLO FLORES.** When Diego Rivera painted the beautiful wife of Mexico's ambassador, he left her feet bare to emphasize her "peasant origins." Her parties, attended by the Lyndon Johnsons, Cabinet-level officials and State Department specialists, display a kind of native vitality—featuring mariachi musicians from Mexico City, a table laid with *tortillas*, black beans and tango beef, evenings of guitar playing. Carrillo Flores, a full-blooded Tarascan Indian whose father was the 19th child of illiterate parents, made \$100,000 a year as a lawyer and economist, took something like a \$75,000 cut to come to Washington.

- **SRA. SERGIO GUTIERREZ-OLIVOS.** The wife of Chile's newly arrived ambassador scored well with a novel form of entertainment. She and her husband, a former law school dean, worked up a month-long "Image of Chile" program, lured more than 300 diplomats and officials, including the Bobby Kennedys, the Johnsons, the Arthur Schlesingers Jr., to hear performers like Pianist Claudio Arrau and Felicia Montealegre, Leonard Bernstein's actress wife, who recited Chilean poetry.

- **MME. BRAJ KUMAR NEHRU.** Hungarian-born Shobha Nehru met her husband, a cousin of Jawaharlal's, when they were students in London, and married him



NICOLE & FRIEND
She knows where the power lies.

in 1935 over the protests of his Brahman family. She has "Indianized" the embassy, throws parties with a strictly Indian flavor. The food, says one guest, "is sometimes unrecognizable but always delicious."

Spooky Atmosphere. Not all of Washington's best hostesses are the wives of ambassadors or Administration officials. At a wood frame house on Woodley Road and a summer cottage in Maine, Mrs. Walter Lippmann, wife of the pundit, graciously entertains a stream of foreign policy experts—Llewellyn Thompson, Averell Harriman, Dean Acheson and McGeorge Bundy. Another columnist's wife, Mrs. Joseph Al-

blasts, private dinners for two, and almost nothing in between. "The atmosphere is rather spooky," said a recent lunch guest. "You walk in expecting to see other people, and bang!—you are placed over a bowl of borscht at a table for two in a big room."

Some embassies use the "shotgun technique," mixing up such disparate types as Southern Senators and Justice Department officials. Others save all year for enormous "national day" parties, where nobody can move, much less carry on a worthwhile conversation, and everybody goes away growling. Many of the newer African embassies hold jam-packed pours every month

WALTER BERNETT



SHOW OF JEAN BARTHET HATS AT EMBASSY
Her second mink became a lining.

sop, gives small dinners that satisfy even Joe's epicurean palate, has had most top Administration officials (including the President) as guests. Susan Mary Alsop does not talk much at the table, but neither does anyone else once Joe gets going. And while most Congressmen go to far more parties than they give, Mrs. John Sherman Cooper, wife of Kentucky's senior Republican Senator, is known for small, elegant dinners that are perfect down to the demitasse.

"Practicing diplomats," wrote Sir William Hayter, onetime British Ambassador to Moscow and now warden of Oxford's New College, "despise the social arts at their peril." Even so, Washington has its share of those who do little entertaining, or who do it poorly.

Though West German Ambassador Heinrich Knappstein gets \$78,500 a year to run his embassy and buy drinks, he is stiff and uneasy at parties, and his wife manages to give the impression that they are an unwelcome interruption in her domestic routine. "They are so nervous, so afraid someone will drop a spoon and upset Herr Foreign Minister that everybody gets nervous," says one official.

With Russia's Anatoly Dobrynin, there are gigantic caviar and cocktail

or so to repay their social obligations in one easy session.

Colossal Ego. Nicole Alphonse had no more play hostess at such a gauche function than brush her teeth with white wine. The second of three children of a middle-class French industrialist, she was raised in Paris, spent two years at an English girls' school, and a year in the conventlike atmosphere of the Collège d'Hulst in Paris. At 17, she met Man-about-Paris Etienne Bunau-Varilla, son of the French engineer-adventurer who in 1903 signed the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty that led to the building of the Panama Canal. Three years later, she married him.

Bunau-Varilla, who died two years ago, was 28 years older than Nicole, and a Protestant into the bargain. "All of us thought him too old for her," says her brother Marc Marendia, 49, a Paris advertising man. With a fortune based on the right-wing Paris daily *Le Matin*, which spouted the Vichy and Nazi lines during World War II, Etienne never worked, instead haunted ski resorts and the Grand Prix auto-racing circuit while Nicole tended the children—Philippe, now 23 and serving in the French air force, and Prisca, 20, who is married to the son of a French wine merchant.

They spent the war years in a Normandy château, and afterward Etienne resumed his night life with gusto. "I think Nicole realized what a colossal ego he was," says Marc. They were divorced in 1957, the same year that Hervé Alphonse shed his first wife.

Cackle, Cackle. A onetime boy wonder, Alphonse, 22, became an *inspecteur des finances*, the youngest in French history. When the Turkish government asked France to send someone to help untangle its finances, Alphonse, then only 27, was chosen. Kemal Ataturk was expecting Alphonse's father, who had served as French Ambassador to Moscow and Bern. After a few days, he nervously asked Hervé, "But where is your father?" So helpful did Hervé prove as an adviser that Ataturk soon stopped asking.

In 1930 Hervé married Claude Raynaud, a delicate-featured blonde whom he had met when she was singing in amateur Paris musicals. He was interested in the theater then and still excels as a mimic; at parties his imitations range from Khrushchev to a cackling hen. When war came, Hervé went to the U.S. as an economic expert for Vichy, but he quit in less than a year to join De Gaulle's Free French in London. Claude stayed behind, supporting herself by singing at such Manhattan boîtes as the Blue Angel and the Maitonnette for as much as \$750 a week.

After the war, Hervé became a top French troubleshooter at major international conferences. He was named Ambassador to the United Nations in 1955. Ambassador to Washington the following year. In 1957 he and Claude were divorced. "I cannot stand official life," she explained. "I loved Washington, but not the life of an ambassador."

As Nicole recalls it, she had known Hervé for a number of years before their respective divorces. "But it was not until we sat vis-à-vis one night at a narrow dinner table that we really met one another," she says. "It was, how does one say, the moment." They were married a year after the divorces, and Paris tongues wagged furiously.

The Swivel Game. Just one day after their Paris wedding in 1958, dissident French generals seized power in Algeria, precipitating the crisis that led to De Gaulle's return to power. A week later, the Alphonses boarded a plane for the U.S. Says she: "I had never flown before; I had never been in the United States before; and I had never had in diplomatic life before. If there had not been someone behind me going up the steps, I would have turned around. I was frightened."

But her husband had been behind her, and she swiftly swallowed her fears. On her third day in Washington, she entertained the John Foster Dulleses at a sitdown dinner for 20. Within weeks her parties became the most talked about in Washington. She held a Hula-Hoop contest, sponsored a showing of 120 Dior designs. Once she

invited 15 ladies over for a "pique nique au houndoir" and had Alexandre of Paris in to do their hair.

Nicole, like Jackie Kennedy, has tried wherever possible to relax the ponderous rules and practices that still turn many official parties into stupefying bores. One such practice is known as the "swivel game": the person on the left is spoken to during soup, the person on the right during fish, and so on clear through dessert.

Perhaps taking a cue from Thomas Jefferson, who put everyone at circular tables, Nicole equipped the embassy's magnificent forest-green dining room with round tables that can seat anywhere from four to 15 guests, thus creating an intimate atmosphere even with 60 people. "Ambiance," she says, "that is the important thing." The house has to be cozy and look nice with flowers. We put on a little music, low and soft. And we have candlelight. That makes everyone look better—even the men."

Made for Sniffing. *Ambiance* is what the embassy has, but Nicole spent some anguished hours achieving it. She had just about finished remodeling when, in 1961, a short circuit in an elevator shaft started a three-alarm blaze that sent flames licking 30 ft. above the domed roof. The Alphands rushed home from a dinner at the Peruvian embassy, dashed inside to save what they could. When Nicole reached up for a valuable Bonnard painting, "I felt my dress slipping away." Having entered the building in a strapless, floor-length evening gown, she emerged 15 minutes later in a trim, grey daytime number. One newspaper headlined its story: MADAME ALPHAND CHANGES ATTIRE FOR THE FIRE.

Nicole finally finished remodeling last June. The building, purchased from Mining Engineer John Hays Hammond in 1936 for \$450,000, once was like a dark, heavy-timbered English manor house inside. Now everything has a light, airy look. Flowers are everywhere. In the entrance hall hangs a huge Gobelin tapestry. A Matisse still life in brilliant blue-greens and yellows dominates the Empire Room. There are Portmalt linens, Baccarat crystal, L'apart silver, blue and gold Sèvres china, phalanges of bisque Sèvres nymphs and cherubs. The crowning touch: six 18th century panels from Le Petit Trianon at Versailles, around which Nicole built the dining room.

The remodeled embassy is Nicole's creation—but the wine cellar is strictly Hervé's. In a 20-by-12-ft. bin whose temperature is always kept at 60° F., he has a collection of 1,500 bottles. He is strong on reds—Château Lafite-Rothschild '54, a rare Chambertin '47, Corton Clos du Roi '57—but a trifle weak on the whites, though even in that category he boasts an Alsatian

Riesling Gran Cru '59. And then there is an Alfred Norton '14 cognac that sends Chef Bell into ecstasies. "It is a sin to drink it," says he. "It is made for sniffing."

"Very Dull." Once, says Nicole, "I could not bear to leave Paris. But now I am never homesick. We go three times a year to France, but sometimes I say to my husband after a month, 'Let us go home now,' and he says, 'Washington, you mean?'—and I do."

At home she rises at 8:30, breakfasts in bed (orange juice, dry toast, tea),



HERVÉ & NICOLE AT "HOME"
Her job begins at 5.

glances at the front pages and gives the society columns a more thorough reading. By 9 she is on the intra-embassy phone. "Dinner for 36 on Wednesday," she tells the chef. "Veal would be nice. We are dancing, so it should not be too heavy. Banana soufflé? Merveilleux!" She exercises for 25 minutes. "I do the sit-up and the push-up and the deep bend. I do also the deep breathing and try to stand on my head." She neither drinks nor smokes, stays between 127 and 135 lbs. without dieting. By 11 a.m., bathed, manicured and combed out, she is ready to go. But her work-day does not really start until dusk. "Call me before 5," she tells a reporter. "After that, I have to go to work."

In a ten-day period last month, Nicole gave a party for 300 to display Pierre Cardin's fall fashions, flew to San Francisco for a week-long "Festival of France," hurried back for dinner at the White House, had 30 ladies over for a "try-on" of Jean Barthet's fall hats, dined at the British embassy, then went to New York City for some shopping.

Last week, she complained, was "very

dull." A dozen or so dinners, receptions and luncheons, and nothing to perk things up except a winning day at the races. On a tip from the owner of France's Misti, Nicole bet \$5 on the U.S.'s Mongo in the International at Maryland's Laurel race track, collected \$24 when he came home 1½ lengths ahead of the favored Kelso. This week starts in a livelier fashion: in Manhattan she will attend a ball at the Hilton organized by the Kennedys to raise funds to combat mental retardation.

"Errvee! For the Alphands, and most other envoys as well, the change in administration in 1961 meant cultivating a whole new range of contacts. "When Eisenhower left," says Nicole, "it was like being sent to a new post. We had to start all over again." But as a friend of Jackie Kennedy's, she had a head start, soon was spending New Year's at Charles Wrightsman's Palm Beach villa with a slew of New Frontier insiders and sailing up the Potomac aboard the Navy yacht *Sequoia* with Bobby and Ethel and a bouncing group of friends. Says one Administration official: "She knows exactly where the power lies."

So does Hervé, and one Washington hostess claims she can tell precisely where a lady stands with the clan just by the way he greets her. "If he kisses you on both cheeks," said she, "consider yourself in. If he kisses you on one cheek, you haven't been around lately. If he shakes your hand, you are out."

Occasionally all that New Frontier vigah is a strain on Hervé, a conscientious nonexerciser whose only outdoor sport is a lackadaisical game of croquet. At a recent black-tie party, the vigorous wife of one official rushed up to him, ripped open his shirt and squealed, "Errvee, I thought everybody nice wore undershirts!" Hervé managed a weak grin, slunk off to a corner to button up.

Tail Gates Up. Charles de Gaulle's icy attitude toward the Anglo-Saxons, his insistence on creating a nuclear *force de dissuasion* and his all-round obstructionism have made the Alphands' job more difficult. But during the autobahn crisis in Germany earlier this month, *le grand Charles* was momentarily forgotten as Hervé conferred with Ormsby Gore and U.S. officials to hammer out a joint response to the Soviet blockade. "There we are together again," enthused Nicole while discussing the situation with a State Department man. "And we French, we *nevar* lower our tail gates."

In spite of De Gaulle, the Alphands still have one of the busiest numbers on the party line. They are as sought after as ever for the best parties. At the drop of an engraved invitation, Nicole still can draw what one official calls "the whole damned decision-making apparatus of the Government" to her table. One admiring Frenchman describes her as "our secret weapon." And if good food and wine and conversation count for anything in the realm of politics, she is a one-woman *force de persuasion*.

* *Ambiance*, as Nicole Alphand uses it, is the total atmosphere of a place, achieved by arranging everything around a central motif.

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

The War Is Waiting

South Viet Nam's generals staged their coup—and the U.S. cheered it—on the theory that they could wage the war against the Communist Viet Cong guerrillas more successfully than Diem. They will have to prove it soon.

Bombs & Ambush. In Saigon, Red terrorists, many of whom infiltrated the capital under cover of the Buddhist demonstrations months ago, have been exploding bombs and throwing hand grenades sporadically since the coup. One night last week, a homemade bomb hidden under a table shattered a sidewalk café on tree-shaded Tu Do Street, wounding five U.S. soldiers. So far the ruling generals have not been able to police the streets as efficiently as Civilian Diem. One possible reason: the removal of some of Diem's tough Special Forces from the capital.

In the war, too, the Communists stepped up the offensive tempo, staging 1,021 "incidents," the highest weekly total on record. Their attacks cost the government 925 dead and wounded—again, the highest toll of any week of the war. Communist casualties were estimated at 740, and the guerrillas captured 450 weapons while losing only 140. The worst government setback since the coup occurred in a swampy stretch of the Mekong Delta 100 miles southwest of Saigon, where a band of Viet Cong ambushed an entire government company with mortars and machine guns. Of 130 men, 55 were killed and 34 wounded, six listed as missing. The Viet Cong escaped with 71 Ameri-

can weapons. In coastal Phay Yen province, on the other hand, government troops surprised a group of guerrillas preparing to attack a hamlet, killed 23 of them.

Obviously, the Communists were trying to get the jump on the country's new military leader, Lieut. General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, before he could get his own campaign organized. Minh and his fellow generals have assigned aggressive new officers to combat commands, but their forces have not regained the momentum against the Viet Cong.

Arrival & Departure. For the moment, Chief of State Minh was busy with the problems of a chaotic country. A Buddhist but eager to demonstrate his religious neutrality, he ceremoniously greeted Saigon's Roman Catholic Archbishop Nguyen Van Binh on his return from Rome, also dispatched a helicopter to bring home Le Thanh Tat, chief of the eccentric Cao Dai politico-religious sect, who had been exiled in Cambodia.* The air carried an unmistakable tang of political fever. Repeatedly Big Minh assured visitors of his hope to hold elections "if possible" in six to twelve months. But the U.S. is in no hurry for him to do so; the country is so politically disorganized, Washington

* The Cao Dai hierarchy is said to be elected by Ouija board, and their saints include (among others) French Novelist Victor Hugo. Once Cao Dai operated a private army of 20,000 but was crushed by Diem. Many Cao Daists refused to cooperate against the Red guerrillas and some advocate a neutral Viet Nam, but last week Tat urged support for Big Minh.



GENERAL HARKINS
The start of a vendetta?

fears, that it will take longer than that to guarantee an orderly turnover to civilian rule. As for Big Minh, he seems reluctant to build himself up as permanent head of state. "Don't call me Excellency," he gruffed, grinning to a journalist who had so addressed him. "I am a general, and I will remain a general."

The U.S. meanwhile went ahead with plans to withdraw all several hundred U.S. servicemen from South Viet Nam beginning next month. To survey the whole Viet Nam situation, a formidable array of U.S. officialdom jets into Honolulu this week, including Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, General Maxwell Taylor, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, foreign aid Director David E. Bell, Presidential Adviser McGeorge Bundy and Brother William Bundy. On hand from Saigon will be Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and General Paul Harkins—who for a while seemed on the verge of becoming the object of a Saigon-style vendetta as the last remaining member of the "old order."

According to reports relayed by New York Times Correspondent David Halberstam, the ruling generals would like to see Harkins replaced (he is due to retire next year, but it has been generally assumed that his tour would be extended) because he had consistently defended the conduct of the war under Diem. In fact, Lodge himself had viewed the potential effect of the Buddhist crisis on the war effort with far more alarm than Harkins. Faced with the rumors of his impending replacement, Harkins firmly stuck to his opinion that the war had not been going badly under Diem, suggested that things would not change from now on. Next year, he said, will be decisive, and "naturally I would like to see this job through to the end." In Washington President Kennedy seemed to agree. Said he: "There may be some who would like to see General Harkins go, but I plan to keep him there."



REBEL OFFICERS AFTER COUP UNDER DEAD PRESIDENT'S PORTRAIT
The end of Diem was only the beginning of their problems.

Widow's Retreat

Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu had arrived in the U.S. 51 weeks ago as a crusading wife; last week she left, an embittered widow. From Beverly Hills she flew to Rome to join her three younger children, Son Trac, 15, Son Quyhn, 11, and Daughter Le Quyen, 4. Either because of a shortage of funds or a misunderstanding with California's Young Republicans, who had originally invited her to Los Angeles to speak, Mme. Nhu departed owing nearly half of her \$2,000 bill at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel (the manager did not seem worried about collecting). Following her by mail was a stack of books, among them *To Live Again* and *TNT: The Power Within You*; *How to Release the Forces Inside you* and *Get What You Want*.

At the airport, reading a long farewell statement, she referred to the fact that the U.S. had encouraged the coup: "Judas has sold the Christ for 30 pieces of silver. The Ngo brothers have been sold for a few dollars." By this Mme. Nhu meant the aid that the U.S. had withheld from Diem but restored "to those who would not hesitate to turn their guns against their own duly elected leaders." She had heard reports that, after being murdered by South Viet Nam's new rulers, "President Ngo Dinh Diem's face was serene in death, and my husband had a slight smile though his face was all streaked with blood. I think therefore that I cannot be less serene than they."

In Rome she was welcomed by Diem's brother, Archbishop Ngo Dinh Thuc, who had been attending the Vatican Council; then she was whisked to a tree-shaded convent for a rest. Eventually, Mme. Nhu insists, she will return to South Viet Nam. Said she: "My burden will be hard indeed, for the Devil has not been disarmed and is still trying to beat me down."

RUSSIA

The Scholar as Pawn

In part, Soviet accusations of alleged American espionage have been motivated by the Kremlin's desire to divert domestic discontent against foreign scapegoats. By arousing fear of foreign "spies," the Kremlin has sought to break down the attraction of Western culture for the Soviet people.

So wrote Professor Frederick C. Barghoorn in *The Soviet Image of the United States* more than a decade ago. The words proved prophetic last week when the Russians announced that Barghoorn, 52, longtime chairman of Yale's Russian studies program, was under arrest for "espionage." Then, as suddenly as it began, Moscow called off its seemingly pointless exercise. After being held in a Moscow prison for 16 days, the scholar was released and expelled from Russia.

Friendly Welcome. Barghoorn is a charter member of the influential band

of experts who have devoted their careers to the occult art of Kremlinology. Ever since the first U.S.-Soviet cultural exchange agreement was signed in 1958, he has also played a key role in arranging for Russian and American intellectuals to travel and study in one another's countries. Faced with the news of Barghoorn's arrest, President Kennedy postponed negotiations for an extension of the exchange program, firmly gave the official U.S. answer to the Russian charge: "He is a distinguished scholar. He was not on an intelligence mission of any kind."

A shy, serious bachelor, Barghoorn liked nothing better than to hole up for a ten-hour stretch in his top-floor office at Yale's Hall of Graduate Studies. There, amidst bundles of old laundry and discarded razor blades, he meticulously pored over books, clippings and back issues of Pravda. Russian-speaking

From the Cell. One afternoon last week the U.S. embassy was informed that Barghoorn had been arrested as a spy "a few days ago." Six times during 48 hours, the U.S. protested that Barghoorn was innocent, demanded his release. But all U.S. Ambassador Foy Kohler got from Deputy Foreign Minister Valerian Zorin was a stubborn *nyet*. Nobel Prize winner John Steinbeck, winding up a trip through Russia, declared angrily: "They should have arrested me. I covered more territory and asked more questions." In New Haven, Yale students and faculty launched a movement to circulate protest petitions on 1,200 U.S. campuses.

The uproar was obviously more than the Kremlin had bargained for. Five days after his arrest was announced, the prisoner was taken from his cell, put in a car packed with Soviet plainclothes cops, and driven to the ramp of a Lon-



PROFESSOR BARGHOORN (CENTER) & FELLOW TOURISTS* IN RUSSIA (1961)

The uproar was effective.

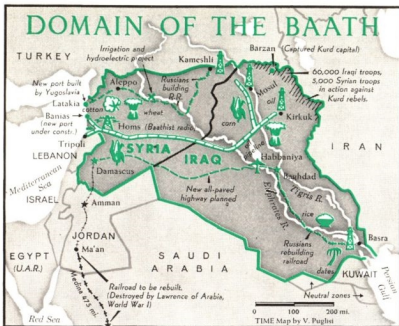
Barghoorn knew his subject firsthand. From 1942 until 1947 he was a press attaché at the U.S. embassy in Moscow. To avoid trouble, Barghoorn deliberately did not carry a camera during five trips to Russia between 1956 and last March, when he arranged for scholarly exchanges or gathered information for his recent books, *Soviet Russian Nationalism* and *The Soviet Cultural Offensive*. His critical opinions were no secret ("While talking peace, the Kremlin wages war"); nevertheless, he got a friendly welcome from academicians wherever he traveled inside Russia.

The latest trip seemed no exception. Traveling on a 30-day tourist visa, the professor spent most of his time touring the capitals of Soviet Asia, including Tashkent, Samarkand and Alma Ata. Back in Moscow, he stopped off for a drink at the apartment of U.S. Minister-Counselor Walter J. Stoessel. From there, an embassy chauffeur drove Barghoorn back to the Hotel Metropole at about 7:15 p.m. on Oct. 31. Then he disappeared from view, but since Barghoorn was scheduled to fly to Warsaw the next day, he was not missed.

don-bound airliner. Barghoorn was "not doing the proper work" of a scholar, insisted the Russians, but he was being released because of the "personal concern expressed by President Kennedy."

One theory, publicly advanced by former CIA Chief Allen Dulles, is that the Soviet had arrested Barghoorn by way of retaliation: the U.S. has just expelled two Soviet diplomats for spying and arrested a "chauffeur" for a Soviet trade agency in Manhattan. According to this theory, the Russians meant to swap their spies—a blackmailing deal which President Kennedy had previously ruled out. Another explanation, forecast by Barghoorn himself in his book, is that the Kremlin may feel that cultural exchanges have gone too far, that Russians have become too ready to mix with visiting foreigners. The arrest of a well-known U.S. professor would serve as a warning to Russian citizens that "the attraction of Western culture" can still be extremely unhealthy.

* With Yale's Mathematics Professor Einar Hille and now-President Kingman Brewster (battles) in Leningrad.



MIDDLE EAST

Danger: Professor at Work

Touring the Middle East under the auspices of the U.S. State Department, Duke Ellington and his band found themselves caught in the middle of a coup in Iraq last week. Fascinated by the goings-on, the Duke promised to compose a new piece, "The Baghdad Rock"—and I do mean rocking with rockets, bombs and all."

The Duke might just as well write another piece called the *Damascus Reel*, for Syria, too, underwent a shake-up, quieter but no less significant. Behind the sudden shuffle of Middle Eastern leaders was a power struggle inside a strange new political force, the Baath (Renaissance) Party, which in little less than a year has turned from a shadowy, clandestine movement without popular support into a dynamic power challenging Gamal Abdel Nasser for leadership of the Arab world.

The avowed aim of Baath is to unite Iraq and Syria, which it already controls, and to add all other Arab countries to this union, through persuasion or subversion. Last week's tussles were caused partly by the clash of ambitions within the party, partly by differences over how quickly and radically the Baath aims should be pursued.

Out of the Shadows. In Syria, Premier Salah Bitar, 52, a co-founder of the Baath Party, resigned after being accused in party councils of "self-isolation from the masses." Translation: he must make way for an ambitious, younger rival. The rival: Amin Hafez, 42, Syrian commander in chief and a top party leader, who took over as Premier. As a prelude to his swearing-in, jets whooshed overhead in salute—and to discourage any possible trouble.

In Iraq, the struggle was between burly Vice Premier Ali Saleh Saadi, a radical, and a faction of moderates headed by Foreign Minister Talib Shabib and Interior Minister Hazim Jawad. Saadi and his friends want more or less instant socialization of the Iraqi economy, crackdown on the middle class, revolution throughout the Arab world, and an anti-Western policy. Shabib, Jawad & Co. favor a slower, more conciliatory course.

At first it looked like a clear victory for the moderates. Backed by gun-toting aides, Shabib and Jawad seized Saadi and three other Cabinet ministers, bundled them into a military plane without luggage and flew them to exile in Madrid—where Saadi kept hinting that he would yet return to Iraq in triumph.

Next morning Saadi's supporters in the labor unions and the National Guard poured into the streets of Baghdad, led by Air Force Colonel Munzer Wandari, a fiercely mustachioed fanatic who personally took up a jet fighter and strafed the presidential palace with rockets. When the moderates called on the army for help, troops cleared the streets and jailed Wandari. But he had apparently made his point. An emergency meeting of the Baath high command decided upon a plague-on-both-your-houses gesture: Shabib, Jawad and five aides were hustled into another plane and sent into exile too—in Beirut. Strangely silent in the uproar was the one non-Baathist in a position of power, Iraq's President Abdul Salam Aref, who was reportedly under palace arrest.

Until party elections are held some time next year, Iraq will apparently be run by the Baath Central Committee (which includes a Jordanian, a Lebanese and a Kuwaiti as well as Iraqi and Syrian generals) and by Michel Aflak,

the Secretary-General and real power in the party. It was the first time that Aflak, a withdrawn, seemingly gentle intellectual who has sanctioned the executions of hundreds of political opponents, emerged from his shadowy position behind the scenes.

National Families. What precisely is Baath? Nasser seems to consider it an even greater threat than his old enemies, the Arab monarchies of Jordan and Saudi Arabia, and complains: "I have read every book by or about Baath and I could understand nothing." A Western diplomat describes it as an "Arab Cosa Nostra." On the contrary, one knowledgeable observer thinks Baath "is probably ahead of its time—reformist, progressive and secular in a world of Arabs bound by tradition, religion and narrow, personal interest."

Founder Aflak, 53, whose scholarly manner has won him the nickname "The Professor," defines Baath through his career as much as through his words. Born in Damascus to the Greek Orthodox faith in an overwhelmingly Moslem environment (Aflak's father was a moderately successful grain merchant, and his mother, now 75, is still illiterate), Aflak got honors in history at the Sorbonne. In Paris he argued politics with other Afro-Asian students, read Marx, Nietzsche and Jefferson. He says, "I quickly found Marxism inadequate, based on materialism without human and spiritual values, without national consciousness. Nations are only large families, and the Arab family needs more than Marx. Thus we evolved the Baathist doctrine of socialism mingled with nationalism and the human spirit."

Returning to Damascus as a teacher, Aflak was soon indoctrinating students



SYRIAN PREMIER HAFEZ
Ambitious, but in need of everything.

in his revolutionary ideals, drawing support from those who were overeducated, unemployed sons of the poor. In 1942, after leading a strike against French history texts being used in Syrian schools, he quit teaching and became a fulltime agitator, drawing support from those who, like himself, were overeducated, underemployed sons of peasants and workers. The luminous classical Arabic of his political tracts fills Baathists with ecstasy, but in translation, his ideas seem rather murky: "Nationalism is love before everything else"; "Revolution is the opposition of truth to the existing situation." Aflak wrote Baath's democratic-sounding constitution in five days, and it has never been changed or, for that matter, implemented.

By 1947, after the French left Syria, Baath had 1,000 carefully selected members, and Aflak called the first national congress in a Damascus café. Two years later he was strong enough to help topple a Syrian government and served in the Cabinet for three months before resigning on the ground that he was of more value to Baath outside the government than in it.

Colliding Ambitions. Aflak was profoundly shaken by the 1948 Arab defeat in Palestine. During the fighting he prowled the front, living with Arab troops. "The Arab social structure was responsible for the disaster," he says. "A society based on disunity and inequality prevented the Arabs from reaching their full potential." Today he is as vocal as any Arab leader about driving the Israelis into the sea.

At first, Baath worked willingly with Nasser. At the third party congress in 1956, Baath decided on the union of Syria with Egypt that was accomplished two years later. But the rival ambitions of Nasser and Baath collided. Syria broke away from Egypt in 1961 and became a Baath-dominated state after a military coup last March. Baath had already won bloody control of Iraq a month earlier and televised the gory scene of the execution of Dictator Kassem. Since then, Baath has successfully and bloodily put down two Nasserite insurrections in Iraq and five in Syria, and its leaders are understandably bitter about Nasser. Says one: "We loved him and cherished him, the bastard. Nasser is a lost prophet. He tries to annihilate us, the devil. We are idealists and don't want to kill, but he makes us kill. We have to use his tactics, damn him."

The Egyptian press and radio in turn picture Aflak as a combination of Robespierre, Stalin, Ben-Gurion and the Pope. Whenever Cairo Radio mentions him, it is followed by the interjection "Yani, yani" (I mean, I mean), gibing at the fuzziness of his political concepts.

Total Hostility. Baath depends on 50,000 party members scattered in eight-man cells throughout the Arab world. "We could take in thousands more," Aflak boasts, "but we must screen out opportunists, idlers and enemy agents." Not only Nasser, but also Arab mon-

archs, businessmen and the traditional, middle-class politicians detest Baath. Arab Christians fear being submerged in a united Arab state. The Kurdish tribesmen, who are Moslems but not Arabs, have waged a long, bitter war for autonomy in northern Iraq.

Originally, the Communists were numbered among the many foes of Baath, and in Iraq were hunted down and executed, while Moscow railed against "Baathist genocide." But recently, perhaps in a search for allies, a Baath official in Iraq announced that "the Red hunt is over," and hundreds of Communist leaders were released from jail. Communist leaders are joining Baath in calling for "the liquidation of feudalism," and the

of two years as a candidate "on trial for sincerity and intensity." Baathism is being extended to the Syrian and Iraqi armies—in addition to military duty each soldier must spend two hours a day being politically indoctrinated. Baathist police officials are now trying their hand at brainwashing political prisoners, and boast that they have even converted Communists.

As last week proved, Baath can be as hard on its own leaders as on its enemies. Michel Aflak, as Secretary-General of the Baath Central Committee, has survived as the only stable element in Baath. He has never made a radio or TV speech, seldom appears in public, but he is a virtuoso in man-to-man discussions, and Premiers, Cabinet members and generals dutifully report to him for "advice." In fact, many of the decisions in last week's wholesale firings of Baath leaders were hammered out in Aflak's modest, four-room Damascus apartment, with wash flapping on the balcony and his two small children playing underfoot—until the crisis forced him to fly to Baghdad and take charge personally. He was plainly reluctant to do so. "I stay away from power," he says. "I am incapable of governing."

Aflak is confident of accomplishing all his visionary goals in his own lifetime. Says he: "We have many intellectuals in the party, but not enough executive and technical talent. We need more trained cadres. We need more funds. We need more time. We need more of everything." The major problem is whether Baath's old Arab enemies and new Communist allies—as well as its own impatient radicals—will allow the party the time it needs. Meanwhile, does Aflak ever have nightmares about Baath's victims? He says: "We only dream about our destiny."



AFLAK & CHILDREN

Gentle, but in charge of the firing squad.

Baath Party newspaper proclaims "total hostility against capitalism." Still betting that Iraq and Syria, while anti-Western, will remain anti-Communist, the U.S. this year is supplying credits and loans of more than \$60 million.

In taking over, Baath found both countries nearly bankrupt and has tried to revive the economy with socialist cure-alls ranging from nationalization of industry (including, in Syria, the advertising business) to converting state land into farm collectives. For strategic reasons, a paved highway from Baghdad to Damascus is being pushed to completion. This year's rich cotton harvest promises a \$100 million windfall for Syria, and Iraq's coffers are being refilled by oil revenues.

Brainwashing. As set up by Aflak, the organization of Baath resembles that of the Communist Party. Each cell elects a leader, cell leaders elect district chiefs and so on, up to the various regional congresses. Over them stands the powerful Central Committee, which really runs the whole show.

In dealing with political opponents, Baath tends to rely on the firing squad, but Baath meetings are conducted strictly by Robert's Rules of Order. Membership is gained only after a minimum

COLD WAR

How Much Trade with the Reds?

No one knows better than Moscow that trade is a weapon in the cold war. "With every additional shovel of coal, with every additional load of oil obtained through foreign help," Old Bolshevik Lev Kameney once predicted, "capitalism will be digging its own grave." Faced with the continuing failure of their economy, the Russians may be forced to rely on wheat from the West for years to come, but above all they want to get hold of heavy industrial items including whole factories, which Russian industry on its own cannot duplicate for a long time to come. Western policy is divided on how to meet this Soviet commercial appeal.

Some believe that trade with the Red bloc may have political advantage—by making the satellites less dependent on Moscow and possibly making Moscow more dependent on the West. Others, notably West Germany's former Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, feel that the West should trade with Russia only in return for cold war concessions. Wash-

ington believes that this policy is not feasible, if only because U.S. allies are eager to trade with the Reds, are scarcely even willing to rule out strategic items that NATO specifically forbids. Western European exports to the Soviet bloc last year climbed by 10% to \$2.2 billion (compared with U.S. sales of \$125 million). What Washington worries about is not the sheer volume of such deals but the terms.

Weakened Willingness. The U.S. feels that if the Russians want to trade, they should be forced to use up their meager gold reserves and not be granted what they want—long-term credits. Such credits would release massive Soviet investment for military needs and divert free-world resources from aid to underdeveloped nations.

Under Secretary of State George Ball last week wound up a tour of Western Europe during which he argued the U.S. case for a unified, stiffer Western credit policy—at least 20% cash and the rest within five years. Ball received his friendliest hearing in West Germany, even though Bonn tops the list of allied traders with the Reds. West Germany last year did just over \$1 billion worth of official business with Moscow and its satellites (including \$422 million with the Soviet Union and \$213 million with East Germany); no one can guess accurately how much more private trade went on. Though some German industrialists were anxious for the government to guarantee long-term credits, Chancellor Ludwig Erhard ruled out the idea as long as the Soviets block German reunification. Said Erhard: "Such credits would strengthen the Soviet position, so that its willingness to negotiate would be weakened."

Gentlemen's Disagreement. In Paris, Ball also got a sympathetic reception, a pleasant change for a U.S. envoy these days. France last year exported to the Soviet bloc goods worth only about \$266 million; Russian barter proposals, involving a swap of Soviet coal and oil for heavy industrial goods, are highly unattractive since France can sell its own coal and oil inside the Common Market. Besides, Charles de Gaulle believes that trading with the Soviets is a dirty business (although he seems willing to trade with Red China) and recently denied an export license to a leading French steel company that was all set to build a refinery in Russia.

Only in London did Ball find opposition; the British flatly declined to join the gentlemen's agreement to restrict the Soviets' credit. Britain is especially fond of the idea that more trade with Moscow, including strategic goods, will eventually pacify the Soviets. Moreover, the new Tory government is eager to reduce unemployment by increasing output and shipping the goods overseas as fast as possible. The plan has not worked so far: British exports to Russia and Eastern Europe totaled only about \$310 million in 1962, and no big trade deal appears imminent.

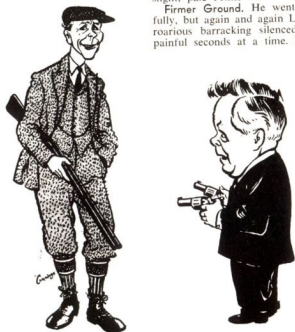
GREAT BRITAIN

Into Battle

"I'm looking forward to this fight," said Sir Alec Douglas-Home last week. "I'm almost spoiling for it." He did not have long to spoil. Next day, as Parliament reassembled, shouting, leaping Tory backbenchers cheered lustily while the newly elected member for Kinross took his oath as an M.P. and moved into his place for the first time on the government's front bench. Pulling out a small red and gold ballpoint pen, Douglas-Home hunched down in his seat and scribbled furiously on slips of paper for the next 42 minutes while Labor Party

minutes it became all too plain that the cozier, clubbish style of the House of Lords had blunted Douglas-Home's debating thrust, and his supporters missed his usual pungent wit. After a long, meandering preamble, he launched into a lackluster exposition of ambitious government policies for the coming year. "The formula," said he flatly, "is growth without inflation, and the method, acceleration from positions previously prepared." Groaned one Conservative: "God, it's like a Tory election poster!" Twice Sir Alec even made the tactical gaffe of referring to Wilson as "possible later Prime Minister." The Tory benches remained deathly silent while Labor's triumphant roar surged around the slight, pale Prime Minister.

Firmer Ground. He went on manfully, but again and again Labor's uproarious barracking silenced him for painful seconds at a time. He waded



STUDIES OF HOME & WILSON BY LONDON DAILY EXPRESS CARTOONIST CUMMINGS
The ballpoint pen was not mightier.

Leader Harold Wilson delivered a cutting attack on the government.

Like a Poster. Claiming that the Tories' "modernization" plans for new roads, schools and housing were borrowed from Labor, Wilson said tartly: "Imitation is the sincerest form of political desperation." Why, he continued, "have we heard so little about modernization in the past twelve years? I never undervalue the power of repentance, but it has taken a very long time."

Amid cries of approval and derision from both sides of the packed House, the Prime Minister rose, nervously shuffled his notes and placed them neatly on the dispatch box in front of him. "It's been twelve years since I last spoke in this House," he began. "In the next few

through the unfamiliar marshes of economics, finally reached firmer ground when he turned to foreign policy. Staring coldly at Wilson, who wants to abandon Britain's independent deterrent, Sir Alec declared that he intends to make this a central issue of the campaign. Once Britain renounces nuclear arms, he warned, "We could never go back into this business. The government means to retain nuclear forces under our own control," adding that without them "we would no longer have a place at the peace table as of right." The Cuban crisis, he said, forced Russia to "modify its tactics," but "the Communist aim is clearly still unchanged. It is to destroy our way of life."

In cold type next day, his speech read creditably enough. But on both sides of the House there was agreement that the Prime Minister's eagerly awaited Commons debut had been a disappointing performance.

* He sat in the Commons from 1931 to 1945 as M.P. for South Lamark, was re-elected in 1950 but went to the Lords after succeeding to the 14th earldom of Home in 1951.



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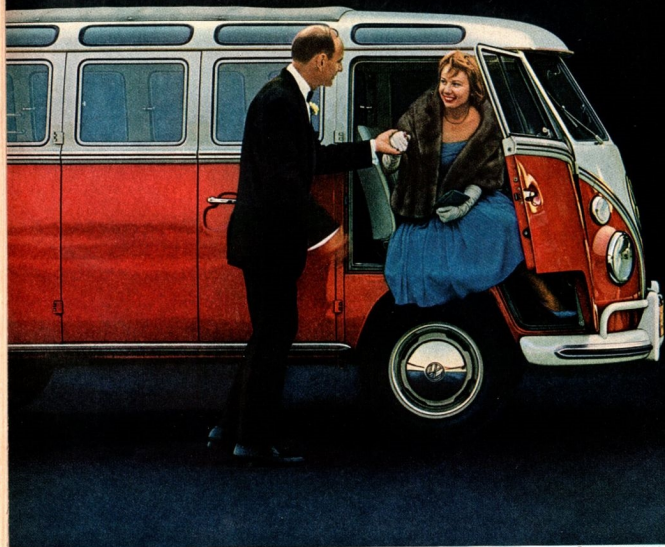
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REICHSTAG AFLAME IN 1933

WEST GERMANY

Remembrance

Two specters rose to remind Germans of events that took place a quarter century and more ago, but had still the power to evoke deep emotions.

A Building Revived. In West Berlin, the Reichstag once again became habitable. A huge, florid structure of Silesian sandstone—since 1894 the home of whatever democracy Germany knew from the days of Bismarck through the Weimar Republic—the building had bulked vacant and lifeless ever since it was gutted by fire on Feb. 27, 1933. The Nazis claimed the fire was kindled by Communists as the signal for a Red uprising, and a confused Dutch boy named Marinus Van der Lubbe was beheaded for his alleged part in the crime. Since the Reichstag fire gave Hitler a pretext to gain complete control of Germany, most historians have concluded that the fire was set by the Nazis themselves, possibly even by Hermann Göring in person.

The Reichstag was further damaged by Allied bombers and by shellfire in the closing days of World War II. Though many Germans thought that it should remain in ruins—as a reminder of the past—slow reconstruction work was begun in 1958. By last week the south wing, containing 45 offices, seven conference rooms and a presidential suite, was formally reopened. It will take about four more years and an additional \$12.5 million to completely restore the Reichstag. Unanswered, so far, is the question of who will occupy it and why. The Bundestag is unlikely to leave Bonn for Berlin for fear of bringing cries of "provocation" from Russia. Most likely, the reconstructed Reichstag will stand empty through the years, serving West Germany and West Ber-



MEMORIAL TO BERLIN'S JEWS
Merciless reminder, symbol of hope.

lin as a mute symbol of the hope of eventual reunification of the nation.

A Night Mourned. All over West Germany, ceremonies marked the 25th anniversary of *Kristallnacht* (Night of Crystal), when Hitler's Storm Troopers went on a nationwide rampage against the property, dignity and life of the 400,000 Jews who had not yet fled their German homeland. Synagogues were put to the torch. Thousands of Jewish stores were plundered and had their windows smashed (hence the night's bitter nickname). Thirty-six Jews were murdered and 25,000 arrested.

The pogrom had been inspired by the assassination of German Diplomat Ernst vom Rath in Paris by a 17-year-old stateless Jew named Hershel Grynszpan.* It was, Joseph Goebbels told Hitler, a propaganda opportunity equal to that of the Reichstag fire. Hitler agreed, and the Storm Troopers were released for their "spontaneous" action, while regular police turned their backs. Both German television networks last week filled their peak viewing hours with programs mercilessly reminding Germans of what they had allowed to happen. Leading newspapers devoted entire pages to recollecting in detail the horrors of *Kristallnacht*.

Said Chancellor Ludwig Erhard: "We mourn with the survivors and with Jewry in the entire world. No man can make up for the injustice that was done." On tour in Africa, West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt sent greetings to a memorial service held at the rebuilt Jewish Community Center on Berlin's Fasanenstrasse. There, Heinz Galinski, the leader of the city's 6,000 remaining Jews (down from 160,500 in 1933), handed out awards to "Unsung Heroes of the Nazi Era," 44 Germans who had risked death to give shelter and protection to Jews.

* Ironically, it was discovered after his death that Diplomat vom Rath had been an active anti-Nazi. Young Grynszpan was found guilty of manslaughter by a French court and sentenced to 20 years in prison. He was serving his term at Santé prison when the Nazis occupied all of France, and his ultimate fate is still unknown.

ASIA

How Goes the Colombo Plan?

In the Far East, where Communism threatens from Korea's 38th Parallel to the Himalayas, the first formal barrier erected against Red encroachment is a half-forgotten organization called the Colombo Plan. Originated in 1950 by a group of British Commonwealth nations meeting in the capital of Ceylon, the plan was designed as a loosely knit club in which industrial nations and needy Asian countries could negotiate bilateral aid agreements. The club has since grown from eleven to 20 members—frankly, if unofficially, referred to as six donors and 14 recipients.* Last week in Bangkok, at the organization's annual Consultative Committee conference, 300-odd delegates met to assess the plan's achievements to date.

Industry & Infants. Both economically and politically, the picture is mixed. All told, the donors have lent or given \$13.8 billion worth of aid—with the U.S. supplying nine-tenths of the total, or nearly \$12 billion. There have been some impressive results. In all recipient areas, new factories, hydroelectric plants and highways have sprouted. The recipients, sharing their own meager know-how, have trained 2,691 of one another's students in a technical exchange program. Industry has burgeoned in the plan's 13 years, is still expanding at a robust 8% annually—but in most of the recipient countries, it started almost from zero.

Although food output is increasing 3% per year, since 1950 the population of the recipient countries has increased by 170 million, or 2% annually, eating up two-thirds of the food gain. The people growth rate may top 2.5% in 1964. Conceded one Asian delegate: "Our problem is babies."

Insults & Invitations. Although it bills itself as nonpolitical, the Colombo club has strengthened some anti-Communist positions, but its ranks abound with "neutralists" and leftward-drifters. Indonesia, which stubbornly fights the new Federation of Malaysia, a Colombo partner, on the ground that it is a front for British "neocolonialism," used the Bangkok conference to snap insults at the new state. Cambodia's petulant, neutralist Prince Norodom Sihanouk boycotted the conference because of his antagonism to the host country, strongly anti-Communist Thailand; he also announced that he wanted no more U.S. aid, would kick out all U.S. military advisers by year's end (later, he started backpedaling).

Whatever its frustrations and contradictions, Colombo provides the West with a link of sorts to almost all of non-Communist Asia. The recipients need

* Donor nations: the U.S., Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Japan. Recipients: Bhutan, Burma, Cambodia, Ceylon, India, Indonesia, Laos, Malaysia, Nepal, Pakistan, the Philippines, South Korea, South Viet Nam, Thailand.

the money, no matter how neutral they would like to be. At week's end, the conference agreed to hire an expeditor for the regional training program, admitted a 21st member (the Maldives Islands, a British protectorate southwest of India), and hinted that more donor nations would be welcome. Leading candidate for an invitation: West Germany.

THE PHILIPPINES

Uncle Sam's Other Island

History-minded visitors to the Philippines often feel they have traveled by Time Machine back to an earlier America. So many Filipinos tote pistols that nightclubs, restaurants, government buildings and even the Philippine Air Lines insist in true Western style that customers check their firearms at the entrance. Prosperous Filipino businessmen, like the U.S. robber barons of the 1890s, build ornate homes in Manila's luxurious suburb of Forbes Park, where special police with carbines guard the streets against tough intruders from the slums. Bandits roam the back country, and pirates aboard motor launches raid docks and fishing boats.

Roosevelt Mantle, Philippine politics is as servile, and as lethal, as was American politics in the age of Andrew Jackson. In a single Luzon province, 114 "political" murders took place this year. In last week's national and municipal elections, the Philippines moved on from the age of Jackson to the age of Roosevelt—at least on the slogan level. President Diosdado Macapagal, 53, using "New Era" instead of "New Deal" and calling for the support of "the common man," led his Liberal Party against the opposition Nacionalistas, supported by most businessmen and landowners.

The contest most vital to Macapagal was for eight seats in the 24-man Philippine Senate, where, he complains, the twelve Nacionalista Senators have thwarted his ambitious programs for land reform, industrialization and control of inflation. Wearing his traditional baseball cap with its presidential insignia, and clad in a white *barong tagalog* (a light, loose-sleeved shirt), Macapagal stumped the grass roots explaining his aims of "making capitalists out of workers."

His role of defender of the poor in a country where one-fifth of the workers are underemployed should have made Macapagal vastly popular. Curiously, he is not. Partly, the reason is that in the Philippines, as elsewhere, popularity is based on personality rather than on policies. After two years in office, "Dadong" Macapagal is just not very likeable. Filipinos are dismayed by his lack of humor, and ridicule his do-gooder proclamations calling for "moral regeneration." He is criticized for putting all his friends from his home province of Pampanga into administration jobs, and the charge is hurtful because most other Filipinos think the people of Pam-

panga are idle, spendthrift and treacherous. Says a Manila businessman: "Filipinos elect Presidents for the sport of knocking them down."

Even acts of foresight have backfired. When inflation sent rice costs soaring, Macapagal dispatched trucks into the barrios to sell rice at a subsidized price half that of the retail trade. The long queues, called *pilas*, exposed customers to broiling sun and drenching rain, and rage instead of gratitude. In a Manila cinema a newsreel of Macapagal brought boos and shouts of "Pila! Pila!" A month before the elections, the government abandoned the "rolling stores" and switched

D. SUGA—MANILA TIMES



MACAPAGAL CAMPAIGNING

The poor man's friend lacks friends.

to neighborhood rationing, with the subsidized rice handled in local shops.

Inflationary Stem. Despite his shortcomings, Macapagal has made the first intelligent approach in years to the government and development of the Philippines. Land reform is on the books and progressing slowly in the provinces; the economic growth rate, just under 6% last year, is estimated to be doing about as well now. A firm friend of the U.S. and a dependable anti-Communist, Macapagal hopes that foreign investment can help stem inflation. What a visitor thinks about the Philippines' prospects depends largely upon his port of departure. "If you come here from Japan or Europe or America, you might think it's hopeless here," said a Liberal Senator. "But if you're coming from India or Indonesia, you can really see how well off we are."

On election day last week, Macapagal drove to his home town of Lubao in Pampanga province to cast his ballot. Then he returned to his baroque Malacañang palace in Manila to await the decision of some 7,500,000 voters. He predicted that the Liberals would win six of the eight contested seats, but at week's end, with only a few districts unreported, Liberals were leading in only four of the senatorial contests—just enough to give Macapagal control of the Senate by two votes.

JAPAN

Two Pins

Japan's disaster toll last week stood at 450 in the Kyushu mine explosion, and 162 in the three-train wreck near Yokohama. As far as anyone could determine, both tragedies resulted from faulty cotter pins, only an inch or two long.

At the Mikawa mine on southern Kyushu island, a cotter pin apparently fell out of a coupling on a string of coal cars halted on a slight incline. One coal car rolled back down into the mine. Gathering speed, it flew off the track on a curve in the tunnel and struck the mine wall, showering the fatal sparks that ignited coal dust in a vast explosion. At Tsurumi, outside Yokohama, another cotter pin evidently sheared off the wheel housing of a southbound freight car. The loose lost wheel caused the last three cars to derail and sprawl across the adjacent track. Seconds later, alerted by a warning flare, a passenger train southbound from Tokyo halted on a clear track beside the freight. At that moment, a northbound commuter train roared up the middle track. The locomotive crashed into the derailed freight cars, did a right angle flip and sliced through the fifth and six coaches of the passenger train. The first rescuers recoiled from the carnage. Recalled one: "There were bodies piled four to six deep. There were legs, arms and heads torn off, all bloody, scattered everywhere. It was a horrible human version of a doll repair shop."

With national elections being held this week, the Socialist opposition hurriedly tried to make political capital of the tragedies. An official Socialist statement blamed the government, which operates the railways, and the private owners of the mine for "having placed too much emphasis on efficiency and profit and not enough on the safety and security of passengers and employees."

The mine owners, who used to boast to foreign visitors that the Mikawa was an "underground palace," could have retorted that government inspectors had found Mikawa to be among the best-equipped mines in the country. The government could point out that the stretch of track where the collision occurred was equipped with modern safety devices—but they proved useless because the entire chain of events, from the derailment of the freight cars to the arrival of the third train, took less than 30 seconds.

Few Japanese had heart to enter the argument; they were too busy burying the dead and worrying about the survivors. Of the 274 hospitalized miners, an alarming 100 were suffering from amnesia. As traffic resumed on the Tokyo-Yokohama line, the trains moved slowly past Tsurumi and sobbing passengers dropped bouquets at the accident spot. Railway workers collected the flowers and reverently arranged them on an embankment beside the track.



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THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Triumph for Nationalism

First Peru struck at foreign oilmen, and now it was Argentina's turn. After a week of indecision, newly inaugurated President Arturo Illia finally bowed to nationalist pressure and signed a series of decrees annulling as illegal 13 contracts with private companies in Argentina—nine from the U.S.* For Argentina's noisy nationalists, the cancellation was a rousing triumph; for the U.S., whose oilmen have \$237 million invested in the country's oil development, it was a setback that could seriously impair U.S. relations with Argentina's new government.

Too Much Oil. The contracts, signed between 1958 and 1960 by President Arturo Frondizi's government, made good economic sense—at first. Hampered by featherbedding and outmoded equipment, Argentina's 56-year-old state oil company, called Y.P.F., has never been able to meet the country's demand. By 1958, Y.P.F. was producing only 35% of the country's needs, and the rest—roughly \$250 million worth—had to be imported, which caused a severe drain on the nation's balance of payments. Determined to make Argentina self-sufficient, Frondizi ordered Y.P.F. to expand, and invited foreign oilmen to Argentina on tax-free, 20-to-40-year exploration and development contracts.

Today Argentina has almost all the oil it can use. By 1961 foreign oilmen had drilled 1,900 wells. The oilmen now produce 80,000 bbl. a day, for which they get a guaranteed price. Meantime, Y.P.F. also doubled its own production to 180,000 bbl. daily. Therein lay the rub. Because it was obligated to buy the companies' oil, Y.P.F. had to cap many of its own wells, complained angrily that the total cost of the oil to the government oil company was now more than it once paid to import oil. This the private companies denied, and in the conflicting figures no one could be sure who was right, but the nationalists talked loudest.

Brick Wall. In Argentina's recent election campaign, Illia's People's Radicals called for annulment of the contracts, arguing that they were signed without congressional approval, and therefore illegal. Private oilmen contended that the contracts were signed in good faith, felt that they deserved a



HARRIMAN ADDRESSING SÃO PAULO CONFERENCE

Little alliance, not much progress.

chance to renegotiate, or at least make a fair settlement.

As matters came to a head, Under Secretary of State W. Averell Harriman flew to Buenos Aires to see Illia, and later told U.S. oilmen: "I ran into the same thing you fellows did—a brick wall." At week's end Illia signed the blanket decrees. In them there was only a slight hint of renegotiation or indemnification, and in fact, it was asserted that the companies owed some \$80 million in back taxes.

Washington reacted with dismay—and anger. There was Congressional talk of suspending all aid to Argentina if the companies were not compensated. Buenos Aires sounded a little surprised at the outrage in the U.S., and a government official pointed out that somewhere in all the nationalistic verbiage annulling the contracts was the phrase: "the rights of the oil companies will be protected."

THE ALIANZA

Going the Wrong Way

The Alliance for Progress gathered in São Paulo, Brazil, and discovered that there was little progress, and not much alliance. In his so-called welcoming speech, João Goulart, demagogic President of the host nation, mentioned the *Alianza* only once and the U.S. not at all, pointedly denounced what he called "palliatives or false, superficial concessions" by the "industrialized, capital-exporting countries."

Speaking for the U.S. two days later, Chief Delegate W. Averell Harriman had some sharp comments of his own. The U.S. was providing \$1 billion a year in Alliance aid. But inside Latin America there have been "delays in establishing effective planning machinery, in establishing priorities and, above all, in the development of well-conceived and technically sound projects."

Backward Giants. The lack of deeds tended to sharpen the words. Some small and medium-sized nations got good reports; Colombia is putting into effect a sophisticated economic development plan, land reform, a revised tax system; it has received \$185.2 million in Alliance aid and last year registered a 3.4% increase in gross domestic product per capita—nearly 1% better than the Alliance's hemisphere-wide goal of 2.5%. Venezuela's per capita gross domestic product last year climbed 3.9%.

But Latin America as a whole is standing still. Its average per capita economic product increased only 1% in 1961, scarcely at all last year. Holding down the average are two giants—Argentina and Brazil. Yet of the total \$2.5 billion in Alliance aid so far committed, Brazil and Argentina got nearly a third—\$841.8 million between them. Neither country has drawn up effective development plans and stuck to them; the money has been sopped up by economic chaos and unplanned spending. Argentina's per capita gross domestic product actually fell 5.1% last year, while Brazil's grew by less than 1.5%.

Advise, Not Consent. In São Paulo last week the Brazilians wanted more accessible money and fewer conditions. They called for a "Latinized" alliance in which a new inter-American organization would pass out \$20 billion in ten years (\$8 billion from the U.S.) without U.S. control. But Harriman favored an alternate proposal for a new coordinating board to advise, though not consent, on loans and projects. In the end, this addition to hemispheric bureaucracy won out.

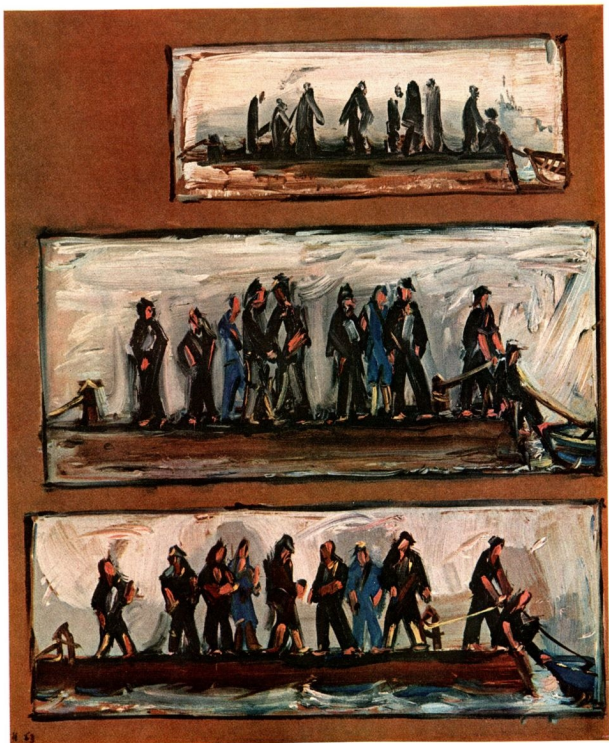
Left unsolved was the Alliance's crucial shortage: private capital. In the original plan, everyone counted on at least \$1 billion a year in new development money from private investors. But jingoism and skyrocketing inflation have frightened off investors to the point

* Union Oil, Esso Argentina, Pan American Argentina (Standard Oil of Indiana), Continental Oil, Cities Service Development Co., Kerr McGee, Marathon Petroleum, Tennessee Argentina (Tennessee Gas Transmission Co.), Southeastern Drilling Co.

Peace is not an absence of war, it is a virtue, a state of mind, a disposition for benevolence, confidence, justice.

Spinoza, Theologico-Political Treatise, 1670

Artist: Jean Hélion



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where some \$200 million more in private capital was taken out of Argentina alone last year than was put in. Last week's oil contract cancellation was hardly likely to attract more private investors.

THE AMERICAS

A Place to Learn

"For administrators: authority. For professors: teaching. For students: learning." Brave sentiments for an educator in Latin America, where many state-run universities are little more than incubators for budding young revolutionaries. But the speaker was Rector Jorge R. Camargo of Argentina's Catholic University of Córdoba, and his words describe a notable trend in Latin America: the rise of Roman Catholic universities devoted exclusively to education, where the signs on the bulletin board are mimeographed class schedules, not student calls to arms.

Ten years ago, Latin America had only 13 Catholic universities, with some 10,000 students. Today there are 31, and their total enrollment is close to 50,000. Brazil counts ten (v. four ten years ago); Argentina has six, all founded since the fall of Dictator Juan Perón in 1955; Mexico has four; Chile has two. Córdoba's Catholic University itself was founded in 1958, yet its library has already grown to 55,000 volumes, its enrollment to 1,200 and its faculty to 550.

Protestants & Jews. Oddly enough, though centers of higher education in the early colonial days were largely church-run, the new Catholic universities are not in most cases descended from them. After the 19th century wars of independence, governments gradually took over the classrooms, and in most countries, the church moved quiet-

ly out of higher education. Only in the 1940s and 1950s did the church again start organizing colleges and universities in numbers. By then, national universities were often at the mercy of their most militant students and faculty members, who together helped elect rectors and choose professors, sat in on administrative matters, and generally played revolutionary politics all year long. In 1943, Ibero-American University, a private school closely linked to the Roman Catholic Church, was founded in Mexico. Others followed: Brazil's Catholic University of Rio de Janeiro, and Ecuador's Catholic University in Quito, both in 1946; and Venezuela's Andrés Bello, in 1953.

The new Catholic universities do not emphasize creed at the expense of scholarship. Some require several hours of religious study a week; others do not. Almost all accept Protestant and Jewish students, hire non-Catholic teachers. Leftist students? A black-robed Jesuit administrator at Guatemala's Rafael Landívar University shrugs his shoulders. "For all I know, they may be our best students. They keep their politics to themselves."

In any event, there is little time for politics. Entrance exams are stiff and scholarship pressures great. "If a student refuses to submit to our discipline," says Antonio Pinilla, rector of the Catholic-influenced University of Lima, "we expel him." At Catholic U. in Buenos Aires, students must attend at least 75% of the lectures—or get out. A student at Andrés Bello in Caracas must pass every subject. If he flunks one, he is allowed two makeup exams; failing these, he is through.

Small & Intensive. Unlike state-run universities, where 100 or more students may crowd into a classroom, the church schools believe in a close student-professor relationship. At Mexico City's Ibero-American University, there is one teacher for every five students; among Brazil's Catholic universities, the ratio is one to six. Says one Catholic-university professor who turned down a high-paying offer from a state school: "I would rather teach 60 students in-

tensively, knowing each individually, than deal with 1,000 students, among whom, at the end of the year, I might get to know only 15 to 20."

The results are evident. At Argentina's La Plata State University, only 20% of the students who enter survive to pick up their diplomas. At Catholic U. in nearby Buenos Aires, 85% finish.

Paying the Bill. Latin America's Catholic universities will probably never rival the national universities in size. Since the church schools seldom get support from the state, they must charge tuition that sometimes runs to ten times that of public universities. Their enrollment runs heavily to middle- and upper-class students.

Finances are always a problem. Modern equipment is hard to come by; qualified instructors are scarce. The schools count heavily on aid from the church, from wealthy parents, and from private businessmen. In Venezuela, the Creole Foundation, formed by Creole Petroleum Corp., recently contributed \$50,000 to Caracas' Catholic University. This month the vice rector of Córdoba's Catholic University is on a fund-raising drive in the U.S. and Europe. Among other things, he is discussing a \$2,000,000 loan from a private company in California so Córdoba can start work on a new campus.

If money is sometimes short, faith and courage seldom are. In 1961, San Francisco-born Mother Genevieve McGloin of the Sacred Heart of Jesus order got a \$100,000 donation from Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing, and started a woman's college in Uruguay—a country so bleakly anticatholic that the feast of the Epiphany is celebrated as children's day, Christmas as family day and Easter as family week. Today, Mother McGloin's 18-man faculty includes three with doctorates and eight instructors with the equivalent of master's degrees.



RECTOR CAMARGO



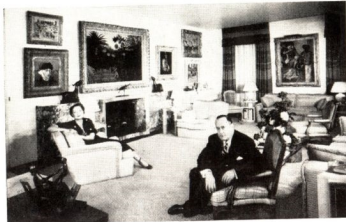
CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF CHILE
Class schedules instead of calls to arms.



MOTHER MCGLOIN & STUDENTS

PEOPLE

ARNOLD NEWMAN



THE BLOCKS & PART OF COLLECTION
If it's oil, it belongs on canvas.

With trailing cables and color cameras, NBC-TV traipsed through the Chicago apartment of Inland Steel Vice President **Leigh Block**, 58, last summer to film his celebrated art collection, which ranges from ancient Chinese to modern French. It was all for a January program on "The Art of Collecting," but then he discovered that the show would have commercials (Humble Oil) as well as culture. "If I had known in advance that it was going to be sponsored, I would not have permitted them to film," blocked Block. With that, he refused to sign a release unless NBC promised to contribute \$5,000 to the Chicago Art Institute. Against our principles, mumbled the network, and the whole \$10,000 worth of celluloid was destroyed.

There was some talk that she had wanted to be cremated and have her ashes scattered over the Adriatic Sea. But no written record of the wish could be found, and so **Elsa Maxwell** was buried in Hartsdale, N.Y., after a quiet Manhattan funeral. Only 100 gathered to say a final goodbye to the woman who had given thousands of parties for thousands of people, and few of the glittering names she had called "dear" and "darling" were on hand. One mourner there who didn't get much society-gossip-column attention was Dorothy Fellowes-Gordon. And to this longtime friend, the international party giver left her entire estate. It amounted to less than \$10,000.

As Germany's new Chancellor, one of his first decisions was to do away with the Porsche police escort that whisked Konrad Adenauer to and from the office. Then **Ludwig Erhard**, 66, issued orders that no government official was to be supplied with the new 201-ft. Mercedes 600 (U.S. price: \$23,000), adding that the 300 SE (around \$10,000) was snappy enough. And just the

other day he was seen waiting patiently in line at a Bonn pastry shop to buy two pieces of cake to take home for the afternoon *Kaffee und Kuchen* with his wife, Luise. But a Chancellor cannot lead the simple life forever, and *der Dicke* has made his first concession. He has reluctantly agreed to have an official residence built in the park of the Palais Schaumburg for \$250,000, complete with swimming pool.

Why go all the way to Las Vegas or Puerto Rico just to roll a few legal dice? Grand Bahama Island, a mere 75 miles off Miami, has been granted a ten-year license for a gambling casino, and now **Huntington Hartford**, 52, wants similar licenses granted to the rest of the Bahamas, including one small dot named Paradise Island (H. Hartford prop.) just off Nassau. It would solve a lot of problems, he says. First he would immediately build 1,000 first-class hotel rooms on Paradise, thus providing jobs for unemployed Bahamians. Then he would give 50% of the net gambling profit to the government for "improved housing, medical care and social welfare." The last problem it should solve: the profits from his island investment.

The Post Office announces that children writing to **Santa Claus** should no longer address their letters to the North Pole. That location has been assigned zip code number 99701.

Imagine the natives' surprise in 1954 when a grizzled old American **William Willis**, then 61, hit the beach on Pago Pago, Eastern Samoa, after floating 6,400 miles across the Pacific—on a raft, no less. That was even better than the *Kon-Tiki* expedition. "It was a nightmare, and a beautiful dream," said Willis, and decided to do it again some time. Last week it was the natives of Apia, Western Samoa, who were star-

ted, as in over the reef came Willis, two cats and raft, four months and 6,500 miles out of Callao, Peru. "I wanted to show that a 70-year-old could do what men years younger would never dream of trying and couldn't sail on another 2,700 miles to Sydney, Australia.

One of the most important things to know for any American girl hoping to become a princess is how to conduct a TV tour. Grace Kelly led the way in Monaco, and now the U.S.'s only other princess in a ruling family is doing it too. NBC is traveling to the Indian Himalayan protectorate of Sikkim to be shown up and down and all around by **Hope Cooke**, 22. The wife of the Maharajkumar (Crown Prince) hopes that the cameramen, currently crawling through New Delhi red tape, will hurry. She is shortly due to go into confinement to await the birth of her first child in late February.

Her only connection with athletics is size. But no matter. Her voluptuous, 6-ft. 81-in. body (52-39-51) and flawless marble complexion are eternal symbols of grace and beauty; so the Japanese government has requested her presence in Tokyo and Kyoto next summer. For **Venus de Milo**, such a visit would be unprecedented, and it required a *d'accord* from De Gaulle himself. But everything is set, and following the tradition of *Mona Lisa*, she will go on a carefully packed ocean voyage. All this gallivanting-around by Louvre ladies has at least one young Frenchman upset: "If we want to convince the world of the beauty of our women, why do we have to do it with the smile of an Italian and the body of a Greek?"



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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

The Personalists

Brains, beards, civil rights, silly riots and sex—such is the confusing image of this year's U.S. collegian. His mind delights; his morals dismay. He is something new: a cross between the inert "apathetes" of the late '50s and the naive activists of the early '60s. He might be called a "personalist"—one who stresses self-development—and he sounds like this:

"There are no great men today."

"No man or group I've encountered has a corner on wisdom or virtue."

"The only absolute in the universe is the speed of light."

"I try to follow three of the Ten Commandments—some of the time."

"I like the theoretical American society. The actual American society drives

JOE SCHERAGHEL



KENNEDY AT INAUGURATION
Disenchantment is wide and deep.

me crazy. I suppose I'll end up joining the Peace Corps."

"**Identity Crisis.**" Bright collegians have always flirted with doubt; this generation is married to it. Outwardly conformist, these boys and girls are generally uncommitted to any church or political party. Inwardly romantic, they view everything in personal terms. Nothing is proved; everything is possible—drugs, cheating, abortion. To these students, says a Midwestern professor, "the only real things are intimate things: my girl, my pad, my book, my bottle."

Raised since World War II, these collegians have bounced between affluence and atomic-war fears. Spoiled as children ("They even have fancy balls in the ninth grade," notes a Colorado faculty man), they have been force-fed in high school, pushed to get into Harvard, treated as a national resource like plutonium. The result is a Who-am-I? dilemma known as "the identity crisis."

Abortive Revolution. The dilemma seemed resolved in 1960 when President Kennedy pied-piped youth to Washington. "The college student couldn't help feeling some identification with a commander in chief who had to have a special haircut to look the part," says Presi-



ALL-CAUSE RALLY AT COLUMBIA
Nothing is proved; everything is possible.

dent Edward D. Eddy Jr. of Pittsburgh's Chatham College. Here was a president who called on youth to serve—and provided the Peace Corps, the Foreign Legion of this college generation.

Stirred by Kennedy and Southern sit-ins, collegians plunged into "involvementism." Some picketed Woolworth stores; others ran high-powered colloquiums like Yale's "Challenge" and Princeton's "Response." Berkeley liberals got washed down the steps of San Francisco's city hall while protesting the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Campus conservatives appeared everywhere, held a monster rally in New York's Madison Square Garden.

In those heady days, Chatham's Eddy predicted a student revolution "which could sweep all higher education." But as Eddy recently reported with chagrin, "it just hasn't happened that way." Eddy cites "youth's decreasing identification with the Kennedy Administration," tracing it to "the shock and the terror" that hit collegians during last fall's Cuban crisis. Says he: "We had forgotten how good the world had been to them."

"**Meatball Kennedy.**" Campus disenchantment with President Kennedy now spreads far and wide. At conservative Georgia Tech, the complaint is that "he's interfering with my personal life" through Big Government. At liberal Reed, where "he doesn't inspire respect as Stevenson did," the gripe is Kennedy's caution on the civil rights bill. At exuberant Wisconsin, "he's liked in a negative way," faulted for lack of political conviction. "We're sick of him," say dissidents at Jesuit Georgetown.

Interest in Barry Goldwater is widespread, but it stems largely from the

feeling that, like Mme. Nhu, the Arizona Senator is "entertaining." Only "nonthinkers" would vote for Goldwater, says one typical student, and some collegians couldn't care less. Asks a Miami coed: "How can you give intelligent people a choice between Meatball Kennedy and Opportunist Goldwater?"

Grade Grubbing. Fast spreading beyond Eastern campuses, this year's top concern on the campus is competition so stiff that at the University of Michigan, for example, one faculty man reports: "When they ask all the high school valedictorians in the freshman class to stand up, every third person rises. It's kind of frightening."

One unhappy result is an undercurrent of anti-Semitism at small Midwestern colleges, which have lately enrolled many bright, as well as aggressive Eastern Jewish students. There is universal hatred of universal military service—ranging from intelligent questioning ("Isn't the Peace Corps more useful?") to the fatuous wail of a Princeton senior: "The Army doesn't pay enough to keep me in beer. I'd have to ask my father for money."

Unless some academic genius invents a substitute for grades, this generation is seemingly chained to a double life: utter classroom sobriety, relieved by afterhours explosion. Princeton, where rioters went berserk last spring, has its Saturday night "cult of the grubby"—dunghared dancers twisting in once elegant clubs. Bizarre idocy is also prevalent. L.S.U. coeds recently launched a "drawers raid" on a men's dormitory, and two Cornell fraternity teams played a 30-hour touch football game (score: 664-538). Columbia students staged an

F. SANDERSON



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"all-cause" protest rally with marchers brandishing such signs as **HOOVER IN '64 and WE SHALL OVERRUN**. The University of Chicago's pitiful attempt to revive football was protested by purists waving ban-the-ball signs in Greek.

Give Yourself. In search of relief, much of this college generation revels in Tarzan movies, aims to try LSD, and "shacks up" on weekends as a matter of routine. It talks about sex—"the ultimate in communication"—so frankly that Berkeley students recently asked the dispensary to please dispense contraceptives. Harvard's current flap over abuse of rules for girls visiting boys' rooms is hardly confined to Cambridge.

Yet this same generation—because it is so personalistic—has made civil rights its overriding issue. Currently, it takes a dim view of big talk and big organizations. "You get civil rights for breakfast, lunch and dinner," says a Princeton student. "I'm sick of it." Concrete, man-to-man effort is another matter. Yalemen recently traveled all over Mississippi to register Negro voters. This fall 1,000 eager Harvard students volunteered for civil rights work—notably in the Northern Student Movement's tutorial program. Tutoring Negro children is this year's top project at campuses from Reed to Vassar to Wayne State. "This isn't like a one-shot freedom ride," explains an enthusiastic Wayne coed. "This is giving of your time and of yourself on a continuing basis."

Strong & Balanced. Such personalism fails to impress some campus observers. "The big picture is unchanged," says Stanford Psychologist Nevitt Sanford. "Students are by and large not interested in the larger questions of the day in this country." Chatham's President Eddy frets that "youth is beginning to retreat behind excellence" to what he calls "the permanent alibi of scholarship." Critics also sourly complain that today's collegians are "totally defeatist" and "so damn sober." "There's a material sophistication that is not matched by a spiritual one," says one California professor, adding, "They all seem to have read a great deal—hastily."

Yet other professors are slower to scorn—and faster to ask why they themselves are failing to be the real campus heroes and pacesetters. Some profs are simply cowed: "There seems to be a genius under every rock." Or: "These kids grab you and tear you apart. They're always asking me what I believe." On balance, the new collegians get high marks from a faculty majority: "Who would have thought five years ago that Paul Tillich would be mobbed on this campus? I can't tell you how much pleasure it is now to meet a class." As for the future, says one professor, "these students are not going to accept the institution. They're not going to play dead." Sums up another professor: "This is not a cynical, frightened generation. Pure nonsense. It's a strong and balanced one—the likes of which few of us have ever seen."



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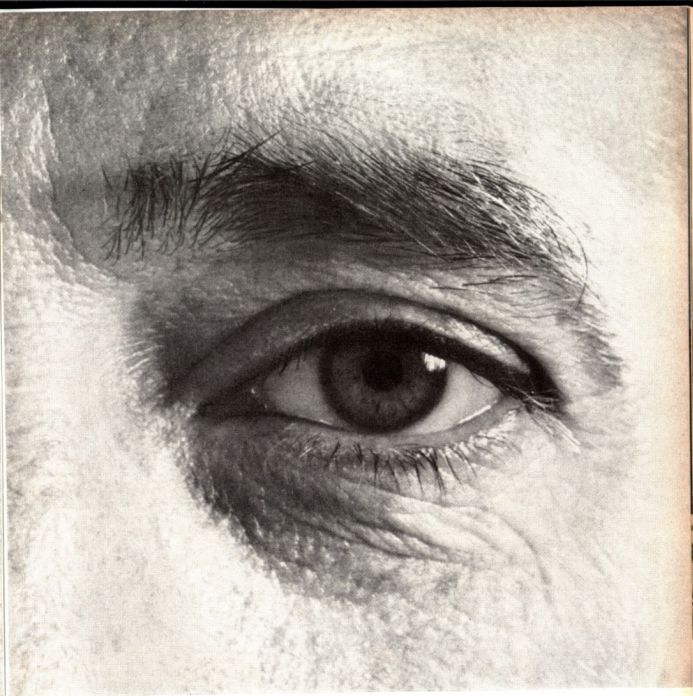
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SPORT

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

The Big Five

Who plays the best college football in the U.S.? Why, the East, of course. It may come as a shock, but there it is. First, disregard the effete East, otherwise known as the Fight Fiercely—the Ivy League, the Yankee Conference, the Middle Atlantic Conference. Concentrate on the Big Five: Army, Navy, Pitt, Penn State and Syracuse. No rep-tie types these—coal miners' sons from Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey farmers, shave-shin cadets. The Big Five are technically independents, but they are linked together just as any conference is—by bands of mutual geography and mutual jealousy. And if they were a conference, it would clearly be the best in the U.S.

No. 1-ranked Texas (*see following story*) might thank its Lone Star that it does not have to play any of the Big Five. Consider the record. None of them have lost more than two games so far this season—and most of those losses were to fellow members of the club. Two of them (Navy and Pitt) rank among the nation's top five, and all are in the top 20. They have played a total of 30 intersectional games, and they have won 27 of them. They stand 2-1 with the Big Ten, 4-0 with the Atlantic Coast Conference, 6-0 with the Pacific Coast's Big Six, and 15-2 with the rest of the world. A few of the Big Five's bigger conquests: Washington, Washington State, Rice, Ohio State, Maryland, Michigan, Air Force, Notre Dame, Oregon, Oregon State, California, U.C.L.A. Last week, Navy's Roger Staubach suppered Duke practically single-handed, 38-25; Syracuse took Richmond like Grant 50-0; and Penn State stayed Bowl-bound by licking Holy Cross 28-14. In a head-on Eastern collision, Pitt downed Army 28-0.

When in Doubt, Punt

Coach Darrell Royal, 39, of the University of Texas is the kind of man who looks both ways before crossing a one-way street. The forward pass, he insists, is strictly for masochists. "When you throw the ball, four things can happen—and only one of them is good." The best offense, he says, is a good defense: "If the other team can't score on you, you can't lose. You can tie, but you can't lose." Royal's Longhorns content themselves with grinding out bite-sized chunks of yardage, and to make sure that they don't try anything foolish, he calls a fair number of plays from the bench. When in doubt, he punts. "If we can kick the ball from our 30 to their 10," he says, "that's six first downs in one play."

The only regular-season game Royal's infantrymen have lost in three years was an 0-6 squeaker to Texas Christian in 1961. "T.C.U. is like a cockroach," Royal complained then. "It isn't what he eats or carries off, but what he falls into and messes up." For five straight weeks this season, Texas has ranked as the nation's No. 1 college team, and last week it avenged that lone T.C.U. defeat by holding T.C.U. to 34 yds. on the ground while Texas Quarterback Duke Carlisle mixed straightforward runs with pass-option plays to gain an economical 150 yds. In true Royal style, Texas' sophomore backs Phil Harris and Tommy Stockton scored twin touchdowns on little-bitty three-yard runs; shoeless Placekicker Tony Crosby added the insult by running his string of conversions to 24 straight and toeing a 42-yd. field goal in his stockinged feet. At game's end, the score was Texas 17, T.C.U. 0—and Royal's Longhorns, the only unbeaten and untied major college team in the U.S., had clinched at least a tie in the Southwest Conference and

the host's berth at the Cotton Bowl. A royal ending to a Royal afternoon.

Texas Talk. An All-America quarterback in 1949 under Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma, Royal arrived at Texas in 1957 under somewhat harrowing circumstances. The year before, the team lost nine out of ten games, and his predecessor was hanged in effigy three times. But Royal talked a Texas game. "We'll hit," he promised. "We'll find us some guys around here who want to dance every dance. We'll do some bloodletting." And he made good the brags. He scoured the state's 1,000 high schools for rugged, rangy youngsters, drilled them endlessly in his "attacking" defenses, hired a "brain coach" to ensure that they toed the mark scholastically. In his first season, Royal's Longhorns won six out of ten, went to the Sugar Bowl (and lost to Mississippi).

This year's Texas team averages 207 lbs. per man in the line, has allowed opponents a meager 195 yds. per game, only 52 points all season. Enemy quarterbacks fill the air with footballs (an average of 35 to 40 passes a game) until, as Royal says, "they have us blinking like a horned frog in a hailstorm." But all to no avail. Even in practice, the fanatical Longhorns play for keeps. Last spring, Tackle Scott Appleton, a 235-lb. All-America candidate, halted an intrasquad scrimmage to protest a referee's call. The startled ref admitted that he was wrong. But what difference did it make? "Sir," growled Appleton, "we're not playing this game for fun."

Slugging It Out. With only one game left, against Texas A. & M., Royal still is not banking on a national championship—yet. In nearly a quarter of a century, no Texas college has managed to wind up a season No. 1 in the football polls and the downtrodden (2-6-1) Aggies would like nothing better than to bulldog the proud Longhorns. A. & M. has been slugging it out with Texas since 1894; they are such passionate rivals that they have a day all to themselves—Thanksgiving Day—when the rest of the league sits back and enjoys the fight.

If Texas gets past A. & M. and wins the paper championship, it will still have to prove its right to the title Jan. 1 in the Cotton Bowl, perhaps against No. 2-ranked Navy and brilliant Quarterback Roger Staubach. And that could be the game of this or any year—defense v. offense, running v. passing, Royal's thundering herd v. the Middies' one-man gang.

HORSE RACING

Grass, Alas

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30-second recipe: $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Daiquiri Mix, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of white Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice. Serve in chilled glass. **NOTE:** If Daiquiri Mix isn't available, use $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of fresh lime juice plus scant tsp. of sugar.



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THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE





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Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation





SCORING RECORD GOAL

After a dozen teeth, 300 stitches, 1,132 games.



GORDIE HOWE

gelding has won 31 races and \$1,581,702. But Kelso does not like grass. Last week he ran for the third time in the \$150,000 Washington D.C. International over 1 1/4 miles on the turf. And, for the third time, he finished second. The horse that beat him: Mrs. Marion duPont Scott's Mongo—a thoroughbred that likes grass better than dirt.

Second choice of the bettors at 4-1 (odds on Kelso: 1-2), Mongo broke in front and was never headed. At the end Kelso was a half-length back, and eight foreign horses—from England, France, Venezuela, Ireland, Hungary and the Soviet Union—were practically out of sight. Kelso's Jockey Ismael Valenzuela claimed that Mongo had interfered with Kelso on the final turn, but the stewards dismissed the objection. The victory was worth \$90,000—the biggest purse of Mongo's three-year career. Kelso got \$25,000, and Jockey Valenzuela got a special award: a \$100 fine for making a "frivolous" claim of foul.

ICE HOCKEY

The Elusive 545th

He could hardly be expected to remember the first goal he scored for the Detroit Red Wings. That was a dozen teeth, 300 stitches and 1,132 games ago, and in 18 seasons, Gordie Howe, 35, has flicked more pucks at National Hockey League goals than anybody who ever lived. But Gordie will have no trouble remembering his 545th goal. It was the most difficult he ever scored.

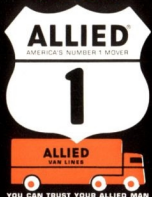
Remember Roger Maris' 61st home run—the bitter frustration and the agonizing suspense until he finally connected? So it was for Howe last week. Back on Oct. 27, he had scored No. 544 against the Montreal Canadiens, thus tying Maurice ("The Rocket") Richard's alltime record. Now he was

shooting for a new record and another entry to add to the eleven marks he already holds. Suddenly everything got much tougher. As a matter of pride, rival defensemen double teamed him, jabbed him with sticks and elbows, smashed him to the ice with vicious body checks.

Chicago shut Gordie out, then New York, Montreal and Boston. Against New York, he even had a "gift" shot at an unprotected goal and banged the puck harmlessly off a metal stanchion. Normally cool and controlled, he acquired a noticeable tic, exploded in anger at a magazine photographer. "This pressure is getting me," he muttered. It was getting everybody: desperately trying to feed Gordie the puck, his teammates passed up dozens of easy shots for themselves, lost three out of five games. "We've got to get this goal and get it over with," grumbled Coach Sid Abel as the Red Wings slid to fourth place.

Last week in Detroit, again playing against the Montreal Canadiens, Gordie Howe finally got that elusive No. 545. The right way too. Detroit was short a man on a penalty when Gordie, who was supposed to be the killing time, picked up a loose puck deep in Red Wing territory. He flipped it to Right Wing Billy McNeill and flashed down the ice so fast that the Montreal defensemen were caught flat-footed. McNeill drew Montreal's Charlie Hodge out of the goal. Then he passed to Howe—and Gordie rammed it into the net so hard that he slid off balance past the goal with his stick raised high in triumph over his head. For ten minutes, 15,027 fans whooped it up, showering the ice with assorted debris—soiled cups, programs, fedoras, part of an apple, and a baked potato. Howe flashed a weary smile. "I feel ten pounds lighter," he sighed.

**EVERYBODY
we move is a
SOMEBODY
and we move more
of them than
ANYBODY**



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MODERN LIVING

RECREATION

Computer Golf

Once upon a time, golf was a form of exercise: 18 holes involved a cross-country hike of some 4 miles. The coming of the golf cart eliminated the walking, but the game was still a way of getting out into the open air. Now even this is unnecessary. A foursome in snow-bound Maine may play Pinehurst at midnight without having to do more than stand up and swing.

This boon to mankind is another application of the omnipresent computer, developed by nongolfing Scientist Maximilian Richard Speiser from a system he had invented for tracking low-flying ballistic missiles. Speiser applied the system to golf balls.

The player tees off and smacks the ball at an illuminated picture of a fairway, 17 feet away. Elapsed time between the sound of club on ball and the ball's impact on screen enables the computer to calculate length of drive and probable roll within five yards. One of a bank of 30 lights behind screen is activated by ball and shows on screen as ball actually landing on fairway. Player presses a button and another picture appears taken from approximate position of ball. Player squints at the flag, picks his club, and swings again. On reaching the green, player puts into real hole from indicated distance. Then he presses the button again, and the screen shows him the fairway from the next tee.

This is called Golf-O-Tron, price: \$8,500. Five Golf-O-Tron centers are currently in operation in the U.S., where players have a choice of five courses at \$1.50-\$5 an hour. Golf-O-Tron—which already has a competitor called Golfomat—is doing a brisk business abroad, especially in Japan, where golf, introduced by General MacArthur, is high in status and low on courses.



GOLF-O-TRON AT LANSING, MICH.
Into the rough softly.



HOUSEWIVES' CLASS AT SIMMONS
Out of the house searchingly.

WOMEN

Second Wind

Nobody is more noisily dissatisfied these days than that symbol of stability—the fortyish housewife with teenage children and a reasonably successful husband. Books are written about her problems, letters columns are filled with her complaints. What does she want? She wants to go back to work, or to take special courses so she can get what she calls “a real job.”

The traditional job for middle-aged Mother—helping out at the charity headquarters, pitching in for the hospital drive, clerking for pin money at the local dress shop—is less and less attractive to the restless new breed of American woman, educated to a level of intellectual expectation that her grandmother never knew. This new U.S. woman had a college education and considered a career—or had a brief one—before marriage. With the children out of the house or at least able to fend for themselves, she is looking for a job that provides her with a sense of accomplishment.

The Revolutionaries. The result is a modest revolution that has already perceptibly reshaped the pattern of U.S. family life. The statistics are impressive. The number of working wives in the U.S. has risen from 4,200,000 in 1940 to 8,600,000 in 1950, to 13,300,000 by 1961. Population increase and early marriage account for some of this growth, but only 15% of all married women were working in 1940 and 33% in 1961. Money is not always the motivation; according to the 1960 census, in families with earnings of more than \$10,000, 52% of the wives had jobs. The U.S. Department of Labor, in a 1962 survey of college alumnae about 15 years after graduation, found that as many as 40% of them were already working, and many more said they would be interested in going to work in about two to five years.

Restless Ladies. Working at what? That is the problem. There seem to be more applicants than suitable jobs. Three San Francisco women, Jean Livingston, Apple Walker and Polly Lawrence, with children ranging from 9 to 18, turned their dissatisfaction with charity work to profit by forming a public relations firm called Ideas Inc. to handle publicity for charity benefits and a few commercial accounts. Teaching appeals to many. “Frankly,” says a Mount Holyoke alumna (1946) with four children, “I think teaching is the best bet for me because it’s the best way to use my education and still let me spend the most time with my family. I’ll have the same vacations that my children have.” But the range of jobs that some restless ladies are able to find is wide. The 20 members of one garden club in suburban Atlanta include a therapist in a children’s hospital, an artist’s assistant, a bridal consultant, a silver and china dealer, and an assistant accountant.

Margery Fishman of Los Angeles, 45, is area director for the League of Women Voters, and one of the problems at the League is finding women to fill responsible positions. “So many women are out looking for jobs, or going back to school to get teaching certificates and the like,” she says, “that we’re having a hard time filling seats on the board. Our regulars in their 40s are leaving us for ‘The Search.’”

The Search “for something more challenging” is what Mrs. Fishman herself is engaged in. She was a social worker before her marriage, and she went with several of her like-minded friends to see the dean of the University of Southern California about preparing themselves for jobs. “We told him we were really floundering,” she recalls. “The schools won’t allow us to bring ourselves up to date in our fields by taking part-time course work; we have to do it fulltime as graduate students. I can’t manage that right now; I still

have a great deal of chauffeuring to do with six children."

New Institutions. The need for guidance and training for job-seeking women in their 40s—both on a fulltime and part-time basis—is giving rise to an outcropping of institutions. The three-year-old Institute for Independent Study at Radcliffe College picks some 20 women between 25 and 65 annually for a year-long project of creative work, out of which have come, according to President Mary Bunting, "nine or ten books and quite a lot of paintings, compositions and scientific research projects." Boston's Simmons College School of Social Service gives a master's degree in social work, which takes about four years, admits about 23 women a year. "They're the kind of gals," says the school's director, Robert Rutherford, "who've been in P.T.A., were den mothers and things like that, and they want a job that's exciting and rewarding and paying."

In Manhattan the so-called Seven College Conference—the female equivalent of the Ivy League—has set up a series of vocational workshops for about 50 women graduates of "any accredited college or university, who are now ready for activity outside the home." Participants meet with experts in a ten-session course to explore the job possibilities open to them. The best opportunities, says Director Anne Cronin, are in education, library science and social work, though several of the workshops' graduates have found jobs in public relations.

How do husbands react to this new restlessness? Fewer and fewer seem to be grossing about the idea of a tired businessman coming home to a tired businesswoman. "In only one or two cases," says Anne Cronin, "have husbands gotten stuffy about their wives' going back into careers. For the most part, they're serious and understanding. We're not breaking up any homes that wouldn't break up anyway."

Husbands had just better get to like it or lump it, according to Anthropologist Margaret Mead. "We're dragging behind the rest of the world in the use of our womanpower," she grumbled from behind her stacks of papers in a corner of Manhattan's American Museum of Natural History. "There is great need for the woman in her 40s, who is educated, to come back into a professional career after her children are reared. We need women for all skilled fields. Women's professional second wind is much more important than the right to vote women received years ago."

THE HOUSE

Village of Foetuses

It looks like a combination fallout shelter, Indian hut and lion's den. It is embedded in a hillside, and the only straight lines in it are the floors. The roof on one level is made of grey, knobby lead, on another level it is covered by two feet of earth and un-

dulating lawn. Doors and windows are odd-shaped holes in the thick, earth-colored walls.

This all-but-completed building is the first of 50—ranging in price from \$125,000 to \$165,000—which will make up a housing development for millionaires on the slopes of the Maritime Alps towering above the beaches of the French Riviera. The designer of all these houses at Castellaras-le-Neuf (New Castellaras) is a razor-tongued, 62-year-old French architect who scorns higher education, the construction industry, straight lines, and almost everything about architecture.

Youthful Indiscretion. Says Jacques Couelle: "I believe in ignorance. You have to be able to read and write and count, but that's all." He says, "Construction and prostitution are the oldest professions—and neither has evolved." He says, "The floor of a building can be level, but all the rest must be movement." He says, "I am disgusted with architecture," and he scoffs at glass-box modern houses because they are "contrary to the purpose of housing, which is to go back to the womb."

Son of an art expert, Couelle dabbled in architecture as a young man. In 1925 he designed a "13th century" chateau at Castellaras on the slopes of the Maritime Alps above Cannes for a New York stockbroker who wanted a proper setting for his medieval art collection. Couelle quit the profession and founded his own "Center of Research in Natural Structure." In 17 years he took out more than 100 patents for new structural materials—but built nothing. Then five years ago, he took Paris Bank-

er Pierre Beckhardt for a drive to show him "a mistake I made when I was young"—the stockbroker's chateau.

Abode of Instinct. Enraptured by Couelle's collection of housing iconoclasm, Beckhardt decided it might be profitable for his bank to invest in a Couelle-designed development, and he arranged to purchase the chateau and 125 acres around it. Couelle's first project was to create Old Castellaras, which he did by building 91 houses (from \$30,000 to \$100,000) around the chateau. Most of them looked like provincial farmhouses from the outside, were startling only in that there were a few tricky Couelle nuances inside (odd-shaped staircases, sculptured fireplaces). They sold quickly, but the brochure apologized because they were so prosaic: "For reasons of commercial prudence and topographical necessity, Couelle had to limit his fantasy."

When the architect started work on New Castellaras last year, there were no such limitations. Said Couelle: "My dream is to make an abode of instinct, like an animal's."

Couelle's abodes are influenced by flora as well as fauna, as, for instance, his staircases. "Like plants—they curl," explains Couelle. "It is a law of nature. Stairs must curl, and they must not be shaped regularly. They must have irregularities so you shift your weight. You can run up and down my staircases all day without tiring."

Brave Banker Beckhardt has also gone all out for instinct. Trumpeted he last week, in words that would freeze the mind of any FHA man: "Castellaras is a village of foetuses."

EDWARD QUINN



HOUSE AT DEVELOPMENT FOR MILLIONAIRES



LIVING ROOM



PATIO

Back to the womb grandly.

THE LAW



WORLD COURT

Not that it has settled so few arguments, but that so many of its decisions have stuck.



PEACE PALACE

INTERNATIONAL LAW

The Tribunal of the Nations

The proud Dutchmen presiding over the 50th anniversary celebration of The Hague's Peace Palace were puzzled by the young American. There were the gilded mosaics, the varnished canvases of vanished mosaics, the symbolic statues in white marble, the misty murals—but the visitor seemed to be most interested in the check signed by Andrew Carnegie, the \$1,500,000 gift that built the palace. Could he possibly be a relative? Well, yes, said Henry Carter Carnegie, 28. He was the great-grandson of Andrew's brother Thomas.

It was more than familial interest that brought him to the Peace Palace, Henry Carnegie hastened to add. He is a lawyer, and the palace is the home of the International Court of Justice, better known as the World Court. "One thinks about appearing before the World Court," said Carnegie, "the way one thinks about appearing before the Supreme Court of the U.S."

The Carnegie ambition is shared by many lawyers. In a time of tension, the World Court remains one of mankind's best hopes for an orderly and peaceful world. But between hope and achievement lie hosts of obstacles. Though the court was organized to settle disputes between nations, it has no police to enforce its decisions; it cannot even hear a case unless both parties to the quarrel admit its jurisdiction. The wonder is not that it has settled so few arguments, but that in its 18 years it has handed down 13 decisions that have stuck.

Islets & Enclaves. The International Court of Justice is a descendant of an earlier court with a similar name. After World War I, the Allies organized the Permanent Court of International Justice, which met for the last time shortly after World War II and formally dissolved itself to make way for the World Court created by the United Nations.

The World Court is composed of 15

judges, each from a different nation. They are elected by the U.N., serve for a nine-year term at a tax-free salary of \$25,000. To assure continuity, the terms are staggered so that five expire every three years. Like the U.S. Supreme Court, the World Court decides by majority vote, and any justice is free to file his own separate opinion. The court has two distinct functions. It hands down "advisory opinions" when requested by the General Assembly, the Security Council, or any other major arm of the U.N. And as the highest international tribunal, it decides "contentious" cases submitted by national governments.

Of all its decisions thus far, only one has directly involved the U.S.—a complex wrangle in which the U.S. and France argued about the right of French authorities in Morocco to discriminate against U.S. imports, tax U.S. citizens living there, and try U.S. citizens in Moroccan courts. The World Court upheld some of the U.S. claims, rejected others. In other decisions the court has ruled that:

- ▶ Norway was entitled to reserve certain coastal waters to its own fishermen, despite Britain's objections.
- ▶ Colombia was not required to surrender Peru's leftist leader, Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, who had taken asylum in the Colombian embassy in Lima.
- ▶ Britain had to live up to treaties with Greece and submit a Greek shipowner's damage suit against Britain to binding arbitration.
- ▶ Portugal had a right of passage to two landlocked enclaves of Portuguese territory in India.
- ▶ Islets in the English Channel belonged to Britain, not France.
- ▶ Disputed borderlands in the Low Countries were Belgian, not Dutch.
- ▶ A Hindu temple on the Thailand-Cambodia border belonged to Cambodia, and Thailand was obliged to withdraw the armed guards that it had stationed at the shrine.

In all these instances the nation that

lost the case abided by the international court's ruling. Under the U.N. Charter, member nations are obligated to comply with the court's decisions—and there is no appeal from them. The Charter also provides that if a nation "fails to perform" its obligations under a World Court decision, the other nation involved can complain to the Security Council, which may "decide upon measures to be taken to give effect to the judgment." Only on one occasion has a nation failed to abide by a ruling: after the court's very first decision, Albania refused to pay an indemnity that the court awarded to Britain for warships damaged by mines off the Albanian coast.

More than 30 nations—not including any Communist states—have bound themselves to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court in any dispute that may arise in the future. Among them: Britain, France, Canada, India, Japan, many of the smaller nations of Western Europe and Latin America. A U.S. declaration goes only part way: the U.S. reserves the right to determine for itself what matters fall "essentially within the domestic jurisdiction" of the U.S. and outside the scope of the World Court. Called the Connally Amendment (after the late Tom Connally, U.S. Senator from Texas), this reservation limits the U.S.'s adherence to the World Court.* And under the reciprocity, or tit-for-tat principle of international law, the Connally Amendment gives every nation involved in a dispute with the U.S. the right to claim the same sort of "domestic jurisdiction"

* The U.S. has invoked the amendment only once, when Switzerland brought suit on behalf of a Swiss holding company, Interhandel, claiming assets of the General Aniline & Film Corp., which the U.S. Government had seized in 1942 as German property. Last spring the Swiss claimants agreed to a settlement under which the firm will be sold and the proceeds divided between the U.S. Government and Interhandel stockholders.

Another page from the A. O. Smith story



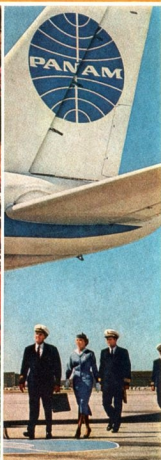
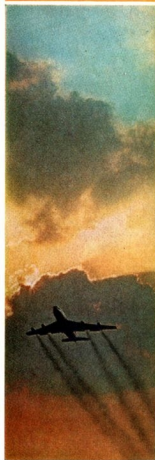
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First on the Pacific
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First 'Round the World

hedge if the U.S. submits the case to the World Court.

A Safer World. Considering the makeup of the court, it is difficult to see what supporters of the Connally Amendment are afraid of. The current President of the World Court, Poland's Bohdan Winiarski, is nominally a Communist, but his is only one vote out of 15, and his term as President expires next February. The only other Communist member is a judge from Russia. Non-Communist nations represented are the U.S., Britain, France, Italy, Greece, the United Arab Republic, Japan, Nationalist China, Australia, Mexico, Peru, Panama, Argentina. In February, the World Court's members from Panama and Argentina will be replaced by newly elected judges from Pakistan and Senegal (TIME, Nov. 1).

Many a U.S. lawyer who favors extension of the rule of law in international relations has urged that the U.S. repeal the Connally Amendment. Meanwhile, in more than 400 international treaties since the end of World War II, the signatories have committed themselves to submit any dispute arising under the treaty to the World Court. Within the past few years, France and India repealed their own versions of the Connally Amendment. Back in 1945, the committee of jurists that drafted the statutes of the new World Court declared: "It is confidently expected that the jurisdiction of this tribunal will be extended as time goes on." As the expectation is gradually realized, the world may learn to lean with confidence on the rule of law.

STATUTES

A Clearly-Worded Law

Efforts to curb obscenity often go awry because of the difficulty of defining the term "obscene." Courts, including the U.S. Supreme Court, keep slipping on that semantic banana peel. But New York State has a clearly-worded law that gets around the problem with directness and ease. It explicitly prohibits selling to persons under 18 any book or magazine that "exploits, is devoted to, or is made up of descriptions of illicit sex or sexual immorality."

In Manhattan last week a three-judge Criminal Court was called upon to decide whether the prohibition applies to Fanny Hill, that ancient and now once again bestselling *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*. The case involved a 16-year-old girl who had bought a copy of the book last September at the suggestion of Operation Yorkville, a neighborhood organization created to "keep obscene literature out of the hands of children."

In another case last summer, brought under a different statute, the state's supreme court had ruled that Fanny Hill was not "obscene." But the Criminal Court judges were not deterred. "It was due to our judicial duty rather than to idle curiosity that we read this book,"

said the court's opinion. "It consists of 298 pages, almost entirely devoted to a detailed description of and recital of illicit intercourse, lesbianism, female masturbation, male homosexuality, sex flagellation and sex orgies in and out of a house of prostitution. While it is true that the book is well-written, such fact does not condone its indecency. Fifth, even if wrapped in the finest packaging, is still filth."

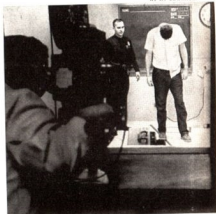
The proprietors and the clerk who sold the book face a maximum penalty of up to three years' imprisonment.

EVIDENCE

The Morning After

When his hangover fades on the morning after, the drunken driver of the night before may turn defensively argumentative. The cops, he usually claims, exaggerated his alcoholic difficulties. If he was lucky enough to escape a serious

H. W. EDWARDS



DENVER SOBRIETY TEST ON CAMERA.
To convince the defendant.

accident, and cautious enough not to submit his telltale breath to a drunkometer's measurement, he can often make his story stick.

Not in Denver, though, or in many another U.S. city where police are practicing a new and legal gimmick for encouraging confessions. The standard sobriety tests—picking up poker chips from the floor, walking a painted line, touching the nose while the eyes are closed—are all recorded by a movie camera and a sound track. When the case comes to trial, the film is produced as the prosecution's most persuasive evidence.

Persuasive it is. These days only about one out of every 20 Denverites charged with drunken driving is acquitted. The films not only keep tanked-up drivers from escaping punishment, but also drastically reduce the number who demand a jury trial. Before a case comes into court, the accused is shown a screening of his on-camera performance. Nine times out of ten, the sight of himself wobbling through the tests is enough to convince the driver that he ought to plead guilty.

MEDICINE

RESEARCH

A Diet That Might Wipe Out Malnutrition

The 18 inmates on a third-floor wing of the California Medical Facility at Vacaville are not going anywhere for quite a while. Despite its euphemistic name, the facility is a state prison. But the inmates are just as excited about flights to outer space as if they had been picked for a trip to Jupiter; they feel that they are doing as much as anybody to make such a journey possible. The dedicated 18 are trying to live for six months on an entirely synthetic, cold liquid diet.

For Other People, it isn't easy. "No solid food, no coffee, and nothing hot—it's hard to take," says John Havlicek, a veteran of eleven years in the Marine Corps, combat in Korea, and five years in Folsom Prison, now in for armed robbery. "Food is a lot more important than you think. I dream a lot about food now. But I'm glad to be part of this project. I feel I'm doing something for a lot of people."

The idea for the diet originated ten years ago with Dr. Milton Winitz, 39, while he was working with amino acids in cancer research. The amino acids are the so-called building blocks of protein; theoretically, a man could live on them if he also got a seasoning of a few vitamins and minute amounts of other body chemicals.

Soon after Sputnik, Dr. Winitz began working on an amino-acid diet with Dr. Wallace L. Chan, a NASA consultant on synthetic foods. Now, with a \$400,000 grant from NASA, they are continuing their research at Vacaville. There, each week, they make 30 gallons of their Human Diet No. 9.

Brewing the stuff is no simple matter. First, the water must be distilled, redistilled and further purified to remove all contaminants. Then each of 18 amino acids must be weighed out, to the

thousandth of a gram, and dissolved. With the same micrometric accuracy, 16 vitamins are added, plus glucose, eleven salts, and ethyl linoleate—a fatty-acid substance. Finally, flavor is added. So far, only fruit flavors have proved practical. An attempt to give the volunteers a ration with a smoked-ham flavor failed because of interaction with the amino acids.

Each of the volunteers takes three synthetic meals a day. Since the men are not very active (though they can play pingpong and exercise in the gym), 2,400 calories are enough for a lightweight, while a 200-pounder may get 3,700. Each meal makes up a little more than a pint of syrupy liquid. It has to be cold, because some of the vitamins are destroyed by heat.

Two Years in a Capsule? To accustom the men to the rigorous confinement of the test, Medical Director Neil F. Gallagher gave them two weeks of conditioning before they switched to the liquid diet on Labor Day. Some of Diet No. 9's advantages for space flight are already apparent. The men have lost weight, but the loss seems to have been all fat: their muscle tone is still good. They have a bowel movement only every five or six days. Their mental alertness seems to have improved. Their morale is so good that several of them are talking expectantly about a proposed two-year experiment, with volunteers cramped into a dummy space capsule.

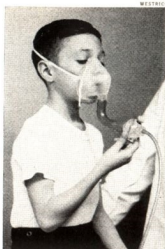
Because amino acids are now produced only in small quantities for research, the synthetic-formula diet comes high: \$12 per man per day. But the sources of raw material are inexhaustible; amino acids are synthesized from petroleum byproducts or sugar. Winitz and Chan are sure the price will tumble as demand increases. When the price is right, the researchers believe, a dollop of their formula could be added to the food intake of hundreds of millions of people, and wipe out malnutrition around the world.

HEREDITARY DISEASES

Aerosol for Breathing

Though cystic fibrosis has had intense attention from medical researchers in the past few years, bedside doctors still find it bafflingly difficult to deal with the disease, which involves both the lungs and the digestive tract. It is not for lack of trying: they are using a dozen or more different drugs and other treatments. Now, Pediatrician Herman W. Reas of St. Louis Children's Hospital has found that boosting the patient's breathing efficiency twice a day with a new aerosol drug eases his distress and promotes his general health.

The victim of cystic fibrosis, almost invariably a child because the disease is usually fatal before adulthood, has an inherited enzyme defect that damages



MIST TREATMENT FOR CYSTIC FIBROSIS
They sleep better too.

the oxygen-exchange cells in his lungs and reduces the elasticity of the lung walls. He does not breathe enough air in, nor let enough out. His windpipe and lungs become clogged with thick viscid mucus. The trick is to loosen and thin this mucus, and get rid of it.

Dr. Reas reports in the *Southern Medical Journal* that he used a new mist-making drug, N-acetylcysteine (trade named Mucomyst by Mead Johnson & Co.) on 28 patients aged 7 to 22. He clapped a face mask on his patients twice a day, before meals, and got them to inhale Mucomyst aerosol supplied under gentle pressure by a small pump. After 20 minutes, each bedridden child was turned into assorted head-down positions to help him spit out the mucus. Stronger children got rid of the mucus by taking a short but brisk run, which started them coughing.

Children with lung damage already far advanced received little benefit, but those with only moderate damage showed remarkable improvement after continuous treatment for two years or more. They could be far more active physically, they slept better (a boon to worn-out parents), they gained weight, and one grew three inches in 18 months as compared with only three-quarters of an inch in the preceding 18 months.

The Mucomyst spray is no cure, but it appears to be less irritating than previous aerosols. While its effects may be most dramatic in cystic fibrosis, the University of Mississippi's Dr. Watts R. Webb reports that the drug seems to be equally useful in other diseases in which mucus blocks breathing.

PUBLIC HEALTH

New Pattern of Disease

At first glance, Dr. Howard D. Chope's new job as director of public health and welfare for California's San Mateo County looked like a snap. Public health traditionally has been concerned mainly with vaccinations and microbes—small problems in San Ma-



MEALTIME AT VACAVILLE
They dream a lot.

teo. The water was good; the war-exploded population, 95% white, consisted mainly of well-educated, well-paid business and professional people. The women kept spotless kitchens and conscientiously took their well-scrubbed children to the pediatrician for inoculations. What was there for a public health officer to do?

Sky-High & Going Up. Plenty, decided Dr. Chope. He knew that most of San Mateo's residents were newcomers, lonely for home-town ties. They worked in highly competitive fields, and their budgets were strained by sky-high real estate prices and king-sized mortgages. Tension lived on every block, and Dr. Chope attacked it with his own updated concept of public health. He is not a psychiatrist, nevertheless he made his department unique in the nation by paying as much attention to mental as to microbial ills. "In our society today," he said, "stress, frustration and anxiety are the triggering mechanisms for more diseases than all the bacteria in the microbiology books."

Dr. Chope fought to have a broad new mental health program set up within his own department. He made it a rule that whenever a family or law officers applied to have a disturbed patient committed to a mental hospital, a psychiatrist visited the home before action was taken. Often, the psychiatrist found that the patient could be treated better (and more cheaply) outside a hospital. Dr. Chope also insisted on starting an "open door" psychiatric wing in the general hospital. Many psychiatrists, including some on his own staff, feared this would be a fatal error. If a violent patient committed an assault, the county would never forgive it. There has been no such incident, and the psychiatric wing is bursting its unlocked doors.

"If You Can Take It." Sooner or later, many business and professional people come to need the services of Dr. Chope's ultramodern public health department because they try to drown their tension in alcohol. Some, even among the highest paid, become welfare cases if they are too long between jobs, or have a catastrophic illness in the family. "San Mateo is a great place to live," says Dr. Chope, "if you can meet its exacting standards. But it's tough if you fall below the margin."

In recognition of both Dr. Chope's pioneering and the fact that the new pattern of disease so evident in San Mateo is also emerging in many another U.S. suburban community, the American Public Health Association last week gave Dr. Chope one of its annual \$5,000 Bronfman awards, donated by associates of Samuel Bronfman, longtime head of Seagram's liquors. Two other Bronfman awards went to Dr. Herman E. Hilleboe, longtime (1947-62) New York State Health Commissioner, and Marion B. Folsom, former (1955-58) Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

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SYLVANIA
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

RELIGION

CHURCH & STATE

No Other Ornamentation

Ever since the Supreme Court outlawed prayer and Bible reading in public schools, some Congressmen have felt that the nine Justices needed a little reminder that the nation—and the court—was still subject to a higher authority. One method proposed by South Carolina Democrat Robert T. Ashmore, in a bill before the House, is to inscribe the words "In God We Trust" on the marble frieze above the Supreme Court bench.

Chief Justice Earl Warren has now ruled the idea out of order. In a letter to the Capitol architect, Warren expressed the judgment of his colleagues that "ornamentation other than that provided in the original plans would detract from the total concept of the building."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

A Word to Outsiders

So far, the second session of the Vatican Council has dealt with schemata (agenda items) that have been of primary interest to Roman Catholics. This week the prelates are taking up an issue of profound interest to millions outside the church—the relationship of Catholicism to other faiths.

Two chapters in the schema on ecumenism stand out particularly as landmarks in the history of the 20th century church. One, which faces bitter opposition from Italian and Spanish conservatives at the council, declares that every man has the right to worship as his conscience dictates, and that all men, as well as the state, are duty-bound to respect this right. Says U.S. Jesuit John Courtney Murray: "This hits right at the heart of the old Roman thesis that freedom of religion is only tolerated when Catholics are in the minority, and disappears when Catholics are in the majority."

The other epoch-making chapter in the schema is a strong denunciation of anti-Semitism that has already been greeted warmly by Jewish leaders all over the world. Prepared by the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, the chapter describes the deep spiritual bond between the church and the chosen people, makes clear that guilt for the death of Jesus Christ rests upon all mankind. Preachers and catechists are warned that accounts of the Crucifixion must not give rise to hatred or persecution of the Jews.

The chapter concludes: "Since the church possesses such a common heritage with the synagogue, this sacred synod wants to foster and command in every way mutual understanding and esteem toward each other . . . Moreover, just as it severely condemns injustices to men wherever they occur,

so even more with maternal concern it deplorable and condemns hatreds and persecutions against the Jews whether they occurred in times past or in our own times."

CHARITIES

A Will & Two Ways

The southern tip of Texas is a desolate land—flat, sandy, baked the year round by a relentless sun. Ranches here are measured in thousands of acres, and some of the sprawling estates rest on an unexplored ocean of oil. It is over



BROTHER LEO

A talent for raising funds.

one such pool of wealth that two rival groups of Roman Catholics have been waging a bitter battle of words and wits that echoes all the way to the Vatican.

At stake is the fortune—which may prove to be worth as much as \$300 million—left by the late Sarita Kenedy East. She was a granddaughter of Captain Mifflin Kenedy, who was co-founder of the famed King Ranch and later became sole owner of the neighboring La Parra Ranch—an empire of 400,000 acres and 25,000 head of cattle. Sarita was an aloof and eccentric widow who liked her whisky and was more at ease with her Mexican ranch hands than with her wealthy landowning neighbors.

A Roman Catholic with strong charitable instincts, she changed her will in January 1960 leaving the bulk of her estate—a half-share of La Parra that includes rights to most of its untapped gas and oil—to a private charitable foundation. Codicils later named the Most Rev. Mariano Garriga, Roman

Catholic Bishop of Corpus Christi, one of Sarita's cousins, and her lawyer as foundation members.

New Monasteries. They did not stay members long. She was paid a visit by a Trappist monk called Brother Leo (Christopher Gregory) of St. Joseph's Abbey in Spencer, Mass. Brother Leo, whom she had known before, was apparently doing some fund raising on behalf of two fledgling Trappist monasteries that St. Joseph's was establishing in South America. Sarita took a liking to the personable monk, who received permission from his abbot to stay with her while she completed arrangements for disposing of her estate. She even gave power of attorney to Brother Leo, who took her off to the sites of the new monasteries in Chile and Argentina.

In June 1960, to the surprise of her Texas friends, Sarita dropped the three members of the foundation, substituted Brother Leo and two prominent Catholics from the East Coast: Millionaire Layman J. Peter Grace, president of W. R. Grace & Co., and the Rev. Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., head of a prayer-cruciating organization called Family Rosary, Inc. Eight months later Sarita died of cancer in a Manhattan hospital; Brother Leo, her constant companion during her last days, was at her bedside.

Vatican Intervention. Sarita's death created a legal battle that eventually forced the Vatican to intervene. Bishop Garriga sued to regain his old position as a member of the foundation. Sarita's cousin also sued for reinstatement, and got an injunction preventing Brother Leo, Grace and associates from touching any of the estate's funds. In addition, he demanded an accounting of \$1,000,000 that Brother Leo had withdrawn from Texas banks, apparently to finance the South American monasteries.

To complicate matters still more, 43 of Sarita's relatives sued to set aside the entire will, charging that Brother Leo had exercised a Svengali-like influence over a sick old woman of unsound mind. Eventually, Rome's Consistorial Congregation sent Archbishop John Krol of Philadelphia down to Texas to find out what was going on.

Separate Foundations. Last week the principal parties to the dispute seemed to be on the verge of an out-of-court settlement that would in effect create two separate foundations. About 80% of the estate, including Sarita's interest in La Parra and half the future oil royalties, would be administered by Bishop Garriga, the rest by the Eastern Catholics. By the time they settle, the claimants will have more money than they bargained for: since Sarita's death, oil royalties have increased the value of the estate by \$2,000,000. As for Brother Leo, he presumably would have little to say about where the income from any foundation went now. He has been assigned to Our Lady of the Andes, the new monastery in Chile that was built with the help of Sarita's funds. His job there: herding cattle.



One for the office — one for the road

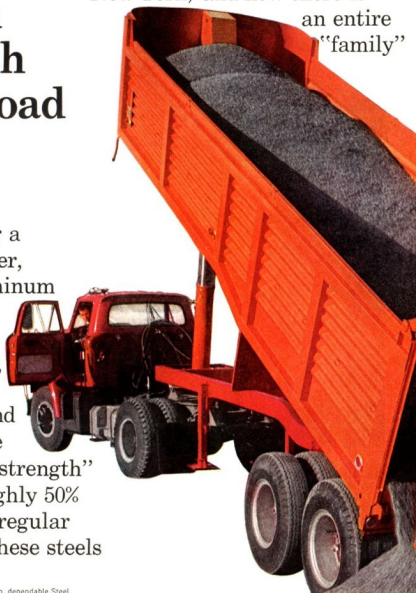
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CORPORATION

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are so much stronger than carbon steel, a thinner, lighter section can support the load. U. S. Steel made the first true high strength steel in this nation (still giving yeoman service in the 54-year-old Queensboro Bridge in New York) and now there is an entire "family"



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of high strength steels, each with its own characteristics. Two of this family of high strength steels were used to build the trailer: USS EX-TEN Steel, which offers more strength per dollar than any other trailer material, and USS COR-TEN Steel, which offers high strength plus a unique ability to protect itself against atmospheric corrosion. To finish the story, about 50 of these high strength, lightweight steel trailers are now in service.



Maintenance costs are low, and since steel is so weldable, the trailers are easy to repair when someone whams a power shovel bucket into them. United States Steel is constantly working to develop new products and innovations in steel's use.

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MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS

The Well-Tempered *Muzykanty*

Their bow tips rise and fall over their nine violins with the discipline of smoothly moving piston rods. Beneath the ping of a pizzicato the big-bellied strings—three violas, three cellos and a bass—growl like well-tuned sports cars. The horns sing out on the curves as the harpsichord taps its delicate echo in the background.

This carefully tooled engine of music is the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, a group of 22 young, well-tempered *muzykanty* currently touring the U.S. with a rich repertoire that runs from Bach to Bartok. At the wheel is Conductor Rudolf Barshai, 39, a trim violinist who organized the group in 1955 at the Moscow Conservatory.

Cast Iron & Silver. Bored with string quartets and big orchestras, Barshai set out to build an 18th century chamber orchestra that he hoped would do justice to the "more profound" composers—Bach, Vivaldi, Handel and Mozart. He found plenty of recruits eager to put up with his tough discipline. To achieve its tight-togetherness, the group practices six days a week, eleven months a year. And the work is all the tougher because Barshai insists that all the instruments (save the harpsichord and cellos) be played from a standing position, just as in Bach's day.

The resultant sound has pleased critics from Novosibirsk to Ann Arbor, where the group opened the Middle Western segment of its two-month U.S. tour last week. The New York Times found Barshai's strings "a core of cast iron overlaid with silver." Later, a three-night stand at Carnegie Hall was sold out—largely because Russia's great father and son violinists, David and Igor Oistrakh, appeared on



MUNSEL AS POPPEA, WITH NERO
It was alive after 321 years.

the program. But Barshai's group did not suffer in comparison.

Bach & Brubeck. The group's acknowledged skill only emphasizes its relative youth: First Violinist Evgeny Smirnov is 26, while Cellist Yuly Turovsky, the youngest member, has not yet turned 25. Indeed, to look at them, Barshai's wonders could pass for young American jazzniks—especially Bassist Feodor Plyat, 26, who wears horn-rims, and Oboist Evgeny Nepalo, 27, whose lank 6 ft. 4 in. is topped by a brown crew-cut. Though it prefers Bach, the group does, in fact, dig jazz. Its preference: the clean-lined cool of Erroll Garner and Dave Brubeck.

Accompanied by a burly, beetle-browed "manager," the group has had little chance to fraternize with Americans. But as they push on toward Chicago, Laramie and points west, they can be sure to find friendly ears anxious to hear their taut, well-tempered sound.

OPERA

The Seeds of Verdi

The tale of dissolution that unfolded before the first-night audience in Venice's Theater of St. John and St. Paul had the tang of vintage Tennessee Williams. It was rife with adultery and assassination, seduction and suicide, torture and a touch of transvestism. But the premiere took place 321 years ago, the format was operatic, and its author was the revered "father of modern opera" himself, Claudio Monteverdi.

In Dallas this week, Monteverdi's rarely performed *Coronation of Poppea* proved its viability by inaugurating the 1963 Dallas Civic Opera season. And it was not the salacious story that kept *Poppea* popping. In Monteverdi's musical and theatrical masterpiece burgeo the seeds of the great operas of succeeding centuries—hints of Verdi, Wagner and Richard Strauss.

Empress of Rome. Born in 1567, the son of a physician of Cremona, Claudio Monteverdi quickly nudged the Italian

Renaissance out of its hidebound musical stance. As a young master of the madrigal under the patronage of the ducal Gonzaga family of Mantua, he met with success but grew weary of music's rigid rules. The seasaw violin bored him, so he invented the tremolo and pizzicato.

Poppea was the first opera to deal primarily with human rather than mythological character and psychology, set the stage for the *bel canto* style. But beside Monteverdi's hopped-up humans, his gods look like so many bank clerks. *Poppea*'s action centers on the infatuation of the Roman Emperor Nero with his mistress, Poppea, an affair held in dubious check by Nero's Stoic mentor Seneca. Poppea, slinkily played in Dallas by Patrice Munsel in a white gown slit to the hip, finally turns Nero's golden-curl head, and he orders Seneca to commit suicide. Meanwhile, Nero's wife Octavia and Poppea's husband Ottone plot an assassination. Ottone, clad in his own mistress' dress, sneaks into Poppea's room but is discovered. Nero wrings the story from Ottone's mistress, Drusilla, by torture. He banishes the plotters, sets his wife adrift alone in a boat, and crowns Poppea empress of Rome.

Seduction Scene. Monteverdi's original ran five hours, but Dallas Musical Director Nicola Rescigno pared it down to two hours and a half for his production. Where Monteverdi framed his action in *tableaux vivants*, Director-Choreographer Luciana Novaro, on loan from La Scala, wrung all the action possible from the remaining 15 scenes. The results were most effective in the assassination attempt and in the seduction scene that sealed Seneca's fate.

Concert revivals of *Poppea* have been used to striking effect, but Dallas tried to preserve the late-Renaissance splendor of the original production. If most of the opening-night Texans agreed with Dallas Times Herald Music Critic Eugene Lewis, who wrote "Puccini it isn't," some of them also realized that without Monteverdi, Puccini might never have been.



OISTRAKHS & BARSHAI
They stand up and ping.

A TALE OF

AL'S STORY: "Nice day for driving." I put my suitcase and shaving kit in the trunk.

"Will you call me?" Marge always worries.

"Sure, honey." I dropped my briefcase on the front seat and took out a road map. Highway 10 to Carlton... 212 to Bettis... 76 into the city.

When I started the engine, Marge picked up Shelley and she gave me a kiss. "Drive carefully," Marge said.

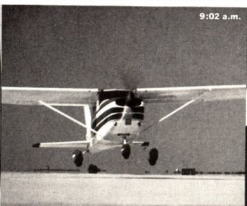
I nodded and looked at my watch: 9:01 a.m. I waved and pulled out of the drive.

The traffic was light on the way to

Carlton and I noticed as I drove through that it was only 11:02 on the church clock. Good time!

A short stretch of 212 was blocked off for resurfacing, so by the time I got to Bettis I was hungry. I pulled into a small drive-in and ordered a hamburger and a milk shake. It was 12:14 by the clock in the drive-in window.

After I got back on the highway I moved right along for a couple of hours. At 2:10 I noticed the gas needle hovering close to empty and so I drove into the next station. While the attendant filled her up, I got out and walked around to stretch my legs.



TWO TRAVELERS

CAR VS PLANE
ON A TYPICAL
BUSINESS TRIP

RAY'S STORY: It was a beautiful day for flying. Bob, my company's engineer, put my briefcase on the floor behind the co-pilot's seat, and I got in. We would fly a direct route over Carlton... south of Bettis... then Simon Memorial Field. 400 air miles.

I started the Skyhawk and we taxied to the end of the runway. The tower cleared us, I checked the time and gave her full throttle. Takeoff at 9:02 a.m.

When we leveled off at 6,000 feet, Bob began explaining his technical solutions to the contract we were after.

At 9:50 we passed over the old church steeple at Carlton.

Forty minutes later, Bettis was off our right wing and I made a quick check on the winds. Time and distance gave us a 120 m.p.h. ground speed. Not too good... a slight head wind. We'd lose seven minutes en route.

It was 12:22 when we touched down at Simon Memorial. We could eat at the airport and then catch a taxi to the plant.

We walked into J.R.'s office at 1:30. Bob showed J.R. our tentative plans and then we drove out to the new plant site. It took a little dickering, but we finally came to terms. Then J.R. drove us back to the airport.

J.R. was a little curious about our Cessna and so I pointed out a few of the details. I think he was pretty impressed

"Seventy-six still the best road from here on in?" I asked.

"Yep." He took the money and gave me change.

"Any shortcuts?"

"Nope." He smiled and shrugged his shoulders. I drove back onto the highway.

Twenty miles out of the city the highway opens into six lanes. The sun was getting low and the traffic was getting pretty heavy. I checked my watch. No wonder... 5:13 p.m. The factories were letting out and people were anxious to get home to their families. I was getting a little tired.

At the outer cloverleaf I entered the freeway and turned on my headlights. Now I'd make better time.

I pulled under the hotel marquee at 6:44. The doorman told me there was no garage fee for overnight guests, so I took my luggage out and told him to have the car parked.

I had a cigarette and planned my evening. First I'd check in and call Marge. Then I'd hunt around to find a decent restaurant. After dinner I'd go back to the room and read a while. A good night's sleep and I'd be ready to go after 'em tomorrow.

425 miles... pretty good day's work.

THE THEATER

Rococo Rotter

Man and Boy, by Terence Rattigan. Last season Charles Boyer starred in *Lord Pengo*, a tracing-paper-thin characterization of Art Wheeler-Dealer Joseph Duveen. Boyer was slyly fascinating; the play provoked yawns. In *Man and Boy*, Boyer plays Gregor Antonescu, a blurry plotting-pad version of the 20th century's master swindler, Ivar Kreuger. Boyer makes a charming cad; the play is a jaw-aching bore. If the evening proves anything, it is merely that actors who are graded 100 for talent sometimes get zero for judgment.

Playwright Rattigan's judgment ranks little higher. In a crucial scene, he asks the playgoer to believe that the homosexual president of a mammoth U.S. corporation would blandly ignore a \$6,000,000 auditing discrepancy in Antonescu's books just to get the telephone number of a boy who has taken his fancy. The boy (Barry Justice) is Antonescu's illegitimate son, and the father is dangling him as pervert bait to land a merger that may save his Depression-gored financial empire. While waiting for this rococo rotter to tot up his accounts with a final bullet, idle-minded theater partygoers may wonder, in days to come, whether this playwright was found in Terence Rattigan's typewriter or his wastebasket.

Duel in a Snake Pit

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest, by Dale Wasserman, hinges on a duel in a loony bin, and the play seems almost as disturbed and disturbing as its setting. Ward Nurse Ratched (Joan Tetzel) is a kind of female Fu Manchu with incredibly sweeping authority. If a patient steps out of line, she punishes him with electric shock treatments.

This steely female terror is challenged by Randle McMurphy (Kirk Douglas), a rugged, open-hearted rebel who bristles at rules. McMurphy is classified as a "psychopathic" brawler. He tries to put spunk into the patients and when his good-humored kindness restores speech to a chronic mute, Nurse Ratched is remorseless.

Played with fire and ice by Kirk Douglas and Joan Tetzel, *Cuckoo's Nest* is implausible, if scarifying, viewed as realism. Wasserman intends the insane asylum as a metaphor for the world. But instead of cracking sick jokes, he ought to have tried for outright theater-of-the-absurd. The play gains in tension what it loses in triteness by linking Nurse Ratched's oppression of the patients to her sexual repression of herself.

While Playwright Wasserman's motives are pro-human and anti-authoritarian, he crudely mistakes outrage for rage, license for liberty, and intellectual dandruff for ideas. It is rather a pity, for at moments he shows a gift for lighting up secret crannies of the human heart.



by the time we said good-bye.

After takeoff I set climb power and turned toward home. Now we'd have a tail wind. Bettis, Carlton and on in. It felt good to sit back and just let the world go by.

When we taxied in, it was 6:06 p.m. There was a family standing at the air terminal. The kids waved and I waved back. I can still remember those childhood days when I used to go out and watch the planes land.

Inside the flight lounge I headed for the phone. I'd call Betty and tell her to have dinner on the table in 15 minutes.

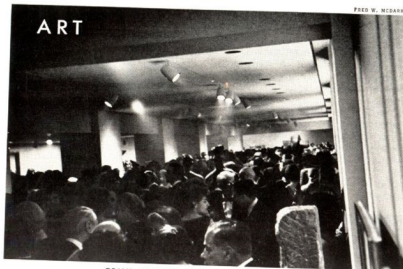
800 miles and a signed contract... pretty good day's work.

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CESSNA

ART

FRED W. McDARRAH



GRAND OPENING AT MARLBOROUGH-GERSON

"You can't see the pictures. You can't even see the people."

Going for Baroque

Gallery openings in Manhattan are beginning to rival the opera in silken elegance and the subway for sheer squeeze. Last week's opening of the new Marlborough-Gerson Gallery looked as if it was getting in the last word, if not the entire madding crowd in Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*. In chilly evening winds, great red and green banners flapped from flagpoles outside the gallery's sixth floor façade above 57th Street. Nothing could dissuade the 2,500 art lovers, beehives and beetle-cuts alike, from donning black tie and white brocade theater coats to come to look at one another.

Though Marlborough-Gerson is reputedly the world's largest gallery (11,000 sq. ft.), the place was so packed that at the height of the party, invited guests could not even get out of the elevator. Finally, firemen ordered the doors closed to newcomers until the crowd cleared. It was really too late. "You can't see the pictures," moaned a lovely thing in a floor-scrapping green gown. "You can't even see the people. You can just feel them."

Waiters wedged through the crowd trying to serve champagne and French biscuits. Only the sculpture was un-moved by the crush. The outstretched leg of Rodin's *Iris* was a hazard for every passing guest. Tripped up by Henry Moore's sprawling, 800-lb. *King and Queen*, a white-jacketed waiter crashed down in bubbly embarrassment. At least one person was served something besides refreshment: at the moment he least expected it, Artist Larry Rivers was handed a subpoena from the Tibor de Nagy Gallery, which claims he violated a contract to join monolithic Marlborough's stable of 52 artists. For some reason, the beneficiaries of the party were neither painters nor sculptors, but rather the Musicians Emergency Fund. They were left far

from broke by the baroque affair. Sales of tickets and catalogues for the opening night of the show, a tribute to the late dealer Curt Valentin, netted a tidy \$12,000. This week recuperated New Yorkers could pay \$1 and return for an unjust look.

Coats of Many Colors

Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor any manner of likeness, of any thing...

—Exodus 20:4

David Aronson, son of an immigrant Lithuanian rabbi, breaks the Torah's Second Commandment with exquisite verve. He not only graven golden images, but even takes them from the Bible. Their pinched faces and twisted bodies are distorted with the febrile passion of Aronson's acknowledged artistic influence, El Greco.

Devil's Footboard. That their youngest son took up art was reason for sackcloth and ashes at the Aronson home. His first one-man show drew a drubbing from the Jewish Daily Forward's art critic. Another critic called his seven-foot-long *Last Supper*, with its disciples writhing as if from indigestion, "a suitable footboard for the devil's bed." Recently a patriarch of the ultraorthodox Hasidim sect paid a visit to Aronson's studio and saw only apostasy. The patriarch's son, a bearded Hasidic rabbi, last week came for a second despairing look at the opening of Aronson's latest display of images, graven or otherwise, in Manhattan's Nordness Gallery.

Art has always been a rebellion for Aronson. After eight years of Hebrew studies, he turned against the strictures of orthodoxy and started learning to paint with Karl Zerbe. At first he defiantly depicted only New, therefore more forbidden, Testament figures. Works like his *Young Christ* (see color) won him a place in 1946's *14 Americans* exhibit at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art.

Fiery Finish. During the heyday of abstract expressionism, Aronson's figurative works lost their audience. Meanwhile he delved into the occult Cabalistic thought of the late-medieval European Jews, who saw nature as a deceptive cloak thrown over man's divine essence. Aronson's new subjects included the golem, or automaton, brought to life by magic and capable of either good or evil. Another was the dybbuk, a wicked spirit that can only be exorcised (usually through the small toe) by a wonder-working rabbi.

For his technique as well as ideas, Aronson turns to the past. "In a sense, I'd have been at home if I'd lived 600 years ago," he says. He is the U.S.'s foremost master of the ancient and dangerous medium of encaustic, a blend of wax, resin, varnish and oil fused together by heat. His paintings always burst into flame. Says he: "It's like working on a hot griddle, scrambling eggs." The result is a warm, waxy panel, more durable and more translucent than oils.

Bronze Shards. Aronson, 40, chairman of Boston University's art department, is a master of many techniques. His eight-foot-tall drawings of *The Concert* show musicians levitating through clouds of charcoal. His bronze bas-reliefs have ragged edges as if these too were shards from some ancient temple. Faces peer and hands pry through the surface as if trying to poke through to heaven. Although cast in medieval garb and aglow with the epicurean colors of Rembrandt, the art of David Aronson merely stages modern problems in ancient dress. What Aronson pictures is man's effort to cast aside his graven image, discard his mask of duplicity. He has succeeded where few contemporaries have even dared to try in marrying today's religious concerns with the visual arts.



ARONSON & "THE APPRENTICE"
He was cause for sackcloth and ashes.

BEN MARTIN

MODERN TESTAMENT OF DAVID ARONSON



"THE YOUNG CHRIST" (1945) is view of Messiah as pensive stripling.



"THE ITINERANT" (1963) is a wandering Hasidic magical minstrel, painted in shimmering molten wax.

"THE GOLEM" (1958) SHOWS LEGENDARY JEWISH ROBOT MADE OF DUST AND CLAY.



DONO

...I give

DONAS

...you give

DONAT

...(s)he gives

DONAMUS

...we give

DONATIS

...you give

DONANT

...they give



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SCIENCE

ENGINEERING

Underground Cold War

Up north around the Arctic Circle, scientists and engineers have been engaged for years in a cold war that knows no politics. From both sides of the Iron Curtain, volunteers enlist in the fight against a common enemy: permafrost, the iron-hard layer of dirt and rock bonded together by year-round ice. Permafrost underlies 20% of the earth's land area. It is 150 ft. thick at Fairbanks, Alaska, more than 2,000 ft. thick beneath the Taimyr Peninsula in Russia. Permafrost blocks well shafts, freezes oil drills, makes water piping and sewage disposal costly, heaves up 5-ft. hummocks in airport runways. Thawed, it only gets worse. Heated buildings tilt on their softened foundations. Blacktop highways often absorb enough heat to melt their way downhill.

Last week Western and Soviet permafrost experts got together at Purdue for a five-day conference on ways and means of heating up their underground cold war. Eventually the assembly settled down to develop two lines of strategy—attack and conservation.

The five-man Russian team, in particular, seemed interested in large-scale efforts to get rid of permafrost at mining or construction sites. Pointing out that massive blasting is too expensive, it offered plans for melting permafrost by solar heat trapped beneath huge sheets of plastic, and for electrifying the ground to move aside the water that makes permafrost so unreliable during partial thaws.

Others at the conference, conceding that the Russians talk with the authority of experience dating back to the 19th century construction of the trans-Siberian railroad, nonetheless found such schemes too far out.

U.S. scientists described the aerial mapping techniques that were used with great success to pick relatively solid sites for DEW line stations. Norwegian engineers explained how simple insulation prevents frost-heaving beneath their rail lines. Refrigerated well linings were described as an approach to keeping permafrost in place, but refrigerated

ated building foundations, widely heralded a few years back, were rejected as too expensive to be practical.

The conferees faced up to the fact that as the north grows in population and economic importance, some permafrost problems will become more severe. Sanitary Engineer Amos Alter, 47, chief engineer of the Alaska Department of Health, detailed some of the elaborate methods now being tried for heating and pumping sewage in his burgeoning cities. And in a far-out speculation of his own, he suggested that in the future arctic liquids and wastes could be purified and recycled in "some sort of closed-circuit arrangement" that would treat whole cities in the manner now planned for two-man space capsules.

NAVIGATION

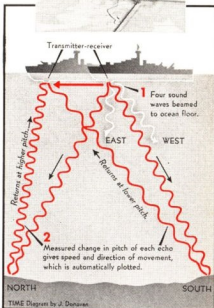
Easy Accuracy at Sea

Deep below deck, with all the mindless certainty of a Ouija board, a marking pen moved by steel fingers glided across a nautical chart of Narragansett Bay. As he followed the pen's thin red line, a Navy lieutenant, cut off from any view of the water, telephoned commands to the bridge. At each command, the helmsman altered course, and the 65-ft. test ship *Alan* threaded neatly among islands and inlets. Each change in direction and speed was instantly recorded by the moving pen.

Delicate Marriage. The easy accuracy of the Raytheon navigator that the *Alan* was demonstrating for the Navy last week masked a delicate marriage of intricate techniques: the sonar sound-detection systems that have been used by submarines and sub detectors since World War II, and the more advanced electronic navigation devices that have recently come into use aboard high-speed aircraft. Mounted beneath the *Alan's* hull are four small pairs of sound projectors and receivers. A gyrocompass keeps them constantly aimed toward the cardinal points of the compass as powerful beams of sound are caromed off the ocean floor and picked up again.

The noise that comes back from the bottom is changed in frequency by the movement of the ship. This easily detected frequency shift is the celebrated Doppler effect, and a computer translates the change into speed-and-direction instructions for the automatic marking pen. A single dial adjusts the navigator to the scale of any standard marine chart. And last week's sea trial found the new Doppler sonar accurate within a startling 20 yds.

Man Overboard. Now that his newest brainchild has proved such a prodigy, Sonar Engineer Edwin Turner, 64, plans to deliver two prototypes to the Navy for further trials and then retire. He stresses that Doppler sonar is a supplement, not a replacement for radar and



SKIPPER* & DEVICE AT WORK
Like an undersea Ouija board.

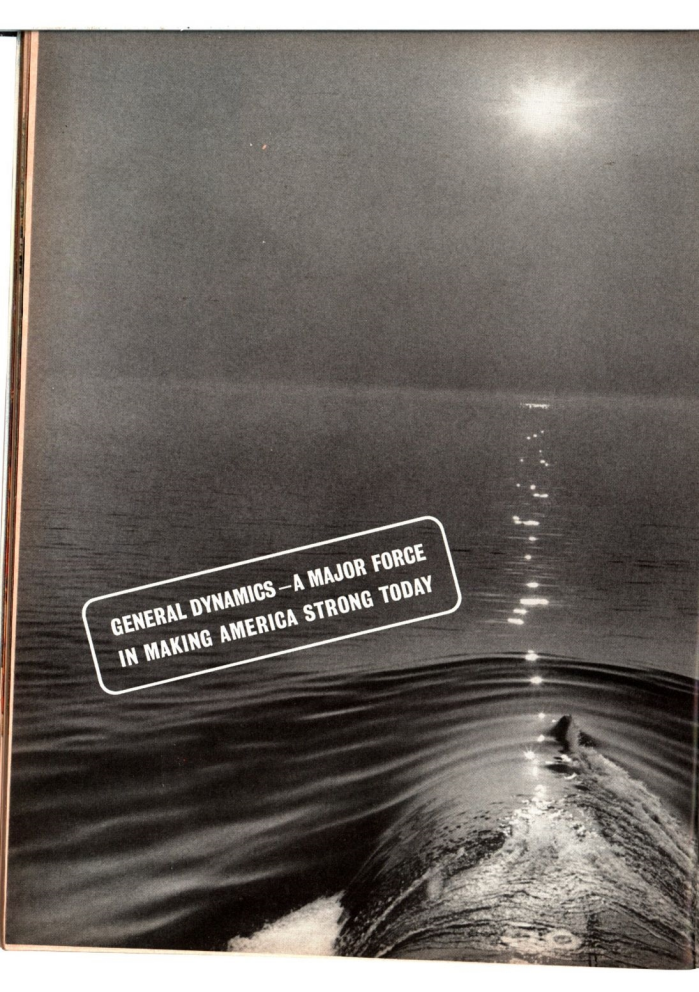
other modern navigational aids. It can function properly only in well-charted waters or far at sea, where the course picked out by its pen is not likely to run into unexpected obstacles. The Navy already has a built-in need for such a device on many of its ships, and along the world's coastlines, where the bulk of merchant shipping still plies its way, the new navigator may soon prove indispensable. Though the first commercial models may cost upwards of \$10,000, the price is expected eventually to come within pocketbook range of the well-heeled amateur skipper.

In the most dramatic test of the new navigator last week, a sailor-sized, life-jacketed dummy nicknamed "Oscar" was pitched off the stern. At the shout "Man overboard!", the lieutenant in the hold marked the chart and began barking commands. When the red line had curved back on itself, there was Oscar, 10 yds. to port, in more danger of being run down than drowned.

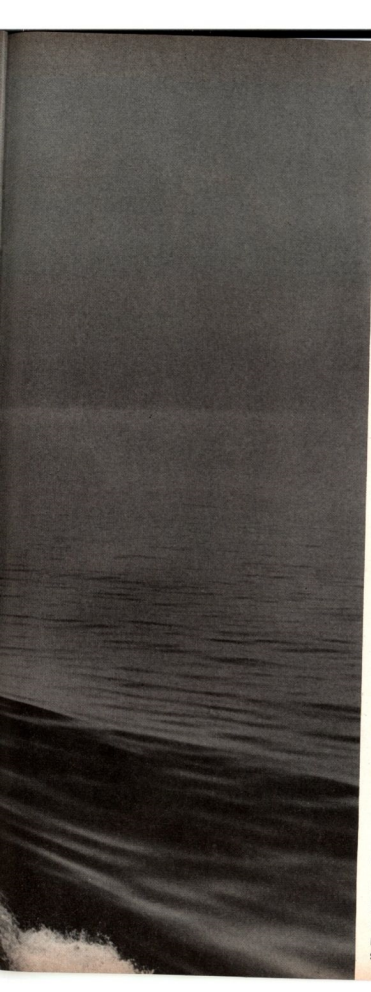
* Raytheon's Maxson Langworthy.



ALASKA HOUSE SINKING INTO PERMAFROST
Where a thaw just makes matters worse.



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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Gold in the Air

If John Augustus Sutter were alive today, he would fold his mill and buy into the Columbia Broadcasting System. CBS announced last week a proposed 2-for-1 split of its common stock. It also raised its quarterly cash dividend from 35¢ to 45¢ a share.

The reason for all this pre-holiday cheer was a set of figures that could conservatively be described as phenomenal. The company's net income for July, August and September was 97% higher—let's have that one again—97% higher—than it was for the same period last year. It took in about \$4,500,000 in the summer of 1962 and more than \$9,000,000 this year. And for 1963 as a whole, CBS has already earned more than \$28 million on sales of \$395 million. At this time last year, it was just riching along with \$19 million.

People who bought CBS stock as recently as last January already have doubled their money. Board Chairman William S. Paley lightened his CBS holdings by 75,000 shares last February, realizing \$3,675,000 cash. If he were to have sold the same shares last week, he would have collected well over \$6,000,000. But he isn't suffering. He still holds 855,000 shares (soon to be 1,710,000), worth almost \$70 million.

Columbia Broadcasting System is not just a television company. Columbia Records adds a lot of mince to the pie, and CBS Radio is no dust bowl. CBS executives say that fresh interest in radio is a factor in the new radiant financial picture. Also they have sharply trimmed their operating costs, jacking up profits all around.

But CBS Television and those Petticoated Hillbillies, Lucys and Andy Griffiths are the fundamental money spinners. The second national Nielsen report came out last week, demonstrating that CBS was still the national champ—for the 56th week in a row.



WILLIAM S. PALEY
Just call it CBS.



ETHEL MERMAN AT THE PLAZA
Still at that magic laryngeal age.

NIGHTCLUBS

Delicious, Delectable, De-lovely

The Persian Room, part of Manhattan's Hotel Plaza, is a kind of Metropolitan Museum for living canvases, where genteel singers, chiefly female, keep the blue-rinse and cuff-links crowd smoothly entertained through dinner, under a ceiling so high that the usual stratum of nightclub-blue smoke rises healthily out of sight. Right now, though the tinkly quiet has vanished, extra chairs have been packed in, and jamming crowds nightly try to fight their way past the velvet rope—for the smoke is on the performing floor. Ethel Merman is there.

No Crooner. At 54, she looks her age, with sunburnt wrinkles around her boot-button eyes. But she wears her years with indifference. And age has very little to do with her appeal. She was 21 when she started and brought the house down with *I Got Rhythm*. But she was never a sex object. She was mostly the hearty hostess, amused by the raucous comedy of life and essentially detached. Her manner suggested that sex wasn't everything, that exuberance could give vitality to even the middle-aged and the homely. She palpably could never see herself as a romantic, and the arranged embrace at play's end with the second-ranked character always seemed a little stiff, as if her corsets were binding her.

She stays in character amidst the powdered elegance of the Persian Room. "I've been in nightclubs before," she rasps at the customers, "but I've always been on the other side of the highballs. No holds barred. Anything I miss hasn't been invented yet." But then the great klaxon voice takes over. It sounds 26, or whatever the most magic laryngeal age is, and she hardly needs the frightened little mike she conceals in her brassière. Those big metallic syllables, perfectly enunciated, come forth like bullets and mow down the crowd. "I must admit," she says, "I don't exactly croon a tune."

On ankles like a college freshman's, she bounces around as she sings, and cuts little dance steps that underpin the

structure of her song. And no matter what lines she delivers—"It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delectable, it's delirious, it's dilemma, it's de-limit, it's deluxe, it's de-lovely"—she adds no fillips. She enjoys herself too. When a song finishes and she steps for a moment out of the conical spotlight glare, her face puckers like a little girl's in the near darkness and she smiles.

Plans & Sentiments. Thrice divorced—most recently from Bob Six, president of Continental Airlines—Ethel Merman has two grown children, a son who is a student of drama at Carnegie Tech and a daughter who is married to an insurance man in Colorado Springs. She lives in Manhattan's Park Lane Hotel. As a sort of braided-grass widow, she is free to move and move she does. This winter she will be the headliner at London's huge, expensive Talk of the Town, a nightclub that is sort of a big, bustling Latin Quarter. She is lining up concert dates in Japan and Australia. Meanwhile she is all over TV, a frequent guest of people like Bob Hope and Perry Como. Her newest film is *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* (see CINEMA). She says she is through with Broadway, which ties her down too much, and her fans will have to take her in solo, concentrated form from now on, in these retrospective nightclub shows.

Her somewhat sentimental sign-off is *There's No Business Like Show Business*, meaning to indicate that she's damned glad that a girl named Ethel Zimmerman of the Astoria section of Queens once dropped the Zim, quit her job as a secretary to the president of the B. K. Vacuum Booster-Brake Co., and went into show biz. Standing ovations indicate that other people are too.

ACTRESSES

Maggie, Maggie

For the past seven weeks, according to Variety, *The V.I.P.s* has been among the top ten moneymaking movies now playing in the U.S. It's not much of a movie, and the reason people were going into the theaters at all was to see Elizabeth Taylor. When they came out,

!

It has no electronic tubes to burn out; transistors replace the old tubes.

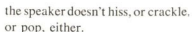
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TIME, NOVEMBER 22, 1963

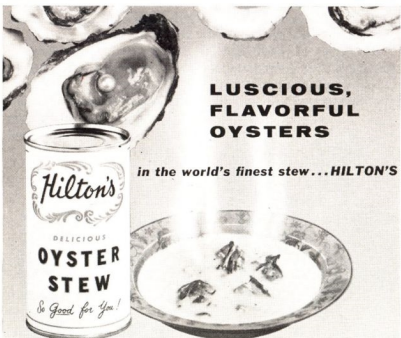
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likely as not, they were asking: "Who is Maggie Smith?"

Maggie Smith plays a secretary to one of the V.I.P.s. Since the movie is one of those *Farmers Hotel* assemblages of separate stories, Maggie and Elizabeth never appear together, which is too bad. For when Maggie Smith is on the screen, the picture moves.

The girl who effects this contrast is a British actress with dark red hair, a smile that could win a war or at least make one worth losing, and "a light in her eye"—as one London critic rhapsodized—"which would melt the heart of a gun dog." At the moment, she is starring in the London production of Jean Kerr's *Mary, Mary*, and, as another critic summarized the reaction of all, "the night belongs to Miss Smith—



MISS SMITH

"I've got a nice bashed-in face."

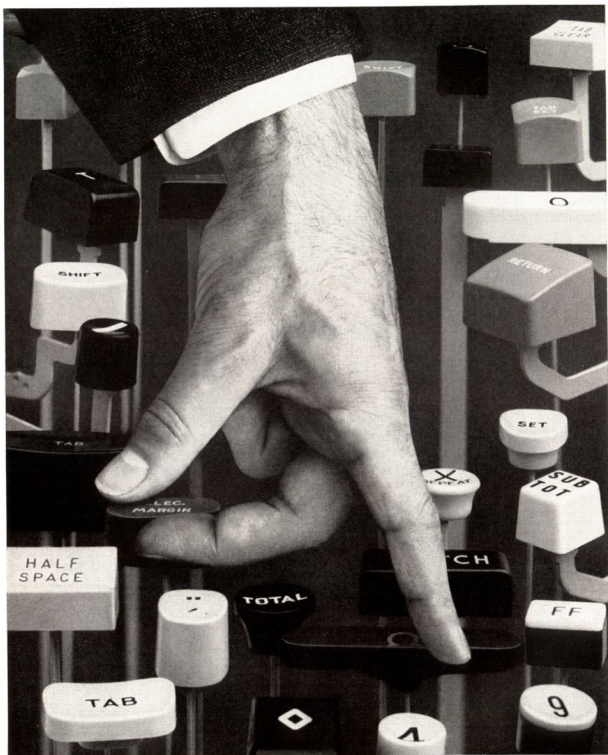
laconic and nervous, superb in comedy, touching in pathos, a gem of an actress, a dish."

Next spring she will play Desdemona to Sir Laurence Olivier's first *Othello*. Last January she was named the outstanding actress in the West End during 1962 for her part in Peter Shaffer's linked one-acters, *The Private Ear* and *The Eye*.

She is 28 and was reared in Oxford, where her father is a public-health pathologist. For an actress, she has a fantastic lack of ego. "I'm a pinhead who's all eyes and teeth," she says. "I'm dull, uninteresting, shy, ordinary. No scalding sex life. No scandal. No punch-ups.* Even my best friends tell me I've got a nice bashed-in face."

Most audiences would dispute her, and so would her fellow actors. After a season with the Old Vic, she played opposite Olivier in *Rhinoceros*. "Marvelous," said Sir Larry. Richard Burton was wary of doing a scene with her in *The V.I.P.s* and, as he had feared, she took the scene away from him. "Grand larceny it was," he said without rancor.

* First fights.



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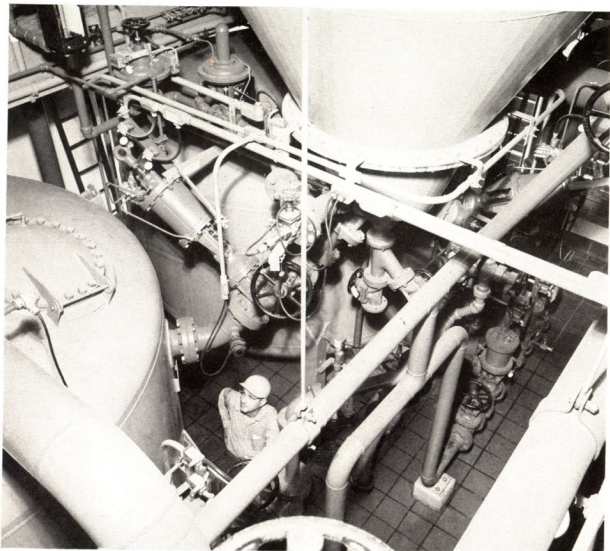
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U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Fire from the Left

The forces that once most ardently supported the economic policies of the Kennedy Administration are showing increasing disenchantment with the way the Administration is handling the economy. For months, a number of labor leaders, Democratic legislators and liberal economists have privately expressed their dissatisfaction, but their complaints are now breaking out into the open and causing the Administration chagrin and embarrassment.

Into a Tight Corner. Last week in Manhattan, A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany called advancing automation "a curse" and repeated his call for a 35-hour week—both positions that the Administration's economists have rejected. Fortnight ago Walter Reuther told a meeting of union chiefs that Walter Heller, the President's chief economic adviser, had "understated" the unemployment problem. Criticism of specific Administration economic proposals has also been coming with more regularity from such academic economists as Yale's William Fellner, Vanderbilt's Rendigs Fels and Michigan State University's Charles Killingsworth, who recently charged that "the Administration's economic balance is seriously incomplete."

In perhaps the unkindest cut of all, Kennedy men have been coming in for intensified attacks in Congress from such liberal Senators as Paul Douglas, Albert Gore and Abraham Ribicoff. The outcry was evident last week in the Senate Finance Committee, where Democratic liberals roundly chewed out Heller when he testified on the tax bill. Gore sarcastically criticized Heller's economics, and Ribicoff snapped: "I think the Administration is painting itself into a pretty tight corner. You are going to have to spend more." Heller got such a rough going-over from the liberals that conservative Harry Byrd hardly had to do any work.

Into One Basket. The liberal dissatisfaction is based largely on the belief that the Administration has tied practically its entire economic program to a tax cut as its solution to all that is amiss in the economy. The Administration's theory is that the way to get at U.S. unemployment, which stays at a persistently high figure (5.7%), is to put more money in the consumer's pocket to increase demand and more in the corporation's coffers to encourage investment in plant and equipment, which in turn creates new jobs.

The liberals were distressed to begin with that the Administration so readily gave up the battle for tax reform in its eagerness for a tax cut, and Senator Paul Douglas complains of "huge truck-holes in the tax system." Many liberals insist that the tax cut alone will not give



SAMUELSON



HELLER



GORE



DOUGLAS

Look who's criticizing.

the economy the extra boost it needs to cut unemployment sufficiently. They contend that labor productivity has been growing so fast that the nation's productive capacity is greater than Heller's Council of Economic Advisers calculated when it settled on an \$11 billion tax cut—and that such a cut will create less employment than expected. With their usual eagerness for public works, they believe that greater Government spending must accompany a tax cut, criticize Kennedy's promise to hold the spending line in fiscal 1965.

Doing the Possible. The annoyance in the Administration's voice comes from the belief that it already has enough trouble in its efforts to get a tax cut past Congress. "Labor and the liberals should wait until the returns are in before jumping to conclusions," says Walter Heller. Despite the liberal disenchantment, Heller still has some influential supporters. M.I.T.'s Paul Sam-

uelson believes that a tax cut "will do much more to relieve structural unemployment" than many critics believe. Harvard's Seymour Harris, usually one of the most outspoken of the liberal economists, now cautions in the pragmatic Kennedy manner. "I know a lot of liberals would like to have some spending," he says, "but this is not politically possible. The President has to do what is politically possible."

RETAILING

Don't Wait for Thanksgiving

It used to be that the Christmas season began at Thanksgiving—but it seems to be getting earlier every year. This year, Thanksgiving is late, and there are only 22 shopping days between Thanksgiving and Christmas, the shortest span that can occur in the six-year cycle. Last week, with Thanksgiving still a good fortnight away, many of the nation's stores began breaking out in Christmas lights and decorations, advertising Christmas sales and scheduling extra late-shopping nights.

Christmas is serious business to the merchant—amounting to about 20% of his year's trade—and also serious business to the economy. With the economic recovery now 33 months old, 1963's Christmas sales will be closely watched for signs that the consumer is either stepping up or cutting back on his prolonged spending spree. Partially because the traditional season is 20% shorter this year, and partially because many merchants find it hard to believe that their good luck can continue indefinitely, only 49% of the stores queried last month by the National Retail Merchants Association felt that this year's Christmas sales will exceed 1962's. But, as stores busily worked at launching their early season last week, it was hard to find a



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS AT BOSTON'S JORDAN MARSH
Look who's here.

merchant who voiced anything but optimism. "Indications so far," said an executive of Sears, Roebuck, "point to a record Christmas season. Only a war could stop us."

Across the U.S., from Boston's Jordan Marsh to San Francisco's Emporium, the Christmas push is on, and specialized holiday departments are already humming. Among all the Christmas catalogues descending on charge-account customers, Dallas' Neiman-Marcus last week mailed out a catalogue that, as usual, seeks to top 'em all on how to overspend. This year there is an Ampex console that contains a home TV camera, a color receiver, and a video tape recorder that stores TV films. Price: \$30,000.

FISCAL POLICY

The View from the Street

On a recent Saturday evening in Manhattan, a slight, studious-looking man mixed among the Broadway crowds and occasionally buttonholed a theatergoer to ask his feeling about the state of business. Before the evening was over, he had polled nine theater lines, tactfully retreating from the few customers who bristled at his curiosity or wanted to know his name.

The anonymous pollster holds one of the world's most powerful economic jobs and has stacks of statistics at hand—but he still believes in observing from life. William McChesney Martin Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, likes to make his own spot checks before joining in the major decisions that affect the U.S. economy. Before the Federal Reserve vote that increased stock margins to 70% a fortnight ago, he followed the same pro-



M-16 ON THE FIRING LINE
Lightening the guerrilla's load.

cedure, roaming the streets and offices of Manhattan.

Martin visited several brokerage offices, usually unrecognized, and decided after eavesdropping on customers' men advising their clients, that margin buying was being pushed too vigorously. He talked with Manhattan builders about the quality of real estate investments, and in visits to banks confirmed his controversial contention that there has been a deterioration in bank credit. "A couple of months ago," he says, "they would have given a customer the cold shoulder. Now they're scared someone will walk out without having signed up for a loan."

A staff of 200 economists and statisticians pours a heavy flow of information into Martin's office on the second floor of the closely guarded, white marble Federal Reserve building. Martin is properly appreciative, but still wants a feel for the economy that he cannot get in his marble palace in Washington. He relies heavily on his web of contacts in banking, Government and stock market circles, but also makes a point of chatting frequently with salesmen, shoeshine boys, hashslingers and foreign tourists, likes to prowling the lobby of Manhattan's Waldorf in search of likely candidates for questioning.

When Martin tries to offset the statistics with such personal observations, his economists sometimes complain that he has not given enough weight to the staff's figures. At such times, Martin likes to paraphrase G. K. Chesterton to show that he, too, takes his polling modestly: "A drunkard uses a lamp pole for support, not for illumination."

CORPORATIONS

Colt's New Rifle

The gun that blazed the trails of the Western frontier was the famous six-shooter made by Colt's Patent Firearms Mfg. Co. One hundred and twenty-seven years after its founding, Colt is still capable of kicking up dust. After a

lengthy dispute within the Pentagon over whether to adopt a new rifle, the Defense Department earlier this month granted Colt, still the nation's largest maker of pistols and revolvers, a \$13.3 million order to turn out an ingenious Colt rifle that has already proved its worth on a new frontier: the jungles of South Viet Nam. Originally called the ArmaLite, the rifle has now been officially designated the M-16. Last week Colt began setting up M-16 production lines in new quarters in West Hartford, Conn., and workmen laid the foundations of a \$300,000 enclosed shooting range to test the rifle.

The M-16 shoots faster and is less likely to jam than the U.S. Army's standard rifle, the M-14. Though its firing range is not as great, it is smaller and lighter (6.4 lbs. v. 8.7 lbs.) than the M-14, a fact that makes it ideal for guerrilla-type fighting and more practicable for the U.S.'s small-statured Asian allies, who find standard U.S. rifles too big to handle. Most of the 104,000 M-16s that Colt will make under the new contract will be shipped to U.S. airborne divisions and Special Forces. If the rifle continues to impress U.S. defense planners—it is already highly popular with the troops—it could become the standard U.S. assault rifle of the next decade, run up millions of dollars in orders.

Guerrilla fighting is something that Founder Samuel Colt probably would have appreciated. Fascinated by gunpowder, he literally blew up his boarding school as a youth and was packed off to sea by his father. Watching the spinning spokes of the helmsman's wheel, he got the idea for the first revolver, financed production of prototypes by touring the West and selling doses of laughing gas to entertainment-starved settlers. The Mexican War made him big, and he expanded by selling to all comers, including Southern secessionists right up until the shooting at Fort Sumter. After his death in 1862, a succession of brilliant Yankee gun-



FEDERAL RESERVE'S MARTIN
Leaning slightly on a poll.

smiths made Colt the world's most famous name in hand guns.

Colt got the M-16 in a roundabout way. The new rifle was invented by a West Coast gunsmith, who sold the patent to the Fairchild Stratos Corp. Not equipped to make guns, Fairchild four years ago sold the rights to Colt, whose know-how quickly worked the bugs out of the gun. Colt needed a going thing. Having fallen on hard times after World War II, the company in 1955 was taken over by Penn-Texas Corp., which later became Fairbanks Whitney. A vast conglomeration of ill-matched companies, Fairbanks Whitney has run through four separate managements in the past eight years and run up heavy losses. Under its new chairman, George A. Strichman (TIME, Feb. 15), the company has cut its loss for 1963's first nine months to \$1,300,000. A healthy profit by Colt on its M-16s could help put Fairbanks Whitney into the black.

AUTOS

Troubles at Studebaker

Every year lately has been a year of crisis for the beleaguered Studebaker Corp., but this year may prove to be the year. Studebaker is the only U.S. automaker to turn out fewer cars in 1963 than in the year before; in nine months, it has sold 47,319 units, a 20% drop from 1962's 59,264 for the same period. For 1963's first nine months, its deficit is \$9,800,000. And, despite considerable restyling, its '64 models have

got off to a poor start: the company has an 86-day inventory on hand, compared with an industry average of 26 days. Last week Studebaker, which has already laid off 1,200 employees because of slow sales, announced a four-day shutdown of assembly lines so that its inventories could be brought down.

As if this were not enough trouble, Studebaker is having management problems. The company announced that President Sherwood Harry Egbert, 43, was on indefinite medical leave of absence. (Egbert was released from a Boston hospital at week's end after minor surgery to remove scar tissue from a successful abdominal operation last year.) Chairman Randolph Guthrie insists that he expects Egbert back. But Egbert is headed for convalescence in Palm Springs, and will say only: "After that, we'll just have to wait and see."

Whether Egbert's absence proves temporary or permanent, his reign at Studebaker has produced controversies as well as cars. Egbert balks at the slightest hint that Studebaker might eventually withdraw from automaking. His radically styled Avanti sports car, tooled up at a cost of about \$25 million, is a failure. Though Egbert predicted that at least 10,000 a year would be sold, the nine-month total is only 2,083. "If the Avanti had made it," says a former Studebaker staffer, "Egbert would have been a genius."

Under Egbert, Studebaker has diversified into more profitable areas, such as plastics, power tools and electric generators. Its nonautomotive interests now account for 50% of sales, and earnings from these lines keep the company afloat. Egbert's duties were taken over by Financial Vice President B. A. Burlingame, 63, who was promoted to executive vice president and, as his first act, radically curtailed Studebaker's auto production. He and Guthrie face the task of deciding whether to take Studebaker out of the auto business altogether. If this model year turns out to be as bad as last, it is hard to see how Studebaker's auto division can continue indefinitely wheeling along at a \$12 million annual loss.

ADVERTISING

Color Me Novel

Over at Eagle Shirtmakers, Inc. in Quakertown, Pa., the board-room boys fretted over an industry shortcoming: too many clothing manufacturers cloak colors with such drably unimaginative names as dark blue or light tan. Eagle proposed a contest for more colorful descriptions, as a starter suggested navel orange and whizzer white. Along Madison Avenue, and in Mineola, Mamaronck and Montclair, the game caught on. Eagle has been deluged with a chromatic list of imaginative new colors. Among them: gang green, forever amber, sick bay, hash brown, dorian grey, hi ho silver and statutory grape. Upcoming out of Quakertown: a shirt in "unforeseeable fuchsia."

PERSONALITIES

FLEXIBILITY is a magic word in business these days, but the chairman of R. H. Macy & Co., which runs the world's largest department store, believes in setting a course and sticking to it. "Once we agree on a policy, we don't change it without considerable consultation," says Jack Isidor Straus, 63, who last week reported that Macy's quarterly earnings rose 25% above last year's rate. For Macy's big Manhattan store, Straus's policy is to maintain a middle-income emporium "that you'd expect to have just about everything you want." But at the company's 45 other stores in eight states, he has determined just as firmly that managers are to decide what "middle income" means in their own localities. Competitors say that Straus has developed some of the best executives in retailing through Macy's training program and its habit of promoting from within. The great-grandson of one of Macy's pioneers, Straus began as a floorwalker in the women's corset department after leaving Harvard ('21). His son is now a Macy's vice president.



DAVID SAXE



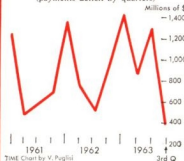
ARTHUR SIEGEL

WRIGHT

THE belated success of color television delights Joseph Sutherland Wright, 52, who steered Chicago's Zenith Radio Corp. into the field in 1961, five years after RCA paved the way. Boasting that Zenith's sets cost more but are worth it, President Wright expects his color TV sales to double to 180,000 sets this year. RCA will market about 500,000 color sets in 1963, but Wright has broken its monopoly in color TV tubes by building a plant to supply half of Zenith's tubes. Joe Wright has an unlikely background for an executive. Son of a Montana dentist, he worked through law school as an aide to Montana Senator Burton K. Wheeler in the 1930s, later became an antitrust lawyer for the Federal Trade Commission, where he tangled with many businessmen—including U.S. Steel Counsel Roger Blough, who lost to Wright in a steel-pricing case. Changing sides in 1952, Wright was hired as Zenith's counsel with the job of cracking RCA's control over some TV patents. He won the case, has been in a rivalry with RCA ever since.

BETTER BALANCE

(payments deficit by quarters)



FEW worries have dogged the Government and businessmen more than the U.S. balance of payments deficit. Last week the Commerce Department announced some hopeful news: in the third quarter the payments deficit ran at an annual rate of \$1.5 billion, compared with \$5.1 billion for the second quarter. This was a six-year low. Main reason for the improvement was that purchases of foreign securities by Americans were "nearly zero" because of the Administration's proposed 15% tax on such purchases. The Government expects the improvement to continue in the fourth quarter.

WORLD BUSINESS

COMMON MARKET

Crisis Point

Europe's Common Market lives on crisis. Each sign of a major disagreement lures teams of journalists to Brussels, often to pronounce that the market is dying or dead. The Six's troubles turn a fancy profit for the telegraph companies, the hotels and the nightclubs. Even the Eurocrats find the dis-



BERNARD NEWMAN—FORTUNE

FARM CHIEF MANSHOLT
Trouble can lead to success.

putes tolerable because they create headlines, drama, personal attention and, most important of all, the pressures that ultimately produce agreement. In the market's six-year history, every big fight over prices or procedures has led to urgent bargaining marathons that eventually welded the Six closer together. Last week the familiar, almost delicious sense of crisis was in the air at Brussels. This time it was about a subject that no one anywhere seems able to solve: farm prices.

Bold Plan. The Common Market has already irreversibly agreed to join together on industrial policies, but the other half of the common future—farm policy—remains unresolved. The Market is bedeviled by the fact that Germany's backward farmers enjoy much higher prices than France's more efficient farmers, and thus make agreement on a common agricultural policy difficult to reach. The market had planned to equalize farm prices in fairly comfortable stages by 1970, but Charles de Gaulle recently hinted that France would pull out of the market altogether unless some action was taken this year. Though no one really quite takes De Gaulle's I-won't-play threat seriously, the marketeers realize that it can be dangerous not to.

With that as a goad, the Common Market's farm chief, Sicco Mansholt, 55, a Socialist dairy farmer and The

Netherlands' former chief of agriculture, fortnight ago proposed a bold plan to equalize the Six's grain prices by next July. By Mansholt's reckoning, the French would have to raise their grain prices by 8% to 15%, while the Germans would have to slash theirs by 11% to 15%. Last week the distressed Germans pleaded for time to weigh this shocker—Chancellor Ludwig Erhard will discuss it during visits this month to De Gaulle and President Kennedy—and showdown talks were postponed until Dec. 16.

Toward Compromise. Judging by past performances, the talks will continue right up to the Jan. 1 deadline and perhaps beyond it; the Common Market's ministers will wear themselves to a frazzle in all-night sessions and finally reach agreement. Nowadays, it is not politically popular to go home empty-handed—governments and industry both have too big a stake in the success of the Common Market. The French have been particularly effective in floating stories that the market is floundering. Such reports, of course, strengthen their bargaining position. But at bottom the others are convinced that the French genuinely want the Common Market to work, for, in De Gaulle's ambition to lead Europe, his natural collaborators are his Common Market partners.

WEST GERMANY

The Perils of Pushing

When it comes to hustling for European defense contracts, no one outshines California's Lockheed Aircraft Corp. Its salesmen entertain grandly, offer luxurious junkets to the U.S., bombard defense officials and parliamentarians with facts and figures to show that their products are indisputably the best. Lockheed likes to operate through people who have an "in." In Britain, it hired Prince Philip's longtime buddy,

Michael Parker. In Bonn, its chief lobbyist is former U.S. Army Major General Richard Steinbach, who until June 1962 was chief of the U.S. military advisory group in Germany.

But Lockheed's hard sell has boomeranged in West Germany, where *oh-so-korrekt* businessmen and politicians are apt to bridle at such high-powered and flashy salesmanship from outsiders. In recent weeks, Lockheed has not only lost a multimillion dollar contract it hoped to get, but has so infuriated German Defense Minister Kai-Uwe von Hassel that he shelved an order that Lockheed had already won. Said Von Hassel: "Those Lockheed guys will not get into my office any more."

Having delivered more than 200 F-104 Starfighters to the Luftwaffe, Lockheed saw its program coming to an end in Germany, and was anxious to sell the Germans something else—its C-130 Hercules transport, one model of which the company had specially revamped to fit certain German requirements. All that Lockheed had to do was persuade Bonn to drop a planned Franco-German project to build the Transall turboprop transport. But the Germans could not drop Transall—for Transport Alliance—without affronting the French, who have already ordered 50 planes. Germany's renaissance aircraft industry, also, needs the work that the Transall would provide. And there was a further international consideration; by buying Rolls-Royce engines for its Transall, the Germans hope to lessen Britain's foreign-exchange problems in maintaining British troops on the Rhine.

Though the German Defense Ministry had already decided to order 110 Transalls, Lockheed nevertheless set up a special sales command post in Bonn and prevailed on a majority of the members of the Bundestag defense committee to vote against granting Transall



JULIAN WASSER

GROSS



WORD AVIATION

TRANSTALL

Hustle can lead to halt.

funds and to call for a flying competition between the Transall and the Hercules. Von Hassel exploded. He denounced Lockheed for "deliberately operating with false figures and data," prodded the Bundestag committee into reversing itself and approving the funds for the Transall and, for good measure, pointedly postponed a \$70 million order for 33 Lockheed F-104 trainers. Still boiling, Von Hassel also demanded that Lockheed Chairman Courtlandt Gross visit Bonn to make a personal apology for Lockheed's actions. Gross did not show up in Bonn, but he did cable to suggest a meeting with Von Hassel when the German minister visits the U.S. later this month. The conversation should be interesting.

ITALY

A Stormy Engagement

The negotiations between the two giants had been going on secretly for five months, but the news was finally broken last week by Italy's Communist paper *L'Unità*. The news: Royal Dutch/Shell has offered to buy half interest in two new petrochemical plants of Italy's Montecatini mineral and chemical complex, for a price somewhere between \$150 million and \$300 million. *L'Unità's* shrill attack on the proposed sale—which is still very much in the negotiating stage—was quickly picked up by left-wingers in Parliament, and it soon seemed to the casual reader that all Italy was threatened with domination by "foreign monopolies and cartels." Ignored in the outburst was the real reason that Montecatini wants to sell: it has overextended itself and badly needs cash.

Slender Markets. Montecatini has been a dazzling postwar success story, rising from war-torn rubble to branch into chemicals, plastics, fertilizers, paints and synthetic fibers and to set up plants in the U.S., Spain and The Netherlands. But like so many other European companies in the postwar period, its growth has been financed by perilous means. With not nearly enough loan money available in Europe's slender capital markets, many firms have tried to finance their rapid expansion with short-term borrowings. Montecatini has been borrowing Eurodollars—U.S. currency that circulates freely among European banks and industry without being repatriated to the U.S. But because of the great demand for Eurodollars, which have become almost a separate international currency for short-term loans, such loans are now harder to get.

When Montecatini was hit by rising labor costs (up 16.6% last year) and stiff competition from U.S. and other European chemical makers, its profits fell from \$23.9 million to \$21.6 million in 1962 despite a sales rise of 6.6%. The company was hard pressed to pay its debts and, to make matters worse, the cost of building its new petrochemical

plant at Brindisi on Italy's heel overran its \$160 million estimate by almost 50%. The setback was enough to topple fast-running Managing Director Piero Giustiniani, the driving force behind Montecatini's expansion, and leave full command in the hands of the more conservative chairman, Count Carlo Faina, 69. Faina, a papal count who claims direct descent from Napoleon, guided Montecatini in the early postwar years, but had turned technical direction over to Giustiniani. After failing to raise more capital in Italy, Faina began negotiations with Shell to buy



MONTECATINI'S FAINA
Fast turned to slow.

half of the Brindisi plant and another plant at Ferrara.

Nobel Plastic. Already associated with Montecatini in marketing pesticides in Italy and making plastics in The Netherlands, Shell is anxious to get in on the promising petrochemical industry in Italy. For one thing, Shell wants to make sure that all the Italian petrochemical business does not eventually go to E.N.I., the state oil and gas monopoly that the big oil companies heartily dislike. In Montecatini, Shell will also have a good Italian outlet for its own crude oil.

Aside from wanting Shell's capital, Faina hopes to get rid of such unprofitable divisions as Montecatini's mining operations, expand the company's aluminum operations and concentrate more on producing its plastic discovery, polypropylene, which a fortnight ago won a Nobel prize for Chemist Giulio Natta. The first commercial use of polypropylene, made in Italy under the brand name Moplen, enables Montecatini to manufacture plastic materials that are tougher and more heat resistant than any so far produced. The plastic can be dyed any color and be made to float, is already widely used to make buckets, tubs, basins and other domestic articles. Faina hopes that it will help make Montecatini's petrochemical operation highly profitable, is even thinking of using it to manufacture auto bodies.



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THE PRESS

COLUMNISTS

The Taboo

"The editor of a Midwest newspaper asked me a question the other day," wrote Columnist Max Lerner in the New York Post. "When Kennedy ran in 1960," he said, "everyone was discussing Kennedy as a Catholic: there was a big to-do about it. Why doesn't anyone today write about Goldwater as a Jew? Is the Jewish theme more taboo in politics than the Catholic theme?" To Lerner, who is a Jew himself, the question insisted upon an answer, and he was quick to supply it.

"I happen to believe that it isn't healthy," he wrote, "either for the country or the Jews, to stay away from the subject of Goldwater's Jewishness. To be sure, he is only a half-Jew by heredity and a converted Jew—an Episcopalian—by his practicing faith." But, Lerner went on, "the experience of Jews throughout history has been that even when they are only partly Jewish, and even if they or their parents are converted, the world thinks of them as Jews—and so does history. The case of the assimilated Jew in public life is a familiar one, and the question of whether or not he is also converted is not the crucial question. One thinks of Harry Golden's remark—the best one-sentence comment on Goldwater as a Jew that anyone has thus far minted: 'I have always thought that if a Jew ever became President, he would turn out to be an Episcopalian.'"

"Why then the almost complete silence, except in the biographical studies? I think it is because despite the long history of religious toleration and enlightenment, or perhaps exactly because of that history, Americans are embarrassed at talking about Jewishness. You

can speak of a man in public life as a Catholic, and no one catches his breath. But speak of him as a Jew, and both of you catch a whiff of possible anti-Semitism in the air. The irony of it is that Goldwater's following, which must have a largish proportion of people who regard Jews as foreigners and perhaps even as Communists, are quite ready to swallow his Jewishness and like it.

"There is no reason why we should not talk of this. One of the things I like about America is the crazy contradictoriness of American life. It is sheer delight for me to think of all those super-patriots in Texas and California, who would find Senator Javits anathema—and not only because he is a liberal—whoooping it up for dear old Barry. And it is a sheer delight to think of the paradox of Catholics deciding that Kennedy is too radical for them, and rooting for Goldwater, while Jews will be unmoved by Goldwater's Jewish ties and will plump for Kennedy."

NEWSPAPERS

The Giveaways

When a leggy brunette named Joan Kinney moved west from Chicago last year, she had nothing more adventurous in mind than some postgraduate courses in creative writing at San Francisco State College. But Joan soon found something far more exciting. Today, at 25, she publishes the *Livermore, Calif., Independent*, a weekly newspaper that after only two months in print is already making money. Says Miss Kinney with some surprise: "We've been rather a shocking success."

The shock was felt most keenly by *Livermore's* other paper, the *Herald and News*, a triweekly that has been around for 86 years. Some of the *Independent's* sudden growth has come right out of the *Herald and News's* ad accounts. Says Robert Penland, *Herald and News* publisher: "We're probably going to have to work a little harder." Even if he does, his new competitor will retain one distinct advantage. Robert Penland sells his paper; Joan Kinney gives her *Independent* away free.

Facing Facts. The *Livermore Independent* presents fresh—and, to some observers, disquieting—evidence of the prodigious growth of that semi-demi-newspaper, the giveaway shopping guide. In the last 17 years, according to a survey by the University of North Carolina's School of Journalism, suburban and weekly papers—a category that includes the giveaways—have gained circulation at 30 times the rate of the metropolitan press. They are proliferating too rapidly for accurate count. Los Angeles alone has 200, Detroit 50, Denver 20—and each figure is constantly subject to revision as the census soars. Much of their enormous



PUBLISHER KINNEY

Making a shocking success.

growth has been logged at the expense of the paid-circulation press.

The classic example took place in Los Angeles' sprawling San Fernando Valley, a municipal crazy quilt that has managed to absorb almost 1,000,000 densely packed residents without turning into a cohesive city. The Valley's loudest voice is a giveaway newspaper, the *Van Nuys News and Valley Green Sheet*, which covers the area as comprehensively as smog. In 1960 the *Cowles Newspapers* group (eight dailies in three states and Puerto Rico) invaded the *Green Sheet's* domain. *Cowles* bought the *Valley Times*, an undistinguished daily with 50,000 paid circulation, and spent three years trying to boost it into the big time. Circulation eventually rose a paltry 1,600. In the same period, the *Green Sheet's* non-paying circulation shot from 115,000 to more than 200,000. In August the *Cowles* group faced the unhappy facts and sold out.

Telling the Difference. One reason the interloper failed is that the *Green Sheet* bears a reasonable resemblance to a real newspaper. It hefts like a newspaper—some issues run to 166 pages. It runs news stories and banner headlines. These days, in fact, only the discerning reader can tell the difference between the real thing and most giveaways trying to look like a regular newspaper. Five years ago in California, the *Contra Costa Times*, a doddering twice-a-weekly with 5,550 paid subscribers, started distributing copies free. Since then, ad revenue has doubled, the paper has turned profitable and now reaches 51,000 readers.

In Georgia, the *Decatur-De Kalb News*, which gives away 32,700 copies a week, has its own editorial cartoonist, pays the dues of all reporters who want to join civic clubs—and on rainy days fields as many as 500 telephone complaints from irate "subscribers" who



PUNDIT LERNER

Breaking an embarrassed silence.

Rockwell Report



by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SOME TIME AGO, one of these columns covered the obligation we feel not only to "live" with the industries we serve, but also to contribute in every way possible to their future prosperity and growth. Frequently, we find that this self-imposed obligation can be costly and frustrating.

Not long ago, our company lost a fairly sizeable order when a competitor decided to cut his price: the customer in this case represented an industry that has long been of paramount interest to our company.

There is one inescapable fact about price cutting—the loss of income to the seller has to be recorded *somewhere*. Sometimes it is merely charged off as an inadequate profit, or even a loss. Some companies may even be tempted to compensate by reducing quality or service instead.

Still others may be tempted to find less obvious solutions. They may choose to reduce or eliminate expenses incurred supporting an industry: time and expense of participation as members and officers of industry associations, financial contributions to industry-wide promotions, training programs for industry personnel, etc.

They may choose to expend less time and money against the future growth and development of the industry: research studies of future requirements, design programs for new products and processes that will enable the industry to serve its customers better.

These short-sighted solutions may solve today's problem, but we don't think a company can survive such solutions very long. That's why there will continue to be times when we prefer to lose a sale, if need be, in order to protect our own future, and those of the industries we serve.

The Chicago Transit Authority recently took another step toward easing the coordinated transportation problems of the sprawling, dynamic complex that is the City of Chicago by ordering 180 new air conditioned rapid transit cars from Pullman, Inc. Our LFM-Atchison Division received an order for the 360 rail trucks which carry the car bodies. CTA and Rockwell cooperated in the design of the engineered, cast steel trucks for these cars which will provide passengers with a pleasant ride to and from work at speeds up to 65 miles per hour.

Improving the promptness record in shipment of stock orders is a matter that receives continuing attention in all our divisions. It's not likely, however, that a recent order handled by our Edward Valves Division in Chicago will ever become standard operating procedure. On a recent Friday at 3:20 P.M., a rush phone order was received from Tampa, Florida, for an Edward globe valve needed for installation the next day. The papers were processed, the valve taken from stock, and at 3:40 P.M.—20 minutes later—it was on a truck making its way to the airport.

Long a standard item in most commercial shops, the 15" drill press now promises to become an even more versatile tool than before. Our design engineers have developed a "long-travel" Rockwell-Delta 15" drill press that gives thirty-five per cent more drilling depth than standard 15" models. On wood, metals, plastics and other materials the new press provides a full six-inch stroke in one continuous penetration. Typical uses might be on multiple-wall castings, laminated sheet stock, furniture assemblies, etc.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15208, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

simply cannot understand why delivery has been delayed. In increasing numbers, the giveaways break up the ads with news stories. But their editorial staffs vary widely. The San Francisco Progress, with a city distribution of 181,000—more than any of San Francisco's three big paid-circulation dailies—gets along fine with a staff of two. Joan Kinney in Livermore, on the other hand, pays the salaries of 13 editorial hands.

All Ads. The evolution of the giveaway into a news-bearing paper is by no means total. Many of Florida's entries, for example, are all ads: a typical front-page banner headline in the Hialeah-Miami Springs News-Shopper (distribution: 101,000) reads BRAKE JOB \$27.95. And even where the giveaway paper has turned journalistic, its motives often have little to do with professional dedication. In many cases, the spur has been provided by new postal rates that discriminate against junk mail—the classification that fits free-delivery newspapers. By claiming paid circulation, the giveaways that do not depend solely on carrier-boy delivery can escape into the less confiscatory rate for second-class mail. This takes some doing: the Post Office requires that such a paper sell 65% of its copies and devote 25% of space to editorial matter at least half the time.

\$2 Editors. What really accounts for the giveaway's new appetite for news is its hungry reader. Too many metropolitan dailies, striving to be all things to all readers, have turned into a ready-mixed potpourri of syndicated columns, global think pieces, comic strips, canned features and columnar recipes. Local news continually comes in last. Without exception, the giveaway newspaper lavishes all its news attention on the local scene, and leaps with alacrity to publish home-town names.

"We would never mention Khrushchev," says Editor Ferdinand Mendenhall of the Valley Green Sheet, "unless he drops a bomb on Van Nuys Boulevard." The Decatur-De Kalb News has some 6,000 "associate editors"—all of whom paid \$2 for the title, and many of whom submit stories to the paper. In Topsfield, Mass., the local school bus driver, an energetic amateur photographer, snaps all the pictures for Topsfield's giveaway paper, the Tri-Town Transcript.

Flushed by their cordial reception at the local level, some giveaways have plunged all the way into fulltime newspapering. In Omaha four shopping guides published by David Blacker converted to paid newspaper weeklies beginning in 1958. To Blacker's satisfaction, all but 20,000 of his 60,000 readers submitted to a levy of a nickel: to his greater satisfaction, all but a handful of those stayed aboard last month when he raised the price to a dime. Although Blacker's papers now carry syndicated columnists, his news approach has remained steadfastly local.

You're a grandfather and, seeing this picture, you wonder if today's hot-rodders could manage the planetary transmission. Or you're a banker, and you'd probably think twice about financing one of these museum pieces for 36 months. Or you're reminded of next Saturday's big game, and it occurs to you that you ought to load the wagon with a table and chairs for the tailgate lunch. Or perhaps you're a travel agent, and you're glad that a 10-mile round trip is no longer considered an extended journey. Whoever you are, whatever the background you bring, you'll enjoy the new *LIFE* series beginning this week on 1913, the epoch-ending year just before World War I. Every week, people like you find a lot to think about in **LIFE**

Photo from Radio Times Hulton Picture Library, LIFE, Nov. 22, 1963



No slide projector ever
looked like this before.
Or did as much.

Shows 100 slides uninterrupted
with new circular tray.
Handles regular trays, too.

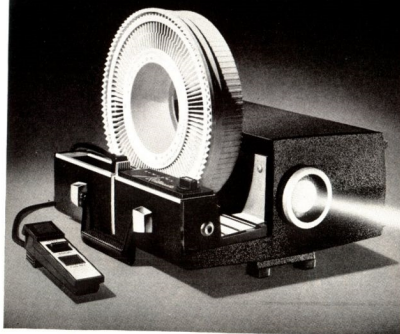
Also takes up to 40 slides
without a tray.

It's a Sawyer's. Outperforms
others costing much more.

Available from less than \$55.
Deluxe Rotomatic® Slide
Projector shown, less than \$120.



Makers of View-Master Products, Portland 7, Oregon



MILESTONES

Died. General John Reed Hodge, 70, World War II Pacific combat commander, chief of occupation forces in South Korea (1945-48), a veteran of Guadalcanal, Leyte and Okinawa who found himself trying to organize a democracy in chaotic Korea, where he was instrumental in the rise of Syngman Rhee to the presidency, but then grew disenchanted with Rhee's autocratic ways, whereupon Rhee complained of his meddling in local affairs, and three months later he was recalled; of cancer; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Fritz Reiner, 74, master conductor, a squat, lusty Hungarian with a precise "vest-pocket" podium style (a daring musician once brought a telescope to rehearsal to catch his minuscule beat), who emigrated to the U.S. in 1922, taught Conductors Leonard Bernstein and Thomas Schippers, directed the Pittsburgh and Metropolitan Opera orchestras before going to the fading Chicago Symphony in 1953, which he whipped into one of the world's finest ensembles, with a repertoire that ran from Mozart to his countryman Kodaly; of pneumonia; in Manhattan.

Died. Dr. Antonio Gasbarrini, 81, papal doctor since 1954, a gastroenterologist who attended the final illnesses of Pius XII in 1958 and his good friend John XXIII last spring; following a prostate operation; in Bologna.

Died. Charles Ruffin Hook, 83, longtime (1930-59) president and chairman of Armco Steel Corp., the nation's fourth-largest steel company (1962 sales: \$918 million), who married the boss's daughter and ran the company with such a velvet glove (the industry's first eight-hour day, first group insurance plan) that to this day fewer than half of Armco's 34,000 employees belong to the steelworkers' union; of cancer; in Garrison, Md.

Died. Charles Erasmus Fenner, 87, New Orleans stockbroker, co-founder of Fenner & Beane, which he merged in 1941 into Manhattan's Merrill Lynch, E. A. Pierce & Cassatt to create what is today the world's largest brokerage house, responsible for 15% of the volume on the New York Stock Exchange; in Slidell, La.

Died. Margaret Alice Murray, 100, Egyptologist and demonologist, a wispy spinster (4 ft. 6 in.) who in 1904 at Abydos on the Nile was the first woman archaeologist to conduct her own "digs," went tenting with Bedouins at 70, finally "retired" to lecture on sorcery in England, where she held listeners spellbound as she expounded her thesis that the Inquisitors were absolutely right, Joan of Arc was indeed a witch; in Welwyn, Hertfordshire.



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It's research and development that keep things rolling at American Machine & Foundry. Bowling equipment and leisure-time products; space, nuclear, and defense items; specialized industrial products—they're all down AMF's alley.

When you have a product or service to sell a dynamic and diversified company like this, how do you know where to aim your selling story?

"A great deal of our buying," says President Rodney C. Gott, "is 'blanket' purchasing that cuts across more than one division of the company. You can be sure that AMF's

top management takes an active part in such vital decisions."

It's a trend in every industry, this top management participation in buying. But it's a problem, too. For how many salesmen can pin top management down?

This is why advertising is so vital in business selling. Advertising in the magazine written for and read at the decision levels of business. **BUSINESS WEEK**.

For example, at AMF, who subscribes to **BUSINESS WEEK**? Chairman Carter Burgess. President Rodney C. Gott. The Presidents of three AMF Divisions. 13 Vice Presidents.

294 management executives in all.

BUSINESS WEEK, and its advertisers, aim at the most concentrated group of decision-level executives in America. Right now, the subscriber score is well over 400,000.



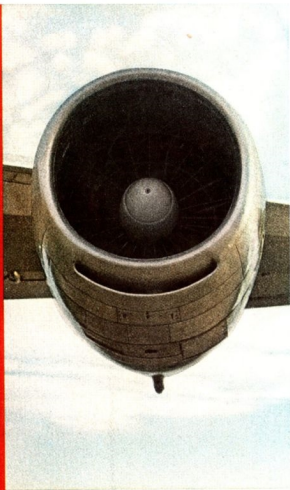
Sell at the decision level



Who gets even more personal attention than Mr. and Mrs. Garry Moore on Iberia Air Lines?

On Iberia, everybody's a celebrity. You get such close personal attention you'll feel like Garry Moore—or any of the many famous people who fly Iberia to Spain. (We also fly throughout Europe and South America.)

Only the plane gets better care than you. On the ground, it is treated to expert and meticulous care. It is flown by men who have learned to know and love aircraft over



Me

millions of flying miles. Iberia, by the way, is the only air line that gives you *Fan Jet power* on every flight across the North Atlantic. This cuts flying time, adds to your comfort and confidence.

DC-8 Fan Jets daily, including Sunday, New York to Madrid, the new gateway to Europe. Non-stop except Thursday when you visit unforgettable Lisbon.

For reservations and information, see your Travel Agent or call your nearest Iberia ticket office. Ticket offices now in Chicago, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Washington, D. C.



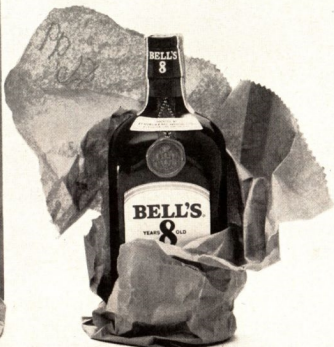
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you can't make
a great
8 year-old Scotch
for under \$7?**



Bell's just did it.

That's what you'd expect from Bell's . . .
they make the largest-selling Scotch in Scotland!

Good Scotchmen that they are, the makers of Bell's
revere two things. Age. And thrift.
Now they've combined both in this glorious new Scotch.
For 8 long years, the canny Bell's people set some
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into a Scotch that's velvety. Polished.
Companionable. In a word . . . delicious.
And at a very Scotch price: only \$6.99.
That's less than other "name" brands that are years younger!
BELL's 8 . . . aged for 8 . . . priced under \$7.
Bottled and blended in Scotland.



We write the scripts for America's greatest family acts

Better Homes & Gardens is the only major magazine which families deliberately buy to help them live better, buy better and buy more. It is edited for husbands and wives who have a deep interest in home and family as the focal point of their lives. This is BH&G's "cause."

The effect is action. Inherent in our approach is the responsibility to help our reader-families live a better, fuller, home-centered way of life.

This unique BH&G "cause" and "effect" works for advertisers in every issue. And it works in a big way—for Better Homes & Gardens has more than seventeen million adult readers per average issue (largest audience among all monthly magazines in the new Simmons Study).

Source: Audience data © Simmons Study of Selective Markets and Media Reaching Them, 1963 Standard Magazine Report.

BH&G's Size, Selectivity, Service Sell Best

Better Homes

Circulation: 6,000,000

and Gardens

CINEMA

Blockbuster & Bust

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World adds up to 3½ hours of relentless overstatement. Producer-Director Stanley Kramer, a man for the big promise, conceived "a comedy to end all comedies." What has evolved after several years of preparation is \$9,400,000 worth of unpalatable entertainment, more star-laden than *Judgment at Nuremberg* and longer (though sometimes less amusing) than *On the Beach*. Filmed in 70 mm. Ultra Panavision and the new seamless, single-lens Cinerama, Kramer's epic can rightly be called a blockbuster—the



KRAMER'S COMICS IN "WORLD"
A run for their money.

blocks busted or severely strained during its marathon frenzy include those of three Plymouths, four Fords, two Dodges, one Jeep, a Chrysler Imperial and a Chevrolet.

Engine trouble develops early when Jimmy Durante, as a fugitive named Smiler Grogan, goes hurtling over an embankment. Three cars and a truck stop beside the road, and out spills a lineup from Lindy's: Sid Caesar, Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Buddy Hackett and Mickey Rooney. Before he dies, Durante tells the group about the \$350,000 buried in a park some 200 miles away—then, as he breathes his last, his foot flies out and kicks a bucket. Kicks a bucket, get it?

The gags go downhill the rest of the way. The mercenary motorists keep their secret from the police, and thus begins an all-day drag race through Southern California to see who gets to the loot first. Accompanying them, or sucked up in transit, are Ethel Merman, Dorothy Provine, Dick Shawn, Edie Adams, Phil Silvers, Terry-Thomas—and finally Spencer Tracy, of all peo-



Wonderful Daiquiris need a wonderful rum

Daiquiris: The Derby. On-the-rocks. Dry.

Don Q is wonderful rum. The difference between good rum and wonderful rum is a degree of smoothness that only complete quality control can provide. Don Q is the only Puerto Rican rum that controls every phase of the rum production process from the growing of the sugar cane right through to the sealing of the bottle. This complete quality control from sugar cane to bottle gives Don Q that extra degree of smoothness that separates wonderful rum from merely good rum. ■ Light and dry, Don Q makes Daiquiris and all other rum drinks taste better. Try Don Q in your next Daiquiri. ■ *Light as a tropical breeze.*

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WHITE OR GOLD LABEL

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"Picnic lunch before the big game" (Photo by Inge Morath / Magnum)



At a time like this, who's thinking about trust investments?

We are, here at Bankers Trust Company. Our Personal Trust Department, backed by our own research facilities and our own business information sources, is well equipped to act with intelligence and dispatch. Behind every investment decision stand the knowledge and experience of experts who have assisted many families over many years.

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Independence Is Not Necessarily a Philadelphia Thing

People are pretty independent in Boston, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco and St. Louis, too. That's why CBS Owned radio stations are programmed at *home*. There's no magic button in New York we can push to make the CBS Owned radio stations the leaders in their individual communities. That has to be done



where they live. For instance, 342 editorials on *local* issues were broadcast by CBS station managers so far this year—and 46 rebuttals were aired. Each editorial is a doorstep proposition—concerned with local problems—local issues of immediate concern to the people at home. You have to *be* there.

THE CBS OWNED RADIO STATIONS

WBBM Chicago / WCBS New York / WCAU Philadelphia / WEEI Boston / KMOX St. Louis / KNX Los Angeles / KCBS San Francisco

Represented by CBS Radio Spot Sales

STATIONS THAT TALK THE LANGUAGE OF THEIR COMMUNITIES



Here's the Number to call in your city "for Manpower" "White Glove Girls"

The Very Best in Temporary Help

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.	KI 5-7993
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NEW YORK, N. Y.	CH 4-5720
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MANPOWER INC.

300 OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

ple, as a fairly corruptible sheriff.

"People following greed are funny," says Kramer. "It's the best basis for a big chase." Maybe. But the great screen comedians—Chaplin, Keaton, Langdon, Fields—lightened their essays on human folly with the inspired lunacy that makes art. Kramer offers the harshly realistic image of greed itself, and simply tops it off with wisecracks. His cast cannot match the physical style of Mack Sennett, and *Mad World's* substitute for wit is the flaccid humor of insult. In dozens of roadside hassles, Ethel Merman as Berle's nerve-shattering mother-in-law begins almost every sentence with "Shuddup, you big stupid idiot!"

Buster Keaton, utterly wasted in one brief sequence, might have told Director Kramer a thing or two about the shrewd use of slapstick to coax belly laughs from an episode that has three comedians tearing down a garage with all the deadly, humorless efficiency of a professional demolition crew. Cutting from incident to incident, car to car, ground to air, the film dissipates its fun at every turn, and the only chase to build up steam is a Chase named Barrie, who dances a wicked deadpan twist. *Mad World* reaches its nadir with an abortive climax that puts Spencer Tracy and ten comedians atop a fire ladder reeling several stories above the street, presumably on the assumption that eleven men suspended in mid-air will be eleven times funnier than Harold Lloyd used to be. Alas, the law of diminishing returns prevails.

High-Power Potion

Thérèse tells a wicked tale wrought from François Mauriac's 1927 novel *Thérèse Desqueyroux* and tells it in old-fashioned cinematic style. It is literate, formal, filmed with impeccable taste. It captures the dark spirit of Mauriac's novel almost too perfectly. Best of all, in Emmanuèle Riva (star of *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*) it has a vivid Thérèse, that young woman so desperate to escape "the slow, sure, horrible suffocation of provincial life" that she poisons her husband.

Bernard survives, however. He even lies to save her, and as Thérèse rides home from court to try to tell him why she did it, her unhappy history is reviewed in flashbacks. Here, the prose narrative becomes a burdensome, bookish device, but Director Georges Franju finds visual poetry in sharp contrasts between the gentle Bordeaux countryside and the taut, terrible stillness of Thérèse's face. Actress Riva never fails him. On her wedding day, "the wild force seething inside," she stands in church like someone paralyzed by news of disaster. Her disaster is Bernard—superbly played by Philippe Noiret as a prudish bourgeois lout whose only concerns are family pride and the valuable pine trees on his estate at Argelesou. Living with him, Thérèse sees no way out until the day he falls ill from an accidental overdose of a medicine con-



KENTUCKY GENTLEMAN

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Superbly Gift Wrapped for the Holidays

Distilled and Bottled by Barton Distilling Company, Bardston, Nelson County, Kentucky—Available at 86 • 90 • and 100 proof

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NEW YORK
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Questions, quotes and surprises punctuate the story of the news each week. Find out what they mean in TIME.

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NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR
1964-65

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The Unisphere, symbol of the New York World's Fair. Built and presented by United States Steel.



New York World's Fair...it's coming by truck

Trucks are bringing the New York World's Fair to Flushing Meadow. The girders and concrete and equipment...646 acres of buildings filled with wondrous sights. Opening date—April 22, 1964. Some 70,000,000 visitors will have the time of their lives.

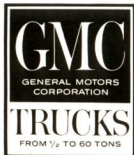
When you think about it, trucks have a habit of doing this. The new hat comes by truck. The new furniture comes by truck. The new suburb comes by truck. So do little league uniforms and big league ball parks. And cameras. And cars. And Christ-

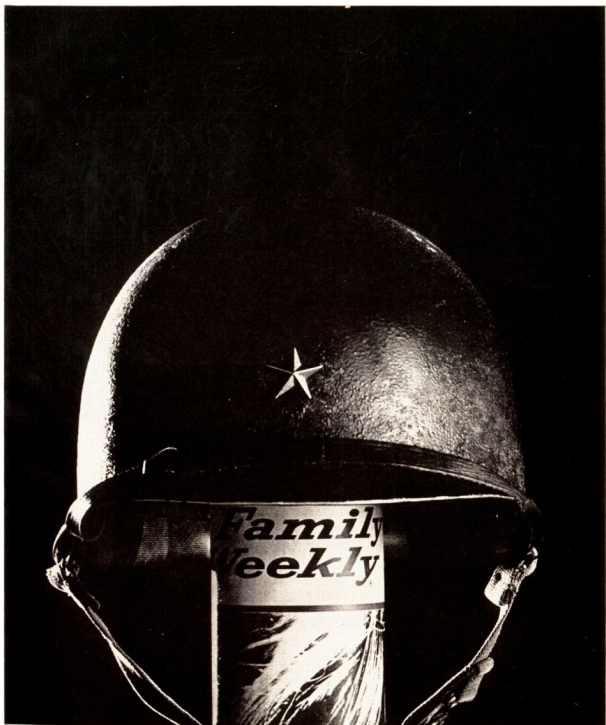
mas trees. And cantaloupes. Loads of good things for loads of people.

GMC Truck joins the rest of the trucking industry and the American Trucking Associations in working toward the common goal...bringing more and better things to more people.

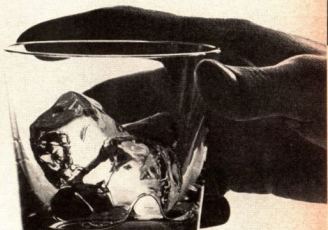
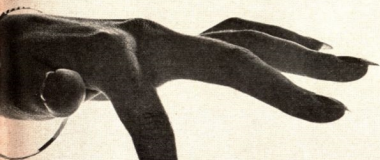


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"Nuts!" This is one battle we intend to win. And we have the weapons to do it. We deliver a unique growth market of middle-size cities. Latest ABC audits show over 4,600,000 circulation. *That's why Family Weekly offers the largest market in the world that can be covered in such depth by a single advertising medium.*



What's making the trend to Teacher's?

More people are saying "Teacher's, please" than ever before.

This is because Scotch drinkers have told each other about Teacher's *unmistakable* flavour.

It is a flavour created over one hundred years ago by William Teacher, and preserved exactly as it was by

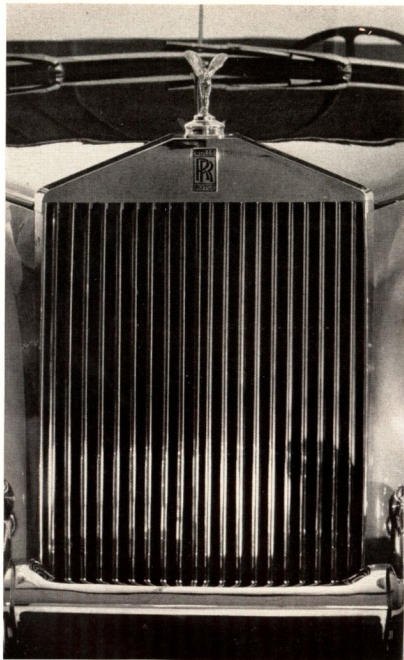


Word of mouth.

the personal watchfulness of the Teacher family.

They carefully supervise the making of Teacher's, and insist that it be *bottled only in Scotland*. (This is not the case with all Scotch whiskies.)

Read it on our label. Taste it in our Whisky. The flavour is unmistakable.



Need \$17,291 to buy a car?

At Bank of Commerce you can finance the entire price of any car. There's no fixed down payment. No compulsory insurance. You can arrange your financing before you buy. And rates are just \$4.25 per \$100 per year.

As for our service, we think you'll find it a little more helpful, a little faster, a little more personal than you might be used to.

We'd like a chance to demonstrate it next time you want to buy a car or boat, put a son through school, open a checking account, modernize a factory—or anything else that involves personal or commercial banking. Just call Murray Hill 2-5000. (If you call from outside New York City, the Area Code is 212.)

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NY23

aining arsenic. She begins to get ideas.

Does Bernard forgive her? Never. In a final scene flickering with pathos, he breaks down and asks: "Was it because you hated me? You couldn't stand me?" Half-mockingly, Thérèse replies: "It was because of your pines . . . I wanted them for myself. Perhaps it was to see a glimmer of uncertainty in your eyes." Author Mauriac, who wrote the dialogue for this first screen adaptation of his work, supplies no simple answer. A connoisseur of human corruption, he peoples his novels with characters side-tracked by evil in their blind search for God. On film, Thérèse seems likely to find salvation with a one-way ticket to Paris. But her story still casts a spell.

BY FRIEDMAN



SIGNORET & STEWART
A morsel for Hubby.

High-Proof Perfume

Naked Autumn. "People go stale after ten years," says a bored French wife, languishing in the country with her equally bored husband. Such is the ambivalence of married love that the couple's passion has long since turned to hate and to Gallic variations on the *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* theme—their favorite happens to be a form of boudoir bingo that has already alienated the wife's best friend and driven the husband's auto-racing teammate to suicide. This time out, they notice a lissome young schoolteacher. The wife befriends the girl, brings her home, immediately begins to preen her as a morsel to renew hubby's flagging appetite for *l'amour*.

All this sounds foolish enough, and probably would be, were it not for Simone Signoret's 100-proof performance as the kind of woman who gets into a man's blood. She drinks too much, gambles too much, talks too much. But she is a heady dish all the same. When the schoolteacher (winningly played by Alexandra Stewart) comes to dinner, the wife purrs: "Who shares your bed? I hope you're not still a virgin at 20." A few more remarks like that and her husband has had enough of her unpredictable bitchery. "What are you trying to do?" he

TIME, NOVEMBER 22, 1963



The Swiss Guard, Rome. You can visit Rome on KLM's amazing new "21 days for \$99" tour plan. Clip coupon for details.

Fly to Rome with reliable [👑]KLM—technicians use 1,872 instruments just to test the instruments on your [👑]KLM jet

(For more news about reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch—read on)

[👑] Eight out of ten experienced travelers ask two things above all from an airline. It should be punctual and reliable.

This fact from a recent survey pleases KLM's tour experts just as much as it does KLM's technicians. "A tour must run as smoothly as a jet," says KLM's chief tour planner—and offers a wonderful new collection of fall, winter and spring vacations to prove his point.

Here are some examples of KLM's reliability—in the air and on the ground.

1. Even the instruments that KLM uses to test your jet's instruments are regularly tested. And to make doubly sure of their accuracy, KLM then sends them off to the Dutch government for still more tests.

2. During major overhaul, every single part of a KLM jet is scrutinized fiercely. For example, each altitude indicator must pass a response test so rigorous that an error of 3 feet in 50,000 would register on KLM's test recorder. If it fails, back goes the instrument for another complete overhaul.

3. KLM's wines are also tested. Not only for bouquet and character—but also for

the ability to fly well. A permanent wine-tasting committee meets 3 times a year to choose the best wines from European chateaux. Only their *first* choices qualify for KLM's cellars.

4. KLM has been flying longer than any other airline. For 43 years, to be exact. Many a KLM pilot has logged well over 22,000 flying hours—the equivalent of 3 full years spent in the air.

5. Small fry can rely on KLM. Babies who fly KLM get their own special bed—and their own menu. Every KLM stewardess is trained in child care and nursing. Purser are armed with a grab bag of books and games and huggable toys that keep tiny passengers happy for hours on end.

21 days in Europe for \$99

KLM has just announced the thriftiest-ever European tour plan. This plan lets you make up your own itinerary and set your own pace. But you pay only \$99 for 21 days. This covers hotel accommodations (not fancy—but comfortable), breakfast and sightseeing.

That's only one of KLM's ex-

ceptional tour bargains. There are dozens more. See your travel agent. He's the fellow with the facts on KLM fall and winter vacations to Europe, the Mediterranean and the Caribbean.

Or clip the coupon for a free copy of "KLM Sun and Fun Vacations." This handsome, illustrated brochure describes 9 new KLM tours and air/sea cruises. It also tells you how you can visit extra cities for no extra air fare when you fly to Europe with reliable KLM. Clip coupon now.



Please send me the new 24-page color brochure called "KLM Sun and Fun Vacations."

Mr. _____ Phone _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Name of your travel agent)

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
609 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Tel: PLaza 9-3600





Now you know all there is to know about Scotch whisky.

asks. "Ruin your evening," she answers swiftly, each syllable etched in acid.

The film suffers because its battle of the sexes is an uneven contest. Reginald Kernal—an American physician turned model and actor—looks fine in hunting clothes, but seems generally opaque as the husband. He is clearly outclassed by Signoret, whose vast aplomb enables her to crack open a fifth of Johnnie Walker and dab Scotch on her wrists and ear lobes for all the world as if it were *Jolie Madame*.

Death in Florence

Family Diary. At the time it seemed a stroke of luck. Surely a glorious stroke of luck that a peasant baby who had lost his mother should take the fancy of a baron's butler and be carried away to a Florentine villa to grow up as a

BY FRIEDMAN



MASTROIANNI & PERRIN

Green and yellow melancholy.

young man of the leisure class. But if it was luck it was bad luck. The butler pampered his adopted son and then cruelly turned against him. At 18, Lorenzo found himself on the streets with a taste for champagne and no money to buy it, with a living to be earned and no training to do it. After two years of odd jobs, he felt lucky to be hired as an office boy. Then like a fool he got married and had a child. Crushed by work and worry, he fell ill, and a long stay in a public hospital did the rest. At 27 he was dead.

A pathetic tale of no particular significance. However, it is told with care and tenderness in this Italian film adapted from a novel by Vasco Pratolini. The pace is *lento*, sometimes *troppo lento*, but the color photography tactfully subdues the mood of green and yellow melancholy, and Director Valerio Zurlini develops a very real and moving relationship between the hero (Jacques Perrin) and his older brother (Marcello Mastroianni). It is fascinating to watch Mastroianni, who in his recent films (*La Dolce Vita*, *La Notte*, 8½) has emerged as the Clark Gable of existentialism, play a simple, decent human being. He does it well.



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BOOKS

Walls, Dreams & Women

THE FABULOUS LIFE OF DIEGO RIVERA
by Bertram D. Wolfe. 457 pages. Stein
& Day. \$10.

The lies Diego Rivera told were as sweeping as his murals: vast, colorful and complicated. They charmed women, infuriated men (Trosky left Diego's home, bag and baggage, after one tall tale too many), and were a biographer's despair. "Who could be so discourteous," asks Biographer Wolfe, "who so foolish and dully matter-of-fact, as to disbelieve such attractive, exciting, baroque designed, richly detailed, marvelously verisimilar yet preposterous stories, told while the painter smiled and snorted,

enrolled in art school, and at 21 he won a scholarship to study in Europe, where he spent 13 years imitating the masters and searching for a style of his own. In Paris he discovered cubism and turned out many fashionably cubist paintings. He also discovered women, who were violently attracted to this massive, whimsical "Mexican cowboy" who seldom bathed. He kept two mistresses at the same time and had children by both.

Eventually Diego tired of bohemia. He found its art too constricting and esoteric; he longed for an art that could be shared by a whole community, much as the Italian frescoes had once been shared in times gone by. Then he began to hear stories out of Russia about Communism, which promised to restore



RIVERA (1933) AT WORK ON HITLERISM MURAL

His lies were better than reality.

his bulging eyes fastened directly upon one's own?"

Wolfe could. A friend of Diego's since the 1920s, when both were members of the Communist Party, and later—after his disenchantment—a brilliant writer on Communism (*Three Who Made a Revolution*), Bertram Wolfe in this biography has tried to untangle fact from fantasy. And yet the lies of this great, hulking 300 lbs. of a man, believes Wolfe, are the key to his life and art. His dreams were more real to him than reality, and to him, all ideas were playthings. Said his third wife, Frida Kahlo: "He never told a lie that was stupid or banal."

A People's Art. Diego reconstructed his childhood to suit his mood. Born in the silver-mining town of Guanajuato and brought up in Mexico City, Diego recalled that at the age of four he was denouncing Christianity to his horrified elders; at a slightly older age, he claimed that he made 5,000 top Russian soldiers out of cardboard to do battle with capitalists. There is no doubting, however, his early aptitude for art. At ten he was

art, among many other things, to the masses. Diego returned home to Mexico in 1921 full of plans to produce a people's art.

Luckily, the new Mexican Minister of Education, José Vasconcelos, was of like mind: he provided Diego with plenty of public walls. Squatting on a scaffold that sagged perilously under his enormous bulk, a cigar clamped between his teeth, Diego painted exuberantly from dawn to dusk. His only diversion was the women who gathered below to watch him work. Over the years he made love to scores of them, including a tigress-tempered beauty named Guadalupe Marin, who once tore up several of his paintings in a fit of jealousy and on another occasion threatened to shoot off his right arm.

Diego put a whole history of Mexico on the walls of the Education Building and the National Palace. The paintings are full of Marxism, but they owe much more to Diego's vision of a glorious golden age of Mexico before the Spanish conquest. Karl Marx's glowering visage crowns one mural, but it

seems flat and lifeless beside the rich, raw portrait of the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl. Perhaps more than the work of any other artist, writes Wolfe, these murals succeed in expressing "a land and an age."

Machines Like Nudes. The masses did not take to Diego's murals as they were supposed to. They dubbed his squat figures "monkeys" and coined an apt word to describe the murals: *feísmo* (uglyism). In the presidential election campaign of 1923-24, one candidate made a promise to whitewash the murals, and others took up the cry. Diego's work was saved only by the critics. New York and French critics wrote such glowing reviews that Diego's fellow countrymen grudgingly gave in and agreed to live with the murals.

North of the border, Diego was the rage. In the 1930s, U.S. art was in the doldrums, and the Mexicans—Rivera, along with Orozco and Siqueiros—seemed fresh and exciting; here were artists with a social conscience. Diego was commissioned by Edsel Ford to paint murals for the Detroit Institute of Arts. In spite of his Communist beliefs, Rivera fell in love with U.S. industrial might and produced a massive mural of curving, convoluted machinery that has the sensuousness of nudes.

Next, Diego went to New York. At the invitation of young (then 25) Nelson Rockefeller, to paint a mural for the RCA building in Rockefeller Center. Rockefeller had been warned: Diego had once painted his grandfather, old John D., devouring ticker tape. RCA officials grew more and more nervous as they saw red flags and sickle-swinging workers taking shape before their eyes. When Lenin's face appeared, Nelson Rockefeller requested another face instead. Diego refused, and the "Battle of Radio City" was joined. In the words of Diego, "a platoon of sappers, hidden in ambush, charged upon the scaffold." They routed Diego and his "proletarian" assistants and draped the whole mural. Nine months later, the Rockefellerers had the mural pounded to bits. U.S. capitalists had had enough of their Communist painter.

Diego returned to Mexico, where in time he mellowed—and so did his talent. He tried to make peace with his enemies, who by this time included almost everybody. In bad odor with the Communist Party for consorting with the capitalists, Diego got back in the party's good graces by doing a flattering portrait of Stalin. In 1956, the year before Diego's death, he journeyed to the Soviet Union, where he claimed he had been miraculously cured of cancer (he also reported witnessing a marvelous experiment in which a white man had been produced in the ninth generation of crossings between Negroes and Mongols).

The same year Diego made his peace with the church. One of his murals in Mexico City had been covered for years because of an atheistic inscription: "God Does Not Exist." At rush hour one eve-

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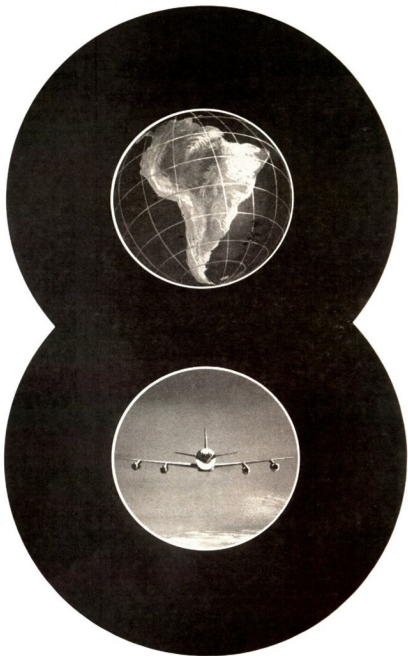
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ning, Diego ostentatiously mounted a scaffold and blotted out the words. "I am a Catholic," he announced from his perch to the startled throng below. Diego was a great ham to the end.

All Over the Blooming Place

A SINGULAR MAN by J. P. Donlevy. 402 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$6.

James Joyce did a terrible thing for a whole generation of writers when he put that tape recorder inside the skull of Leopold Bloom. James Patrick Donlevy, a Dublin-educated New York novelist, ran off a lively spool or two in a novel called *The Ginger Man*, a



DONLEVY

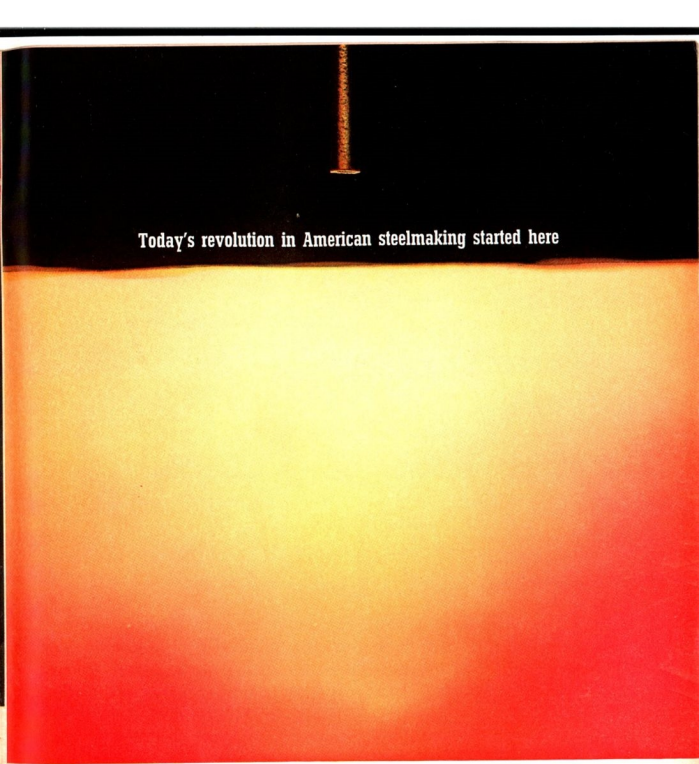
A freudent fantasy.

picaresque tale of low life and high philosophy in Dublin's slums. He has now reverted to the past in a second novel, this one called *A Singular Man*, whose hero, equipped with the Joyce instant-playback brain, goes all over the Blooming place in Manhattan.

Donlevy is a serious man engaged in trying to extract real rabbits (frequently in the very act of breeding) from his trick hats. But Donlevy is also a real entertainer; unhampered by the calculations that make realistic novels merely realistic, he has shamelessly compounded a freudent fantasy.

Trembling Rich. George Smith is the unlikely name of his daydream figure. Smith is such a man as Manhattan's subway millions have dreamed of being. With nothing but a pad and pencil in Room 604 of a building in Owl Street, somewhere downtown, he makes uncounted millions, and the market shudders at his whim. Like sable-jowled Novelist Donlevy himself, he is dark, saturnine, aloof from human contact. The rich tremble before him; only a few poor whom he selects to honor know his great heart. Contemptuous of woman when lured into sex he is more potent than the Grand Turk. He commanded a regiment in a foreign army.

The Smith a mighty man is he. But



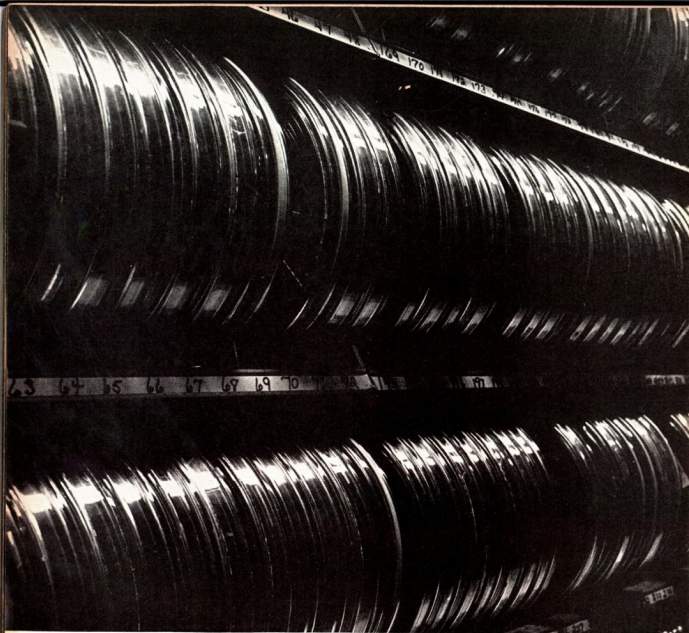
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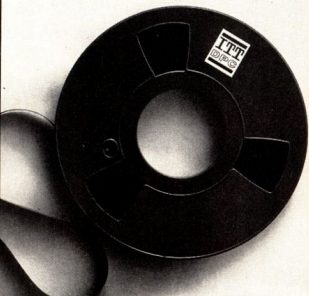
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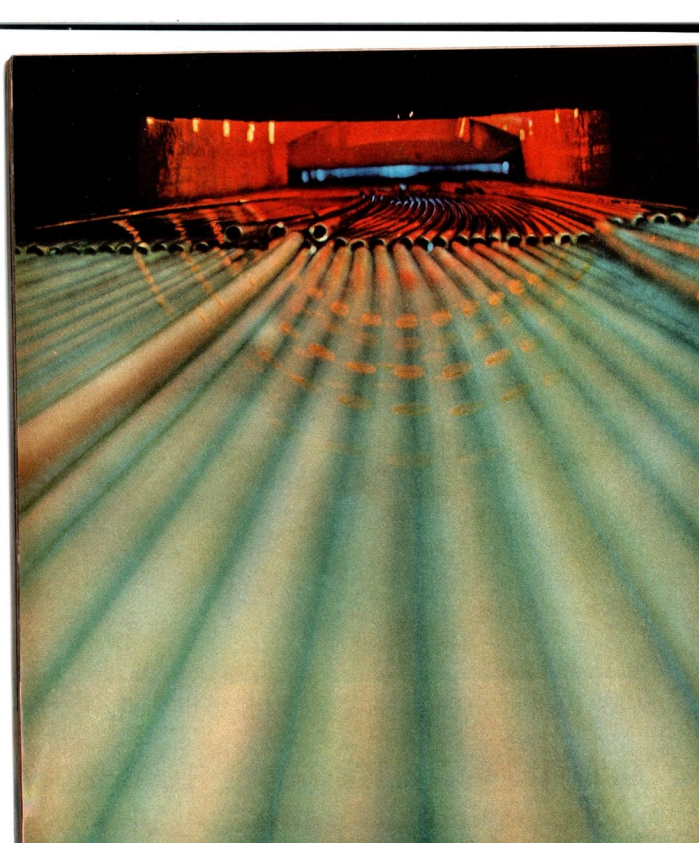
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NYR16

what is he doing in a modern novel? This is in fact a Gothic novel cropping up after a lapse in taste of a century or so, and Donleavy's Smith is the once familiar Byronic hero, the diabolically fascinating doomed aristocrat.

Like its original, the modern Gothic novel is prone to interest in tombs, graveyards, menacing strangers, cryptic portents, castles and ghosts. These are all present in *A Singular Man*, cleverly transposed into the idiom of contemporary Manhattan and ancillary Fairfield County. Smith has a great marble mausoleum under construction, air-conditioned, flood- and earthquake-proof. Smith moodily lurks there from time to time. The ghosts are of the contemporary autobiographical kind—Smith's own spectral guilty memories acquired in a posh Jesuit prep school. The furies are represented by the Press. Evil is represented by the abandoned power-bitch wife whose cold heart can never be touched by the grace of love, but there are others to offer it in all its forms.

Bubbles & Wreaths. Once the reader overcomes the resentful suspicion that the fractured-telegram style of interior monologue must take less time to write than to read, he will find Smith the most lushly loony character of the year. Donleavy simply cannot help being comic even when the symbols and portents crowd thickest. The narrative interest—such as it is—centers on Smith's love for Miss Tomson, a genuinely imagined dream figure of sexual grace who will never become a member of the wedding. She dies, of course, and is buried at sea. Darkly Byronic to the last, Smith glowers at the sunset. "Bubbles and wreaths are left. But maybe you'd like to know that at night seals sing. They come up out of the water with their big sad eyes."

They don't really, Smith. They sort of make bubbling, burbling noises, like someone choking with laughter.

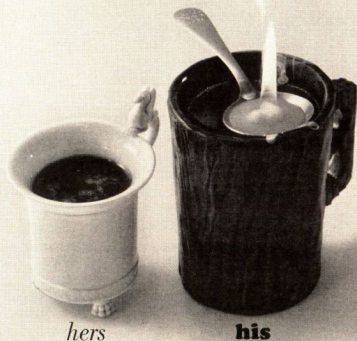
Trip to a Foreign Land

APPENDIX A by Hayden Carruth. 302 pages. Macmillan. \$4.95.

For the 302 pages of this unsettling book, the reader is imprisoned in the mind of a man who has suffered and is now suffering a total nervous collapse. Anybody who wants to know the identity of that man need only "look at the title page," according to Author Hayden Carruth. Carruth's self-described "novel or autobiography or dissertation" is not neatly scissored to easily discernible patterns; rather, it comes spooling off the mind of the narrator in great loops and tangles of yarn. But its feeling is all of a piece—and chilling in effect.

Throughout the book, in alternating sections, Carruth's narrator presents himself to the reader in a strange double exposure—as he appeared in the early 1950s, when he had his first breakdown, and as he appears now, writing while caring for a deaf-mute as atonement for past sins. In the earlier

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Attention, Belief, and Believing Action

A point we should not overlook in this review is that readers regard GOOD HOUSEKEEPING as a magazine to be *believed*. This probably requires little elaboration except to say that sometimes we seem to treat this as a limited or negative thing, when in fact it goes much further.

Our virtue is not simply that we do not print things which ought to be *disbelieved*; it is even more that we incorporate positively a great deal that deserves attention and then belief and finally believing action. Such items range from "Houston's Quiet Victory" to "What Women Really Think About Their Doctors"; from Dr. Carl Jung's "Why I Believe in God" to Dr. John Rock's "We *Can* End the Battle Over Birth Control!"

Believability, then, cannot be to us just an absence of lies as legislated by the technicians of the Good Housekeeping Institute in recognition of the Consumers' Guaranty; it must be a courageous and activist presentation of facts and ideas which deserve positive belief and the support of believing people.

The above is an excerpt from an internal memorandum dated March 19, 1961, from Editor Wade Nichols to the editorial and advertising staffs of Good Housekeeping. Its purpose was to restate the basic editorial platform of the magazine. Good Housekeeping feels it provides an insight, possibly of public interest, into the magazine's continuing editorial policies and functions as interpreted by its editor.

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period the narrator is (as Carruth was) a poet, editor, and a nihilist who thinks that "I must be really half dead" but is not particularly disturbed by the fact: most of contemporary America, he implies, is in pretty much the same shape. The agent of his undoing is a World War II French waif, Charley Dupont, who "was born in Europe's misery and came to America in his youth, imbued with the irony of hope." Dupont bears a disturbing message: "It's okay to believe," and the grail he seeks is simply citizenship papers.

Charley's wife is, like the narrator, a nothing, and not surprisingly the two nothings mate. As the affair continues,



HAYDEN CARRUTH

Two nothings make a breakdown.

it becomes increasingly important to the two participants to see Charley fail—in his career as an architect and in his quest for citizenship. When Charley passes his citizenship test, his wife runs away with a eunuch. Her desertion drives her narrator-lover into madness.

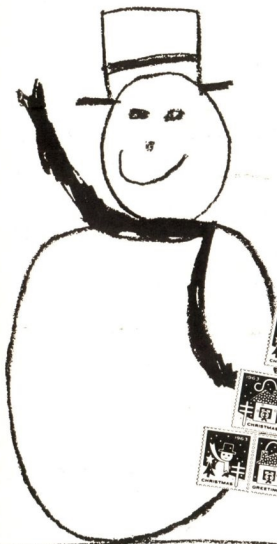
Anguished in spirit but comic in detail, Author Carruth's convoluted tale is a convincing, step-by-step chronicle of a mind stretching beyond its breaking point. But *Appendix A* is more than case history. If modern man predicates his behavior on a world of non-meaning, Carruth suggests, even the hint of meaning can cripple him.

You Can Go Home Again

THE HAT ON THE BED by John O'Hara. 405 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

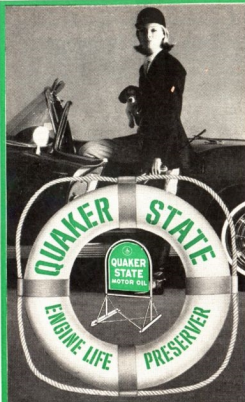
John O'Hara has for so long been the acknowledged master craftsman of U.S. short story writers that whatever new peaks of performance he hits are unlikely to stir much surprise. This is a pity because in recent years, as his novels get worse and worse, his stories have been getting better and better. In an astonishing output—four volumes since 1960—of brief encounters and broader recollections, his writing has moved way beyond the burled walnut

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finish and the chromium-plated dialogue that have made him famous.

The Open Door. The car is still flawless. "You mean the party that you just got out of their car," says a railroad porter. But what preoccupies him more and more now is compressed portraits of a lifetime. O'Hara once used to open the door to the family living room, glimpse a confrontation, record a riposte driven into the heart of one character by another and slam the door, apparently pleased with himself. Now he walks in and begins describing the furniture of somebody's mind. The perimeter of perceived experience has been expanded by his ever-lengthening memory of countless parlors and other rooms, and O'Hara appears at home in every one of them. One story, for example, begins with a woman's life summed up in 30 years of exchanged Christmas cards. An elderly couple's annual return to a fancy country inn where they have stayed for years becomes an almost unbearable look at the effects of growing old.

Home, James. Though both would no doubt be shocked at the comparison, O'Hara's best later stories offer a world of manners and mores that in its self-contained coherence suggests the world of Henry James. O'Hara has an idiomatic acquaintance with far more people on far more different levels of society than James ever did—chauffeurs, part-time ladies' maids, broken-down movie directors, cops, small-town bankers, and so on. But like James, he is a snob and a firm believer that a man's life can best be mirrored in social surfaces. James's rich Americans are dazzled by Europe but never really escape America; O'Hara's favorite characters, however upwardly mobile, never really escape Gibbsville, Pa.

The tension between the two worlds creates some of his best stories. In "The Glendale People," a once-glamorous globetrotter finds himself at last in a Florida development surrounded by the very people he has spent a lifetime avoiding—"married couples from the Middle West," he says sneeringly, "who had come to save money on overcoats and tire chains." Desperately he rallies his glittering memories to prove that what he has seen and done has made him different.

Age Is Wisdom. The sum of O'Hara's wisdom could be denigrated as nothing more than commonplace knowledge that comes with age. His snobs, after all, only face the fact that, in age as in youth, life chooses our friends for us, and it is wise to make the best of them. But in reaching backward to follow their progress, O'Hara is able to dip into the sounds and sights and thoughts of four decades of American life. "The United States in this century is what I know," he explained not long ago, "the way people talked and thought and felt. I want to get it all down while I can." In *The Hat on the Bed*, he has got down an impressive chunk of it.

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First National City Travelers Checks

OFFICIAL TRAVELERS CHECK



NEW YORK
WORLD'S FAIR
1964-65
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USE FEWER MATCHES!
SMOKE

BOND STREET
THE PIPE TOBACCO
THAT STAYS HOT

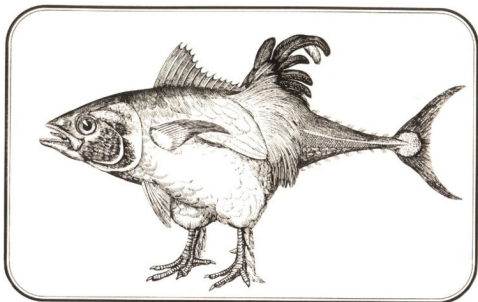
First National City Travelers Checks

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A Big Fish Story

This isn't a fable about a chicken. It's a true story about a fish. Its name is Breast-O'-Chicken tuna.

It all started last spring when sales of Breast-O'-Chicken (and other canned tunas) slumped badly. To turn the tide, the Westgate-California Corporation bought one 10-minute segment a week in "Arthur Godfrey Time." Just one a week...and it was the only national advertising for this product in 1963.

Arthur Godfrey started talking about Breast-O'-Chicken tuna on May 28th. Here's what happened—in the words of Milton F. Fillius, Jr., Executive Vice-President: "I am pleased to report that business is

looking very good indeed....August and September showed an 80 to 100% improvement in share of market over the same period in 1962. We have concluded (and reports from the field bear it out) that your efforts on our behalf are responsible for a very substantial amount of our improvement."

And that's not the end of the story. Breast-O'-Chicken tuna and Godfrey will be together all of next year.



If you have a good product that's getting lost in a sea of good products, speak to Arthur Godfrey. Whatever you sell, you'll probably have a Big Fish Story to tell—one that really happened.

THE CBS RADIO NETWORK

Pages of Fiction and Stories first nine months of 1963*

Good Housekeeping.....	224.7
McCall's.....	131.9
Ladies' Home Journal....	100.9
Family Circle.....	0

Family Circle wins again!

Family Circle.
A magazine only a homemaker could love.

Family Circle is short on short stories and long on woman's service. It's a magazine only a homemaker could love. And homemakers are the women who do all the buying. When you've got that going for you, who needs fiction?

The numbers story on circulation guarantees: McCall's, 8,250,000; Family Circle, 7,000,000; Ladies' Home Journal, 6,500,000; Good Housekeeping, 5,000,000.

*Source: Audit Bureau of Circulations

TASTE WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN CIDER MEETS 7 CROWN



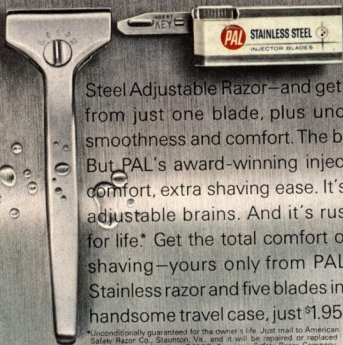
Glorious idea—equal parts of cider and 7 Crown! (Shake with ice, strain and serve). It's the special taste of 7 Crown, so good by itself, that makes this new cocktail satisfying to the core. (And while we're on cocktails keep in mind those two all-time 7 Crown greats, the Manhattan and whiskey sour.)

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY, 66 PROOF, 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

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Click! Inject a PAL®
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Steel Adjustable Razor—and get five times the shaves
from just one blade, plus uncountable times the
smoothness and comfort. The blades alone are great.
But PAL's award-winning injector razor adds extra
comfort, extra shaving ease. It's got beauty, balance,
adjustable brains. And it's rustproof—guaranteed
for life.* Get the total comfort of total stainless steel
shaving—yours only from PAL.
Stainless razor and five blades in
handsome travel case, just \$1.95.

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Safety Razor Co., Staunton, Va., and it will be repaired or replaced
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